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POEMS  
OF  
HENRY VAUGHAN  
SILURIST.  
VOL. II.



The Muses' Library

POEMS  
OF  
HENRY VAUGHAN  
SILURIST

EDITED BY  
E. K. CHAMBERS  
WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY  
CANON BEECHING

VOL. II.



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## BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE.

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RECENT inquiries into the life of Henry Vaughan have added but little to the information already contained in the memoirs of Mr. Lyte and Dr. Grosart. I have, however, been enabled to put together a few notes on this somewhat obscure subject, which may be taken as supplementary to Mr. Beeching's *Introduction* in Vol. I. It will be well to preface them by reprinting the account of Anthony à Wood, our chief original authority (*Ath. Oxon.*, ed. Bliss, 1817, iv. 425) :

“ Henry Vaughan, called the *Silurist* from that part of Wales whose inhabitants were in ancient times called Silures, brother twin (but elder)<sup>1</sup> to Eugenius Philalethes, alias Tho. Vaughan . . . was born at Newton S. Briget, lying on the river Isca, commonly called Uske, in Brecknockshire, educated

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Grosart, however, says (ii. 298), “ In all the pedigree that have been submitted to me, Thomas is placed as the first of the twins.” But, as Henry inherited Newton, and Thomas took orders, Anthony à Wood is probably right.

in grammar learning in his own country for six years under one Matthew Herbert, a noted schoolmaster of his time, made his first entry into Jesus College in Mich. term 1638, aged 17 years; where spending two years or more in logicals under a noted tutor, was taken thence and designed by his father for the obtaining of some knowledge in the municipal laws at London. But soon after the civil war beginning, to the horror of all good men, he was sent for home, followed the pleasant paths of poetry and philology, became noted for his ingenuity, and published several specimens thereof, of which his *Olor Iscanus* was most valued. Afterwards applying his mind to the study of physic, became at length eminent in his own country for the practice thereof, and was esteemed by scholars an ingenious person, but proud and humorous. . . . [A list of Vaughan's works follows.] . . . He died in the latter end of April (about the 29th day) in sixteen hundred ninety and five, and was buried in the parish church of Llan-senfreid, about two miles distant from Brecknock, in Brecknockshire."

Anthony à Wood seems to have had some personal acquaintance with the poet, for in his account of Thomas Vaughan (*Ath. Oxon.* iii. 725) he says that "Olor Iscanus sent me a catalogue of his brother's works."



## (a) THE VAUGHAN GENEALOGY.

Henry Vaughan's descent from the Vaughans of Tretower, County Brecon, has been accurately traced by Dr. Grosart and others. Little has been hitherto known about his immediate family. Theophilus Jones, in his *History of Brecknockshire* (1805-9), ii. 544, says : " Henry Vaughan died in 1695, aged 75,<sup>1</sup> leaving by his first wife two sons and three daughters, and by his second a daughter Rachel, who married John Turberville. His grand-daughter, Denys, or Dyenis, a corruption or abbreviation of Dyonisia, who was the daughter of Jenkin Jones of Trebinshwn, by Luce his wife, died single in 1780, aged 92, and is buried in the Priory churchyard.<sup>2</sup> What became of the remainder of his family, or whether they are extinct, I know not." To this statement Mr. Lyte added nothing but some errors, and Dr. Grosart nothing but the following hypothesis :—

" I am inclined to think that William Vaughan, censor of the College of Physicians, physician to William III<sup>d</sup>., was one of the sons of our worthy mentioned by Mr. Lyte. . . . William Vaughan's ' age 20 ' in 1668 represents 1648 as the birth-date,

<sup>1</sup> The tombstone says 73.  
error.

G. T. Clark repeats Jones'

<sup>2</sup> The tombstone is actually in the north aisle of the church itself.

and that fits in with the love-verse of the Poems of 1646.”

Mr. G. T. Clark, in his *Genealogies of Glamorgan*, p. 240, gives the following account :—

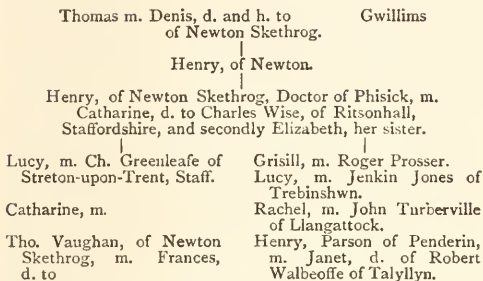
Henry [Vaughan], ob. 1695, æt. 75, father by first wife of (1) a son, s. p. ; (2) Lucy ob. 29 Aug., 1780, æt. 92,<sup>1</sup> m. Jenkin Jones of Trebinshwn. Their d. Denise Jones, died single, 1780, æt. 92. By second wife (3) Rachel, m. John Turberville ; (4) Edmund ; (5) Alexander, ob. 1622 [!], s. p. ; (6) Catharine, m. Wm. Harris ; (7) Mary, m. John Walbeoffe of Llanhamlach ; (8) Elizabeth, m. John Arnold ; (9) Frances, m. Wm. Johns of Cwm Dhu.

Unfortunately Mr. Clark is unable to remember his authority for this pedigree. I have found another, which differs from it in many ways, and is exceedingly interesting, inasmuch as it gives, for the first time, the names of Henry Vaughan's two wives, who appear to have been sisters. It is in a volume of *Brecknockshire Pedigrees* collected by the Welsh Herald, Hugh Thomas, and now amongst the Harleian MSS. Hugh Thomas was born and lived hard by Llansantffread, and must have known Vaughan and his family personally.

<sup>1</sup> Obviously Mr. Clark has confused Lucy Jones with her daughter, Denise Jones.

PEDIGREE OF VAUGHAN OF TRETOWER AND  
NEWTON.

(From Harl. MS. 2289, f. 81.)



It will be observed that neither Mr. Clark's pedigree nor Hugh Thomas' agrees with the number of children assigned to each marriage by Theophilus Jones, and that neither of them helps out Dr. Grosart's hypothesis that Dr. William Vaughan was a son of the poet. Mr. W. B. Rye (*Genealogist*, iii. 33) has made it appear likely that this Dr. Vaughan, who married Anne Newton, of Romford in Essex, belonged to a branch of the Vaughans who had been settled in Romford since 1571.

I now proceed to confirm and illustrate the pedigrees by giving such further facts concerning Vaughan's immediate family as I have been able

with Miss Morgan's assistance, to glean. I can trace no family of Wises in Staffordshire so early as the seventeenth century, nor any place in that county called Ritsonhall. It is possible that the R. W. of the *Elegy* (vol. ii., p. 79, *note*) may have been a Wise, and also that the connection between Vaughan and the Staffordshire Egertons may have been through this family (vol. ii., p. 294, *note*). Vaughan's first wife Catharine was probably dead before 1658. Thomas Vaughan, in his diary (MS. Sloane, 1741, f. 106 (b)), makes mention in that year of "eyewater made at the Pinner of Wakefield by my dear wife and my Sister Vaughan, who are both now with God." The second wife, Elizabeth, survived her husband. Administration of his goods was granted to her as the widow of an intestate in May, 1695.<sup>1</sup> The fine old manor-house at Newton was pulled down by a stupid land-agent within the memory of man, but a stone has been found built into the wall of a house half-a-mile from the site, bearing the inscription

<sup>1</sup> This was noted by Mr W. B. Rye in *The Genealogist*, iii. 33, from the Entry Book of the Registry at Hereford. Since then Mr. Clark of Hereford has kindly sent me, through Miss Morgan, a copy of the bond entered into by the administratrix, Elizabetha Vaughan de Llansanfread, and her son-in-law and surety, Roger Prosser de Villa Brecon. The bond, or the copy, is dated in error "30 May, 1694, et 7th Wm. iii." Administration was granted on May 29, 1695. The inventory of the personal property amounted to £49 4s. od. The witnesses are Walter Prosser and David Thomas.

“H<sup>V</sup>E, 1689.” This may well stand for H[enry and] E[lizabeth] V[aughan]. Newton probably passed to the poet’s eldest son Thomas and his wife Frances.<sup>1</sup> Of their descendants, if any, we know nothing. There was a William Vaughan of Llansantffread who, later than 1714, married Mary Games of Tregaer in Llanfrynach. But this was probably a Vaughan not of Newton, but of Scethrog, also in Llansantffread (*cf.* footnote to p. xxv. below.) In 1733 William Vaughan was churchwarden of Llanfrynach. In 1740 William Vaughan of Tregaer was high sheriff of Brecknock. In 1760 Tregaer had passed by purchase to a Mr. Phillips. The registers of Llanfrynach from 1695–1756 are now lost. Lucy Greenleafe and her sister Catharine are quite obscure. One of them may have been the niece who was living with Thomas Vaughan when news came from the country in 1658 of his father’s death (MS. Sloane, 1741, f. 89 (b)). Of the second family, Henry became Rector of Penderin in 1684, and vacated the living, probably through death, in 1713. A tablet to his memory hung during

<sup>1</sup> An old alphabetical catalogue of wills in the Hereford Registry, between 1660–1677, has the following entries:—

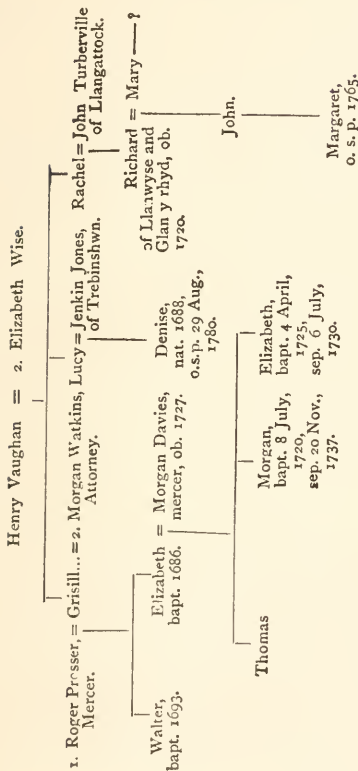
Thomas Vaughan, Lansamfread, 11 Dec., 1660.

Franca Vaughan, Lansamfread, 16 Nov., 1677.

The wills cannot, in the present state of the Registry, be found (*Genealogist*, iii., 33). These dates are much too early for the poet’s son and daughter-in-law; but whose are the wills?

the present century in the church at Penderin, but when the church was restored the tablets were taken down and buried under the tiles of the chancel. His wife, a Walbeoffe of Tallyllyn, belonged to the same family as the Walbeoffes of Llanhamlach (vol. ii., p. 189, *note*). The eldest girl, Grisill, married Roger Prosser. The Prossers were the younger branch of a Brecknockshire family who had become sadlers and mercers in Brecon. Many of their tombs are in the Priory church, but Theophilus Jones states that by his time they were extinct. Grisill Prosser was married a second time, in 1709, to Morgan Watkins, an attorney, and was buried on August 21, 1737. The second girl, Lucy, married Jenkin Jones of Trebinshwn, a cousin of Colonel Jenkin Jones, the local Parliamentary leader. Her daughter, Denise Jones, died single in 1780, as Theophilus Jones states, and her tombstone in the Priory church records her descent. The third girl, Rachel, married John Turberville, one of the Turbervilles of Llangattock, who claimed kinship with the Elizabethan poet of that name. The following pedigree shows the descendants of the three daughters of Henry Vaughan's second marriage, so far as they can be traced.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The *Turberville* and *Jones* lines are taken from Theophilus Jones' *History of Brecknockshire* (ii. 444), and from Harl. MS. 2289, f. 70, respectively. Miss Morgan has kindly traced the Prossers from the *Registers* of St. John's and St. Mary's Churches, Brecon.



It will be seen that I can give no evidence of the existence of any living descendants of Henry Vaughan.

Henry's grandfather, Thomas Vaughan, a younger son of Charles Vaughan of Tretower, seems to have come into the possession of Newton through his marriage with an heiress of the family of Gwillims or Williams. Newton, or in Welsh *Trenwydd*, is a farm of about 200 acres in the manor or lordship, and near the village of Scethrog, both being in the parish of Llansantffread and hundred of Penkelly. Williams is a common name in Breconshire, and I cannot trace the descent of Thomas Vaughan's wife. In the sixteenth century Newton belonged to a family who finally settled on the name of Howel, ap Howell or Powell.<sup>1</sup> The last of these is described on his tombstone in Llansantffread Church as "David Morgan David Howel, who married . . . William of Llanhamloch : and they had issue one daughter called Denys. He died 2nd June, 1598." Perhaps Newton passed in some way from David Morgan David Howel to his wife's family, and so to Thomas Vaughan, who married Denise Gwillims. Theophilus Jones (ii. 538) records that at a later date other Williams's,

<sup>1</sup> Miss Morgan tells me that David Morgan David Howel's father, Morgan ap Howel, is described in a pedigree as "of *Trenwydd* in *Penkelly* "; and I find from Harl. MS. 2289, ff. 84 (b), 85, that the Powells "of *Newton Penkelly*" were related to the Powells of *Cantreff*. (*See* vol. ii., p. 57, *note*.)



also apparently connected with Llanhamlach, were succeeded by other Vaughans at Scethrog, hard by Newton. His account is that David Williams, youngest brother of Sir Thomas Williams of Eltham, married a daughter of John Walbeoffe of Llanhamlach (*cf.* pedigree in vol. ii., p. 189, *note*), and bought Scethrog. Their son Charles died without issue, and the property passed to his wife Mary (Anne in Harl. MS., 2289, t. 39 ; *cf.* vol. ii., p. 204, *note*), the daughter of Morgan John of Wenallt. . . . She afterwards married Hugh Powell, clerk, parson of Llansanffread and precentor of St. David's, and her daughter Margaret married Charles Vaughan, son to Vaughan Morgan of Tretower.<sup>1</sup>

A trace of Thomas Vaughan is probably preserved in a window-head from the old church of Llansanffread, now destroyed, which has the inscription :—

1626.	E. G.	T. V.	W. T.
W.	F.	I.	Q.

T. V. may stand for T[homas] V[auhan].<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The will of this Charles Vaughan has been abstracted by Mr. W. B. Rye (*Genealogist*, iii. 33) from the Hereford Will Office. It was made 9th April, 1707, and proved 29th May, 1707. The testator is described as of Skellrog, Llansanffread, and mention is made of his wife Margaret Powell, and of a son William. This William, therefore, and not a grandson of Henry Vaughan, may be the William Vaughan of Llansanffread, who married Mary Games of Tregaer (p. xxi). Skellrog appears to have passed to another and probably elder son, Charles.

<sup>2</sup> S. W. Williams, *Llansanffread Church in Archaeologia Cambrensis* (1887.)

Of Henry Vaughan, the poet's father, very little is known. His name appears in a list of Breconshire magistrates for 1620. And we learn from Thomas Vaughan's diary in Sloane MS. 1741, f. 89 (b), that he died in August 1658.

The only additional definite fact which I can here record of the poet himself is that in 1691 he entered a caveat against any institution to the vicarage of Llandevalley, he claiming the next presentation under a grant from William Winter, Esq.<sup>1</sup> Mr. Rye has shown that the specimen of handwriting facsimiled by Dr. Grosart in his edition of Henry Vaughan's *Works* cannot possibly be the poet's. The signatures, however, on the margin of a copy of *Olor Iscanus*, once in the library of Lady Isham, might be genuine.

(b) VAUGHAN AND JESUS COLLEGE,  
OXFORD.

Anthony à Wood's statement as to Vaughan's residence at Jesus College, Oxford, has been generally accepted, but I venture to doubt it on the following grounds :—

(1) Vaughan's name does not occur in the University Matriculation Register, although his brother

<sup>1</sup> W. B. Rye in *Genealogist*, iii. 36, from Entry Book in Hereford Will Office.

Thomas Vaughan is duly entered as matriculating from Jesus on 14th December, 1638. The only College records which help us are the Battel-books for 1638 and 1640. That for 1639 is unfortunately missing. The Rev. Llewellyn Thomas kindly informs me that he can only trace one undergraduate Vaughan in the two books in question. The Christian name is not given, but I think that we must assume it to be Thomas.

(2) Vaughan does not describe himself on any title-page as of Jesus College ; nor does he ever speak of himself as an Oxford man. This omission is the more noticeable as he would naturally have done so in the lines *Ad Posteror* (vol. ii., p. 51), and might well have done so in those *On Sir Thomas Bodley's Library, the Author being then in Oxford* (vol. ii., p. 197).

(3) Anthony à Wood cannot be depended on. He describes Thomas Carew, for instance, as of C.C.C., whereas he was a most certainly of Merton. And there was another Henry Vaughan of Jesus, who may have been confused with the poet. This Henry Vaughan, a son of John Vaughan of Cathlin, Merionethshire, matriculated at Oriel on July 4, 1634. He afterwards became a Scholar and Fellow of Jesus, taking his B.A. in 1637 and his M.A. in 1639. In 1643 he became vicar of Penteg, co. Monmouth, and died at Abergavenny in 1661. (Wood, *Ath. Oxon.*, iii. 531 ; Foster, *Alumni Oxon.*)

(4) The only confirmation of Anthony à Wood's statement is the poem (vol. ii., p. 289) taken by Dr. Grosart from the *Eucharistica Oxoniensia* (1641), and signed "H. Vaughan, Jes. Col." If I am right, this may be by Vaughan's namesake. He has indeed another poem in that volume signed "Hen. Vaugh., Jes. Soc." but that is in Latin, and it is not unexampled for one man to contribute more than one poem, especially in different tongues, to such collections. Or it may be by Herbert Vaughan, who was a Gentleman-commoner of the College in 1641, and has, with Henry Vaughan the Fellow, verses in the *πρωτέλεια Anglo Batava* of the same year.

### (c) VAUGHAN IN THE CIVIL WAR.

There are several passages which make it probable that Vaughan, like his brother Thomas, bore arms on the King's side in the Civil War. The most important is in the poem *To Mr. Ridsley* (vol. ii., p. 83), where he speaks of the time

"when this juggling fate  
Of soldiery first seiz'd me."

In the same poem he mentions

"that day, when we  
Left craggy Biston and the fatal Dee."

"Craggy Biston" is clearly Beeston Castle, one of the outlying defences of Chester, situated on a steep

rock not very far east of the Dee. This castle was besieged on several occasions during the Civil War, especially during the campaign of 1645, when Chester was also besieged by the Parliamentarians.<sup>1</sup> Between Beeston and the Dee was fought, on September 24, 1645, the battle of Rowton Heath, after which Charles the First, who had hoped to raise the siege of Chester, was obliged to retreat to Denbigh.<sup>2</sup> The following lines from Vaughan's *Elegy on Mr. R. W.* (vol. ii., p. 79), who fell in that battle, seem to have been written by an eye-witness :

O that day  
 When like the fathers in the fire and cloud  
 I miss'd thy face ! I might in ev'ry crowd  
 See arms like thine, and men advance, but none  
 So near to lightning mov'd, nor so fell on.  
 Have you observ'd how soon the nimble eye  
 Brings th' object to conceit, and doth so vie  
 Performance with the soul, that you would swear  
 The act and apprehension both lodg'd there ?  
 Just so mov'd he : like shot his active hand  
 Drew blood, ere well the foe could understand.  
 But here I lost him."

This appears to me pretty conclusive evidence ; against it, however, must be set the passage on the

<sup>1</sup> An account of the part played by Beeston Castle during the Civil War will be found in Ormerod's *History of Cheshire* (ed. Helsby), ii. 272 *sqq.*

<sup>2</sup> Gardiner, *The Great Civil War*, ch. xxxvi.; J. R. Phillips, *The Civil War in Wales and the Marches*, i. 329 ; ii. 270.

Civil War in the autobiographical poem *Ad Posteror* (vol. ii., p. 51).

Vixi, divisos cum fregerat haeresis Anglos  
Inter Tysiphonas presbyteri et populi.  
His primum miseris per amoena furentibus arva  
Prostravit sanctam vilis avena rosam.  
Turbarunt fontes, et fuis pax perit undis,  
Moestaque coelestes obruit umbra dies.  
Duret ut integritas tamen, et pia gloria, partem  
Me nullam in tanta strage fuisse, scias ;  
Credidimus nempe insonti vocem esse cruori,  
Et vires quae post funera flere docent.  
Hinc castae, fidaeque pati me more parentis  
Commonui, et lachrimis fata levare meis ;  
Hinc nusquam horrendis violavi sacra procellis,  
Nec mihi mens unquam, nec manus atra fuit.

The natural interpretation of this certainly is that Vaughan took no share in the disturbances of his time, except to grieve over them in retirement. Yet, in the first place, the lines may have been written before he took up arms in 1645, and, in the second, they may only mean that he had no share in *bringing about* the troubles of England, or in shedding *innocent* blood. Similarly when elsewhere, as in *Abel's Blood* (vol. i. p. 254), and in the prayer to be quoted below, he expresses horror of blood-guiltiness, this need not necessarily be taken as extending to the man who fights in a righteous cause.

Miss Morgan, I may add, suggests that Vaughan was at Rowton Heath, not as a combatant, but as a

physician. The description which he gives of the battle reads like that of a man who saw it from some commanding point of view, but was not himself engaged. I think it not improbable that Vaughan was one of the garrison of Beeston Castle, which is described to me as "a sort of grand stand for the battle-field." Beeston Castle was invested by the Parliamentarians in the course of September 1645. On the approach of Charles the troops were drawn off on 19th September to Chester.<sup>1</sup> Charles no doubt took the opportunity to strengthen the garrison. After Rowton Heath Beeston Castle was again besieged, and on November 16th it surrendered. The garrison were allowed to march across the Dee to Denbigh. I think that this winter ride from the fallen fortress is the one described by Vaughan in the poem to Mr. Ridsley. It is the more probable that Vaughan took part in this campaign of 1645, in that Charles's force was largely recruited from Wales. After the battle of Naseby on June 14th, the King had marched through Wales, collecting such levies as he could. He was in Brecon on August 5th.<sup>2</sup> It is quite possible that Vaughan, whose kinsman Sir William Vaughan was in command of a brigade, volunteered on this occasion. From Brecon Charles marched through Radnorshire, Shropshire, Staffordshire, Derbyshire, Nottinghamshire, Yorkshire, and so to Oxford. In September he set out again, and

<sup>1</sup> Ormerod, i. 243.

<sup>2</sup> Phillips, i. 314.

after some delay at Hereford and Raglan, finally made for Chester.

It is just conceivable that it is to some occasion in this campaign that Vaughan refers when he calls Dr. Powell his "fellow-prisoner" (vol. ii., p. 178). The poet may even have been the Captain Vaughan whose name appears in the official list of prisoners taken at Rowton Heath.<sup>1</sup> Powell's name is not there, but then the list does not profess to be complete. But on the whole I think that Vaughan and Powell were only fellow-prisoners in the Platonic sense of imprisonment in the flesh, and even if a literal imprisonment is intended, it may have been due to some act of persecution which Vaughan had to suffer as a Royalist at a later date. There is in *The Mount of Olives* (1652) a *Prayer in Adversity and Troubles occasioned by our Enemies* (Grosart, vol. iii., p. 75), which, if it is to be taken—I think it is not—as autobiographical, seems to show that, at least for a time, he lost his estate. The prayer runs: "Thou seest, O God, how furious and implacable mine enemies are: they have not only robbed me of that portion and provision which Thou hast graciously given me, but they have also washed their hands in the blood of my friends, my dearest and nearest relations. I know, O God, and I am daily taught by that disciple whom Thou didst love, that no murderer hath eternal life abiding in him. Keep me

<sup>1</sup> Phillips, ii. 272.



therefore, O my God, from the guilt of blood, and suffer me not to stain my soul with the thoughts of recompense and vengeance, which is a branch of Thy great prerogative, and belongs wholly unto Thee. Though they persecute me unto death, and pant after the very dust upon the heads of Thy poor, though they have taken the bread out of Thy children's mouth, and have made me a desolation; yet, Lord, give me Thy grace, and such a measure of charity as may fully forgive them."

It may have been during some such time of trouble, or imprisonment, if imprisonment there was, that Vaughan's wife lived with Thomas Vaughan, as will be seen below, in London.

(d) THOMAS VAUGHAN.

It has not been thought necessary to reprint in this edition of Henry Vaughan's poems the scanty English and Latin verses of his brother, Thomas Vaughan. They may be found, together with verses by Virgil and Campion ascribed to him, in vol. ii. of Dr. Grosart's *Fuller Worthies* edition. But some account of so curious a person will not be cut of

As for his brother, our chief authority is Anthony à Wood (*Ath. Oxon.*, iii. 722), who says that he was the son of Thomas Vaughan of Llansantffread,<sup>1</sup> that he was born in 1621, educated under Matthew Herbert and at Jesus College, Oxford, of which he became Fellow, took orders and received [in 1640] the living of Llansantffread from his kinsman, Sir George Vaughan [of Fallerstone, Wilts]. He lost his living in the unquiet times of the Civil War, retired to Oxford, and became an eminent chemist, afterwards moving to London, where he worked under the patronage of Sir Robert Murray. He was a great admirer of Cornelius Agrippa, "a great chymist, a noted son of the fire, an experimental philosopher, a zealous brother of the Rosicrucian fraternity . . . neither papist nor sectary, but a true resolute protestant in the best sense of the Church of England." In the great plague he fled with Murray from London to Oxford, and thence went to the house of Samuel Kem at Albury, where he died on February 27, 166 $\frac{5}{8}$ , of mercury accidentally getting into his nose while he was operating. He was buried at Albury on March 1st. Writing in 1673, Anthony à Wood gives a list of his alchemical and mystical treatises published between 1650 and 1655. Of these he had received a list from Olor Iscanus (Henry Vaughan). They all bear the

<sup>1</sup> Both Wood and Foster give the father's name as Thomas, but it appears to be Henry in all the pedigrees.

name of Eugenius Philalethes, except the *Aula Lucis* (1652), which was issued as by S. N., *i.e.* [Thoma]S [Vaughan]N. Some of these pamphlets contain Vaughan's share of a vigorous and scurrilous controversy with Henry More, the Platonist. Anthony à Wood distinguishes from Vaughan another Eugenius Philalethes, author of the *Brief Natural History* (1669), also one Eirenaeus Philalethes, author of *Ripley Redivivus* and other works, and Eirenaeus Philoponos Philalethes, author of *The Marrow of Alchemy* (1654-5).<sup>1</sup>

A few facts, from well-known sources, may be added to Anthony à Wood's account. The University Registers show that "Thos. Vaughan, son of Thomas of Llansanfraid, co. Brecon, pleb., matriculated from Jesus College on 14 Dec., 1638, aged 16."

<sup>1</sup> The following list of Vaughan's admitted prose treatises is mainly taken from Dr. Grosart:—*Anthroposophia Theomagica* (1650); *Anima Magica Abscondita* (1650); *Magia Adamica* with the *Coelum Terrae* (1650); *The Man-Mouse taken in a Trap* (1650); *The Second Wash; or, the Moor scoured once more* (1651) [These two are polemics against Henry More]; *Lumen de Lumine*, with the *Aphorismi Magici Eugeniani* (1651); *The Fame and Confession of the Fraternity of R : C :* (1652); *Aula Lucis* (1652); *Euphrates* (1655); *Nollius' Chymist's Key* (1657); *A Brief Natural History* (1669); [Wood ascribes this to another writer, as it was not in the list furnished him by Henry Vaughan].—Henry More's pamphlets against Vaughan are the *Observations upon Anthroposophia Theomagica and Anima Magica Abscondita* (1650), issued under the name of Alazonomastix Philalethes and *The Second Lash of Alazonomastix* (1651).

He took his B.A. on 18 Feb., 164 $\frac{1}{2}$ , but does not appear to have taken his M.A., though he became Fellow of his College (Foster, *Alumni Oxon.*). John Walker (*Sufferings of the Clergy* (1714), p. 389) states that he was ejected from his living on the charges of "drunkenness, immorality, and bearing arms for the King."<sup>1</sup> This must have been in 1649, under the Act for the Propagation of the Gospel in Wales. There exists a letter from Thomas Vaughan to a friend in London, dated from "Newtown, Ash Wednesday, 1653;"<sup>2</sup> and it appears from Jones' *History of Brecknockshire* (ii., 542), that at one time he lived with his brother Henry there. The allusions to Henry More, to Murray, and to the Isis and Thames seem to show that he is the Daphnis of his brother's *Eclogue* (vol. ii., p. 278). No trace of his death or burial can however be now found at Albury. Mr. Gordon Goodwin points out to me that Dr. Samuel Kem was a somewhat notorious character (*Dict. Nat. Biog.*, s.v. *Kem*): perhaps this friendship, together with the personal confession quoted below, throws light on the charges which lost Vaughan his living. On the other hand

<sup>1</sup> Walker falls into the curious confusion of supposing that there were two Thomas Vaughans, one rector of Llansantffread, the other of Newton St. Bridget. But "St. Bridget" is only the English form of the Welsh "Santffread."

<sup>2</sup> Printed from the Rawl. MSS. in Thurloe's *State Papers*, ii. 120.

Anthony à Wood speaks well of him, and the tone of his writings bears out this more kindly judgment, at any rate so far as his later years are concerned.

What has been said fairly well exhausted the available information on Thomas Vaughan until a few years ago, when Mr. A. E. Waite discovered in Sloane MS. 1741 a valuable manuscript of his, containing amongst other things a number of autobiographical memoranda. He printed some extracts from this in the preface to an edition of some of *The Magical Writings of Thomas Vaughan* (Redway, 1888), and has been kind enough to furnish me with a reference to the MS. itself, which I have carefully examined. It bears the title *Aqua Vitae non Vitis*, and the inscription "Ex libris Thomas et Rebecca Vaughan, 1651, Sept. 28. Quos Deus coniunxit quis separabit?" The contents are partly personal jottings and records of dreams, partly alchemical formulae. They appear to cover the period 1658–1662. We learn from them the following facts:—Vaughan was married on September 28, 1651, to a lady named Rebecca (f. 106 (b)). With her and his "Sister Vaughan" he lived and studied alchemy at the Pinner of Wakefield.<sup>1</sup> He had previously lodged at Mr. Coalman's in Holborn (f. 104 (b)). His wife died on Saturday, April 17, 1658, and was buried at

<sup>1</sup> Is this the inn of that name once in the Gray's Inn Road? (Cunningham and Wheatley, *Handbook to London.*)

Mappersall, in Bedfordshire (f. 106 (b)).<sup>1</sup> In 1658 his father and his brother W. were both dead, and he mentions the news of his father's death coming to his niece in a letter from the country (f. 89 (b)). On April 9, 1659, he saw his brother H. in a dream. On 16 July, 1658, he was living at Wapping (f. 103 (b)), and at an earlier period at Paddington. There is an inventory of his wife's goods left at Mrs. Highgate's, and mention of a Mr. Highgate and a Sir John Underhill (f. 107). He names his cousin, Mr. J. Walbeoffe, with whom he had some money transactions (f. 18), and speaks of "a certain person with whom I had in former times revelled away my years in drinking" (f. 103). Perhaps this also was John Walbeoffe, on whom *see* vol. ii., p. 189, *note*. The alchemical formulae and receipts are interesting. In one place (f. 12) Vaughan announces the discovery of the "Extract of Oil of Halcaly," which he had previously found in his wife's days and had lost again. This he calls "the greatest joy I can ever have in this world after her death." He seems to have regarded it as the key to an universal solvent. Nearly every receipt is followed by his and his wife's

<sup>1</sup> The Rev. Henry Howlett has kindly sent me the following extract from the registers of Meppershall :—

" 1658.

Buried.

Rebecka, the Wife of Mr. Vahanne  
the 26th of Aprill."

initials in the form T. R. V. or T.<sup>V</sup>.R., and by some expression of devotion to her or of religious piety.

I now come to the remarkable statements made with respect to Thomas Vaughan in the *Mémoires d'une ex-Palladiste*, now in course of publication by Miss Diana Vaughan. Miss Vaughan is a lady who has created a considerable sensation in Paris. Her own account of herself is that she was brought up as a worshipper of Lucifer, and was for some years a leading spirit amongst certain androgynous lodges of Freemasons, in which the worship of Lucifer is largely practised. She has now, owing to the direct interposition of Joan of Arc, become a Catholic, and has made it her mission to combat Luciferian Freemasonry in every way. Her *Memoirs* are partly a biography, partly an account of this cult.<sup>1</sup> Miss

<sup>1</sup> An entire literature has grown up in Paris during the last year around the question whether the cultus of Lucifer is practised in certain Masonic Lodges. A number of Catholic journalists and pamphleteers assert very categorically that this is the case, that the centre of this cultus, containing the full Luciferian initiates, is the 33<sup>rd</sup> degree of a so-called New and Reformed Palladian Rite, having its head-quarters at Charles-town, and that the chiefs of this Rite have obtained a controlling influence over the whole of Freemasonry. The creed is described as Manichæan in character, with Lucifer as Dieu-Bon and Adonai, the God of the Catholics, as Dieu-Mauvais. Adonai is the principle of asceticism, Lucifer of natural humanity and *la joie de vivre*. The rituals and the accepted interpretation of the Masonic symbolism used in the lodges, or triangles," are of a phallic type. Women are admitted to

Vaughan claims to be a great-grand-daughter of Thomas Vaughan's. She declares him to have been a Luciferian, Grand-master of the Rosicrucian order, and the founder of modern Freemasonry ; and gives membership. Immorality, a parody of the Eucharist, known as the black mass, and the practice of black magic, take place at the meetings. Lucifer is worshipped in the form of Baphomet, but from time to time he is personally evoked, and manifested to his followers. Luciferianism tends to become identical with Satanism, in which Lucifer and Satan are identified and frankly worshipped as evil. The first mention of Luciferian Freemasonry was in the *Y-a-t-il des Femmes dans la Franc Maçonnerie ?* (1891), of the somewhat notorious Leo Taxil. But the case rests mainly on the alleged revelations of writers who claim to have themselves been members of the Palladian Rite. The chief of these are Dr. Hacke or Bataille, Signor Margiotta and Miss Diana Vaughan. Unfortunately very little evidence is forthcoming as to the identity of any of these personages. Many leading Masons, *e.g.*, M. Papus in his *Le Diable et l'Occultisme*, deny that Luciferian Freemasonry exists at all, and it is freely stated (*cf. Light* for 27 June and 4 July, 1896, pp. 305, 322) that Miss Diana Vaughan is a myth, and that her *Mémoires* with the rest of the revelations are the ingenious concoction of a band of irresponsible journalists of whom Leo Taxil is the chief. No one appears to have seen Miss Vaughan, and she is alleged to be hiding in some convent from the vengeance of the Luciferians. Probably there will be some further light thrown on the matter before long : in the meantime a good summary of the evidence up-to-date may be found in A. E. Waite's *Devil-Worship in France* (1896). Assuming that Luciferianism really exists, I do not for a moment believe that it has the antiquity which Miss Vaughan claims for it. The various Rites of modern Freemasonry, with their fantastic and high-sounding degrees, are comparatively recent excrescences upon the original Craft



an exhaustive account of his career on the authority of family archives. The following paragraphs contain the substance of her narrative, the "legend of Philalethes," as it was told to Miss Vaughan by her father and her uncle, who were intimate friends of Albert Pike.

The traditional accounts of Thomas Vaughan, says Miss Vaughan, contain serious errors. The dates of his birth and of his death, and the pseudonym under which he wrote are all incorrectly stated<sup>1</sup> (p. 110). He was born in Monmouth in 1612, being two years the elder of his brother Henry. The two boys were brought up at Oxford, after

Masonry. The New and Reformed Palladian Rite is said to have been founded at Charlestown by the well-known Mason, Albert Pike, in 1870. It is based on the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite, which dates from the beginning of the century. If there is such a thing as Luciferianism, I do not think we need look further back than 1870 for its origin. As expounded by Miss Vaughan and others, it is pretty clearly a compilation from Eliphaz Levi and other occultist and Cabbalistic writers, with a good deal of modern American Spiritualism thrown in. Albert Pike, a man of considerable learning, could easily have invented it. Masonic symbolism lends itself readily enough to a wide range of interpretations. I do not say that seventeenth-century occultism has left no traces upon Freemasonry which modern ritual-mongers may have elaborated; but it is a far cry from this to the belief that Thomas Vaughan and Luther were Manichæan worshippers of Lucifer and Protestantism an organized warfare on Adonai.

<sup>1</sup> Miss Vaughan quotes from Allibone's *History of English Literature*. Allibone only repeats Anthony à Wood's account.

their father's death, by their uncle, Robert Vaughan the antiquary,<sup>1</sup> and entered at Jesus College (p. 114). In 1636, at the age of 24, Thomas Vaughan went to London, and became the disciple of Robert Fludd, who was a Rosicrucian (p. 148). The real nature of the Rosicrucians has hitherto been a mystery. They were in reality Luciferians, and carried on in secret during the seventeenth century that warfare against Adonai, the god of the Catholics, out of which had already sprung Wiclif, Luther, and the Reformation, and out of which was some day to spring, more deadly and more dangerous still, Freemasonry. The Fraternity of Rosie-Cross was founded by Faustus Socinus in 1597. He was succeeded as head of it by Caesar Cremonini (1604-1617), Michael Maier (1617-1622), Valentin Andreae (1622-1654), and Thomas Vaughan (1654-1678).<sup>2</sup> When Thomas Vaughan first came to London in 1636, Valentin Andreae was *Summus Magister* of the Fraternity, and amongst its leading members were Robert Fludd and Amos Komenski, or Comenius (pp. 129-148). Robert Fludd initiated Thomas Vaughan into the lower degrees of the

<sup>1</sup> Robert Vaughan belonged to quite a different branch from the Vaughans of Newton: and, as Sl. MS. 1741 shows, the father of Henry and Thomas Vaughan did not die until 1658.

<sup>2</sup> Miss Vaughan gives an elaborate account of the Rosicrucians and of their famous manifestoes, which I have no room to reproduce.

Golden Cross (p. 148), and sent him to Andreae at Calw, near Stuttgart, with a letter in which he prophesied for him a miraculous future (p. 163). After this visit to Germany, Vaughan returned to London, and after Fludd's death, in 1637, undertook in 1638 his first visit to America. In many of his writings he speaks as a Christian minister, and at this time he probably passed as a Nonconformist (p. 164). He was back in London early in June, 1639 (p. 165), and in the same year visited Denmark, and made a report to Komenski on the mysterious golden horn found at Tondern in that country (p. 166). In 1640 Vaughan received from Komenski the first initiation of the Rosie Cross, and chose the pseudonym of Eirenaeus Philalethes.<sup>1</sup> He now became exceedingly active, going and coming upon the face of the earth. When

<sup>1</sup> Miss Vaughan states that Thomas Vaughan signed "not *Eugenius Philalethes*, but *Eirenaeus Philalethes*" (p. 114). But she ascribes to him the *Anthroposophia Theomagica* and other writings which are signed, though she does not mention it, *Eugenius Philalethes* (p. 211). She quotes from Anthony à Wood the assertion, which he does not make, that the English translations of the *Fama Fraternitatis Rosae Crucis* (1652) and of Maier's *Themis Aurea* (1656) both bear the name of Eugenius, and were by another Thomas Vaughan! The manuscripts of both are, she says, signed *Eirenaeus* (p. 163). What Wood says is that he has seen a translation of Maier's tract, dedicated to Elias Ashmole by  $\left. \begin{array}{l} \text{N. L.} \\ \text{T. S.} \end{array} \right\} \text{H. S.}$ , and that Ashmole has forgotten whose the initials are. He does not suggest that this translation is by a Thomas Vaughan. (*Atq. Oxon.*, iii. 724.)

in England, he divided his time between Oxford and London (p. 167). Between 1640 and 1644 he visited Hamburg, the Netherlands, Italy and Sweden (pp. 171-174). It was at this period that he conceived the design of obtaining a far wider circulation than they had yet met with for the ideas of Faustus Socinus. Some of the Rosicrucians were already "accepted masons." Vaughan determined to capture the vast organization of craft masonry by permeating the lodges with Luciferianism. His associate in this task was Elias Ashmole, with whose aid, a few years later, he composed the degrees of Apprentice (1646), Companion (1648), and Master (1649) (pp. 142, 169-175, 197-206). The Civil War had now approached. Oliver Cromwell was a freemason, a Rosicrucian, and a friend of Vaughan's (p. 176). With the execution of Laud came the crisis of Vaughan's life, his initiation into the highest degree of Rosie Cross by the hands of Lucifer himself. It took place in this wise. At the last moment Vaughan was substituted for the intended executioner of Laud.<sup>1</sup> He had prepared a sacramental cloth which he soaked in the martyr's blood, and on the same night he sacrificed the relic to Lucifer. The divinity

<sup>1</sup> This episode has previously done duty in the *Vingt Ans Après* (vol. iii., ch. 8-10), of Alexandre Dumas, in which Mordaunt acts as the executioner of Charles. There is a Latin poem amongst Vaughan's remains in *Thalia Rediviva* entitled *Epitaphium Gulielmi Laud Episcopi Cantuariensis*, full of sorrow for the archbishop's death.

appeared, consecrated Vaughan as *Magus*, named him as the next *Summus Magister* of the Fraternity, and signed a pact, granting him thirty-three years more life, at the end of which he should be borne away from earth without death (p. 177). In 1645 Vaughan wrote, but did not yet publish, his most important treatise, the *Introitus Apertus ad Occlusum Regis Palatium*. In 1645, still following the direct command of Lucifer, he departed for America. Here he met the apothecary George Starkey, and in his presence performed the alchemical feat of making gold (p. 179).<sup>1</sup> Here, too, he lived amongst the Lenni-Lennaps, where he was united to the demon Venus-Astarte in the form of a beautiful woman, who after eleven days bore him a daughter. This girl was brought up among the Lenni-Lennaps under the name of Diana Wulisso-Waghan, and became Miss Diana Vaughan's great-great-grandmother (p. 181). In 1648 Vaughan returned to England, and after composing the masonic degree of Master in 1649 (p. 197), he began

<sup>1</sup> Miss Vaughan refers to Lenglet-Dufresnoy's *Histoire de la Philosophie Hermétique* as an authority on Starkey's relations with Eirenaeus Philalethes. Lenglet-Dufresnoy probably took his account from *The Marrow of Alchemy* (1654-5). The prefaces to this are signed with anagrams of George Starkey's name. But he ascribes the poem to a friend, who is called in the *Breve Manuductorium ad Campum Sophiae Agricola Rhomaeus*. Perhaps Starkey himself was the real author. The title-page has the name Eirenaeus Philopontus Philalethes, apparently a distinct designation from that of Eirenaeus Philalethes.

the publication of a series of alchemical and, in reality, Luciferian writings. In 1650 appeared the *Anthroposophia Theomagica* and the *Magia Adamica*, in 1651 the *Lumen de Lumine*; in 1652 the *Aula Lucis* (p. 211). In 1654 Valentin Andreae died, and Vaughan succeeded him as *Summus Magister* of the Rosie Cross, the event being announced to him by the homage of three demons, Leviathan, Cerberus, and Belphegor (p. 214). In 1655 he published his *Euphrates*, and in 1656 made his head-quarters at Amsterdam or Eirenaeopolis. In 1659 came his *Fraternity of R. C.*; in 1664 his *Medulla Alchymiae*.<sup>1</sup> In 1666 he exhibited the philosopher's stone to Helvetius at La Haye and converted him to occultism: in 1667 he at last resolved to publish his *Opus Magnum*, the *Introitus Apertus*, already written in 1645 (p. 215). In 1668 this was followed by the *Experimenta de Praeparatione Mercurii Sophici* and the *Tractatus Tres* (p. 236). The time was now approaching when Vaughan, in fulfilment of the pact of 1644, must disappear from earth. He named Charles Blount as his successor (p. 237), and was granted a magical vision of his grandson, the child of Diana Wulisso-Waghan and a Lenni-Lennap (p. 239). He finished his *Memoirs*, published the *Ripley Revised*<sup>2</sup> and the *Enarratio Metho-*

<sup>1</sup> The *Medulla Alchemiae* (1664) is only a Latin translation of the *Marrow of Alchemy* (1654-5) of Eirenaeus Philoponoc Philalethes. <sup>2</sup> The actual name of the tract is *Ripley Revised*

*dica trium Gebri Medicinarum*, left his poems to his brother Henry, who published them in the next year as the *Thalia Rediviva*,<sup>1</sup> and on March 25, 1678, disappeared in the company of *Lucifer Dieu-Bon* himself (p. 240). This event is vouched for, not only by a written statement of Henry Vaughan (p. 114), but also by the existence in a masonic triangle at Valetta of a magical talisman into which, when properly evoked, the spirit of Philalethes enters and records his glorious end for the edification of the Luciferians present<sup>2</sup> (p. 243).

I fear that I have taken Miss Vaughan with undue seriousness. Her account of Thomas Vaughan is not only unsupported by direct evidence,<sup>3</sup> but much of it

<sup>1</sup> The *Thalia Rediviva* was actually published in 1678, not 1679.

<sup>2</sup> Miss Vaughan has herself witnessed this, in the presence of Lucifer. Moreover, the spirit of Philalethes has appeared, and conversed with her (pp. 257-267).

<sup>3</sup> Miss Vaughan refers to several family documents, but does not offer them for inspection. They include (a) the will of her grandfather James, enumerating the proofs of his descent (p. 111); (b) the autobiographical Memoirs of Philalethes, from which Miss Vaughan quotes largely (pp. 174, 240); (c) a letter from Fludd to Andreae (pp. 114, 149); (d) a MS. of the *Introitus Apertus*, of which the margin has been covered by Vaughan with a comment for Luciferian initiates (pp. 111, 217, 225); (e) a letter from Andreae in the archives of the Sovereign Patriarchal Council of Hamburg (p. 197); (f) Henry Vaughan's account of his brother's disappearance in the archives of the Supreme Dogmatic Directory of Charleston (p. 114); (g) Masonic rituals in the archives of Masonic chapters at

is of a character which we should not be justified in accepting, even were direct evidence forthcoming. And it is all discordant with the little that we do happen to know of Thomas Vaughan from other sources. The whole thing is, in fact, a pretty obvious romance of very modern fabrication. It appears to have been compiled from such information as to the alchemical and mystical writers of the seventeenth century as was within the reach of Albert Pike and the brothers Vaughan about the year 1870.<sup>1</sup>

Bristol and Gibraltar (p. 200); (*h*) Rosicrucian rituals drawn up by one Nick Stone in the hands of Dr. W. W. W[estcott] of London (p. 141). The documents in Masonic hands are presumably, like the Valetta talisman, now out of Miss Vaughan's reach. A communication signed Q. V. in *Light* for May 16, 1896, denies, on Dr. Westcott's authority, that his rituals have anything to do with Nick Stone, or that Miss Vaughan ever saw them. Dr. Westcott is the head of the modern *Societas Rosicruciana in Anglia*. This body does not even pretend to be the *Fraternity of R. C.* Finally, there is (*i*) Thomas Vaughan's original pact with Lucifer, now, according to Miss Vaughan, in holy hands, and to be destroyed on the day she takes the veil.

<sup>1</sup> Miss Vaughan somewhat naïvely gives us a lead. After describing Thomas Vaughan's sojourn with Venus-Astarte among the Lenni-Lennaps, she adds: "This legend is not accepted by all the Elect Mages; there are those who regard it as fabricated by my grandfather James of Boston, who was, they believe, of Delaware origin, or, at any rate, a half-breed; and they even assert that, in the desire to Anglicize himself, he invented an entirely false genealogy, by way of justifying his change of the Lennap name Waghan into Vaughan. Herein the opponents of the Luciferian legend of Thomas Vaughan go too far" (p. 181).



It is always better to explain than to refute an error ; and the nature of the Luciferian tradition of Thomas Vaughan is pretty clearly shown by the fact that it is not corroborated in a single particular by any of the new facts about him that have come to light since this probable date of its composition.<sup>1</sup> The fabricator put Thomas Vaughan's birth-place in Monmouth instead of Brecon, because he had never seen Dr. Grosart's *Fuller Worthies* Edition of Henry Vaughan. He makes no mention of any of the facts contained in Sloane MS. 1741, because that MS. was still unknown. And, most fatal of all, he puts Thomas Vaughan's birth in 1612 instead of 1621-2, because Foster's *Alumni Oxonienses* being yet unpublished, he was ignorant of the record of that date preserved in the University Registers. But we can go a step further. We can confute him, not only by pointing to the books he did not use, but by pointing to those he did. It has already been shown that the ascription to Vaughan of the English translation of Maier's *Themis Aurea* is due to a misunderstanding

<sup>1</sup> I have already pointed out that Miss Vaughan is quite possibly a myth. But, if she exists, I do not see any reason to suppose that she personally invented the "legend of Philalethes." It lies between Leo Taxil and his friends in 1895, and the alleged founders of Palladism in or about 1870, that is Albert Pike and Miss Vaughan's father and uncle. And, so far as it goes, the ignorance shown in the legend of all books published in the last twenty years is evidence for the earlier date, and therefore, to some extent, for the actual existence of Luciferianism

of a phrase used by Anthony à Wood. The *Athenae Oxonienses* then was one source of the compilation. Another was the *Histoire de la Philosophie Hermétique*, written by Lenglet-Dufresnoy in 1742. Here is the proof. Miss Vaughan supports her statement as to the birth-date in 1612 by a quotation from the *Introitus Apertus*, in which the writer states it to have been composed "en l'an 1645 de notre salut, et le trente-troisième de mon age." This she professes to translate from the *editio princeps* published by Jean Lange in 1667. As a matter of fact it is taken from the version given in Lenglet-Dufresnoy's book. And Lenglet-Dufresnoy followed, not the edition of 1667, but the later edition published by J. M. Faust at Frankfort in 1706. In this the words are "trigesimo tertio," whereas in the *editio princeps* they are "vicesimo tertio," and in W. Cooper's English translation of 1669, "in the 23rd year of my age," thus bringing the date of the birth of Eirenaeus Philalethes not to 1612, but to 1622. The "legend of Philalethes" need detain us no longer. Miss Vaughan's narrative is a very insufficient basis for regarding the pious minister and mystic which Thomas Vaughan appears to have been as a secret enemy of Christianity and a worshipper of Lucifer.

But when the legend is set aside, there still remain certain questions suggested by it which may be considered without much reference to the statements of

Miss Vaughan. Was Thomas Vaughan a Rosicrucian? And was he, admittedly the author of a series of tracts under the name of Eugenius Philalethes, also the author of those which bear the name of Eirenaeus Philalethes? The first question is, I am afraid, insoluble, until it has been decided whether the Fraternity of R. C. ever had an actual existence. Anthony à Wood states that Thomas Vaughan was a zealous Rosicrucian, but probably Anthony à Wood took the term in the general sense of mystic and alchemist. On the other hand Vaughan himself, in his preface to the English translation of the Rosicrucian manifestoes, seems to disavow any personal acquaintance with the members of the fraternity. Even this is not conclusive, for the Rosicrucian rule, as given in the *Laws of the Brotherhood*, published by Sincerus Renatus in 1710,<sup>1</sup> obliges the members to deny their membership.

There is more material for the discussion of the second question, but I do not know that it is more possible to come to a definite conclusion. The personality of the anonymous adept who took the name of Eirenaeus Philalethes was shrouded in mystery even to his contemporaries. The fullest account given of him on any of his title-pages is on that of the *Experimenta de Praeparatione Mercurii Sophici* (1668), which is said to be "ex manuscripto

<sup>1</sup> Cf. A. E. Waite, *Real History of the Rosicrucians*, p. 274.

Philosophi Americani alias Eyrenaci Philalethis, natu Angli, habitatione Cosmopolitae.”<sup>1</sup> We have also the description given by George Starkey, or whoever it was, in the *Marrow of Alchemy* (1654-5), p. 25. Starkey says :—

“ His present place in which he doth abide  
 I know not, for the world he walks about,  
 Of which he is a citizen ; this tide  
 He is to visit artists and seek out  
 Antiquities a voyage gone and will  
 Return when he of travel hath his fill.

“ By nation an Englishman, of note  
 His family is in the place where he  
 Was born, his fortune's good, and eke his coat  
 Of arms is of a great antiquity ;  
 His learning rare, his years scarce thirty-three ;  
 Fuller description get you not from me.”

<sup>1</sup> The principal writings ascribed to Eirenaeus Philalethes are *Introitus Apertus in Oclusum Regis Palatium* (1667), *Tres Tractatus* (1668), *Experimenta de Praeparatione Mercurii Sophici* (1668), *Ripley Revived* (1678), *Enarratio Trium Gebri Medicinarum* (1678). The works of Eirenaeus Philoponos Philalethes (George Starkey?) are often attributed to him in error. The B. M. Catalogue, s.vv. *Philaletha*, *Philalethes*, is a mass of confusions. Lenglet-Dufresnoy, *Histoire de la Philosophie Hermétique* (iii. 261-266), gives a long list of printed and manuscript works. Most of these he had probably never seen. He probably took many items in his list from one in J. M. Faust's edition of the *Introitus Apertus* (Frankfort, 1706) ; and this, in its turn, was based on what Eirenaeus Philalethes himself says he has written in the preface to *Ripley Revived*. He there says, after naming other works : “ Two English Poems I wrote, declaring the whole secret, which are lost. Also an Enchiridion of Experiments, together with a

Starkey gives the age of Eirenaeus Philalethes as 33 in 1654. This precisely confirms the writer's own statement in the earlier editions of the *Introitus Apertus* that he was 23 in 1645, and fixes the birth-date as 1621 or 1622. Now this agrees remarkably with the birth-date ascertained from other sources of Thomas Vaughan. But Thomas died in 1666, and it is usually asserted that Eirenaeus Philalethes lived until at least 1678. Miss Vaughan states that he must have been alive in that year, because he then published the *Ripley Revived*, and the *Enarratio Trium Gebri Medicinarum*. She declares that the author of the *Enarratio* mentions the pains taken about that edition (p. 240). I do not find any prefatory matter in this book at all. There is a preface to the *Ripley Revived*, but this was written long before 1678, for it mentions the *Introitus Apertus*, published in 1667, as still in manuscript. Neither Jean Lange, the editor of the *Introitus Apertus* of 1667, writing 9th December, 1666, nor William Cooper, the editor of the English translation<sup>1</sup>

Diurnal of Meditations, in which were many Philosophical receipts, declaring the whole secret, with an Aenigma annexed; which also fell into such hands which I conceive will never restore it. This last was written in English." Can this Enchiridion and Diurnal be Sl. MS. 1741? I find no "Aenigma." Can Starkey have stolen the poems and published them as the *Marrow of Alchemy*?

<sup>1</sup> The preface to *Ripley Revived* makes it clear that the *Introitus Apertus* was originally written in Latin, not in English.

of 1669, writing 15th September, 1668, know whether the author is still alive. In fact he cannot be shown to have outlived Thomas Vaughan, for there is no proof that the adept who showed the philosopher's stone to Helvetius on December 27th, 1666,<sup>1</sup> was the same as he who showed it to George Starkey many years before. I will briefly enumerate a few other links which connect Eirenaeus Philalethes with Thomas Vaughan. A German translation of the *Introitus Apertus*, published at Hamburg under the title of *Abyssus Alchemiae* (1704), is said on the title-page to be "von T. de Vagan." Miss Vaughan states that a similar translation of the first of the *Tres Tractatus*, published at Hamburg in 1705, also bears this name (p. 237), and this is borne out by Lenglet-Dufresnoy (iii. 261-6), who speaks of a French MS. of the *Tres Tractatus* inscribed "par Thomas de Vagan, dit Philalèthe ou Martin Birrhuis." Birrhuis, however, was only the editor. These ascriptions are probably made on the authority of G. W. Wedelius, who in his preface, dated 2nd Sept., 1698, to an edition of the *Introitus Apertus*, published at Jena in 1699, says of the author:—"Ex Anglia tamen vulgo habetur oriundus . . . et Thomas De Vagan appellatus." The English *Three Tracts* (1694) are stated on the title-page to have been

<sup>1</sup> This is recorded in Helvetius' *Vitulus Aureus* (1667). Helvetius describes his master as 43 or 44 years old, and calls him Elias Artistes.

written in Latin by Eirenaeus Philalethes ; but there is a note in the British Museum Catalogue to the effect that the Latin original has the name *Eugenius* Philalethes. Unfortunately this Latin *Tres Tractatus*, published in 1668 by Martin Birrhuis at Amsterdam, is not in the Library, and I cannot verify the statement. Finally, I may note that the *Ripley Revived* (1678) has an engraved title-page by Robert Vaughan, who also did the title-page to *Olor Iscanus*, and that Starkey's *Marrow of Alchemy* contains, at the end of the preface to Part ii., some lines by William Sampson, which mention

“ Harry Mastix Moor

Who judged of Nature when he did not know her ” ;

clearly an allusion to More's controversy with Thomas Vaughan.

It will be seen that there is some *primâ facie* evidence for identifying Eirenaeus Philalethes with Thomas Vaughan, whereas he was probably not George Starkey (Eirenaeus Philoponos Philalethes), and cannot be shown to have been anyone else. But I am not satisfied. We do not know that Thomas Vaughan was ever in America, and there is the strong evidence of Anthony à Wood, who distinguishes between Eirenaeus and Eugenius, and who appears to have had information from Henry Vaughan himself. Mr. A. E. Waite argues against the identification on the ground that Eirenaeus Philalethes was a

“physical alchemist,” whereas Thomas Vaughan’s alchemy was spiritual and mystical. But we have Vaughan’s authority for saying that he had pursued the physical alchemy also.<sup>1</sup> And he was clearly doing so when he wrote Sloane MS. 1741. A more pertinent objection is perhaps that Eirenaeus Philalethes appears to have been in possession of the grand secret when he wrote the *Introitus Apertus* in 1645, whereas Thomas Vaughan was still seeking it in 1658. To pursue the matter further would require a wide knowledge of the alchemical writings of the seventeenth century, which unfortunately I do not possess.<sup>2</sup>

My gratitude is due for help received in compiling the biographical and other notes in these volumes to Dr. Grosart, Mr. C. H. Firth, Mr. W. C. Hazlitt, Mr. A. E. Waite, and the Rev. Llewellyn Thomas; notably to Miss G. E. F. Morgan of Brecon, whose knowledge of local genealogy and antiquities has been invaluable.

July, 1896.

E. K. CHAMBERS.

<sup>1</sup> See the passage from the Epistle to *Euphrates*, quoted by Grosart (Vol. ii., p. 312).

<sup>2</sup> The “legend of Philalethes” has already been exposed by Mr. A. E. Waite in his *Devil Worship in France* (ch. xiii.). I am also indebted to what Mr. Waite has written on Eirenaeus Philalethes in that book, as well as in his *True History of the Rosicrucians* (1887) and his *Lives of Alchymistical Philosophers* (1888).



# BIBLIOGRAPHY

## OF

### HENRY VAUGHAN'S WORKS.

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#### (1)

POEMS, | WITH | The tenth SATYRE of | IUVENAL |  
 ENGLISHED. | By *Henry Vaughan*, Gent. | — *Tam nil,*  
*nulla tibi vendo* | *Illiade*— | LONDON, | Printed for *G.*  
*Badger*, and are to be sold at his | shop under Saint *Dunstan's*  
 Church in | Fleet-street. 1646. [8<sup>vo</sup>.]

The translation from Juvenal has a separate title-page.

IUVENAL'S | TENTH | SATYRE | TRANSLATED. |  
*Nec verbum verbo curabit reddere fides* | *Interpres*— |  
 LONDON, | Printed for G. B., and are to be sold at his  
 Shop | under Saint *Dunstan's* Church. 1646.

#### (2)

[Emblem] | *Silex Scintillans* : | or | SACRED POEMS |  
 and | *Private Eiaculations* | By | Henry Vaughan *Silurist* |  
 LONDON | Printed by *T. W.* for *H. Blunden* | at ye *Castle*  
*in Cornhill*. 1650. [8<sup>vo</sup>.]

#### (3)

OLOR ISCANUS. | A COLLECTION | OF SOME SE-  
 LECT | POEMS, | AND | TRANSLATIONS, | Formerly  
 written by | *Mr. Henry Vaughan Silurist*. | Published by a  
 Friend. | *Virg. Georg.* | *Flumina amo, Sylvasq. Inglorius*— |  
 LONDON | Printed by *T. W.* for *Humphrey Moseley*, | and

are to be sold at his shop, at the | Signe of the Princes Arms  
in St. *Pauls* | Church-yard, 1651. [8<sup>vo</sup>.]

The Preface is dated "Newton by Usk this 17 of Decemb.  
1647."

The prose translations in this volume have separate title-  
pages :

(a) OF THE | BENEFIT | Wee may get by our |  
ENEMIES. | A DISCOURSE | Written originally in the |  
Greek by *Plutarchus Chaeronensis*, | translated in to Latin by  
*I. Reynolds* Dr. | of Divinitie and lecturer of the Greeke  
Tongue | In *Corpus Christi* College In *Oxford*. | *Englised By*  
*H: V: Silurist*. | — *Dolus, an virtus quis in hoste requirat*. |  
--*fas est, et ab hoste doceri*. | LONDON. | Printed for  
*Humphry Moseley* [etc.].

(b) OF THE | DISEASES | OF THE | MIND | And  
the BODY. | A DISCOURSE | Written originally in the |  
Greek by *Plutarchus Chaeronensis*, | put in to latine by *I.*  
*Reynolds D.D.* | Englised by *H: V: Silurist*. | *Omnia*  
*perversae poterunt Corrumperé mentes*. | LONDON. |  
Printed for *Humphry Moseley* [etc.].

(c) OF THE DISEASES | OF THE | MIND, | AND  
THE | BODY, | and which of them is | most pernicious. | The  
Question stated, and decided | by *Maximus Tiriús*, a Plato-  
nick Philosopher, written originally in | the Greek, put into  
Latine by | *John Reynolds D.D.* | *Englised by* Henry  
Vaughan *Silurist*. | LONDON, | Printed for *Humphry*  
*Moseley* [etc.].

(d) THE | PRAISE | AND | HAPPINESSE | OF THE  
| COUNTRIE-LIFE ; | Written Originally in | *Spanish* by  
*Don Antonio de Guevara*, | Bishop of *Carthagera*, and |  
Counsellour of Estate to | *Charls* the Fifth Emperour | of  
*Germany*. | *Put into English by* H. Vaughan *Silurist*. |  
*Virgil. Georg.* | *O fortunatos nimium, bona si sua norint,* |  
*Agrícolas!* — | LONDON, | Printed for *Humphry*  
*Moseley* [etc.].

## (4)

THE | MOUNT of OLIVES : | OR, | SOLITARY  
DEVOTIONS. | By | HENRY VAUGHAN *Silurist*. |  
With | An excellent Discourse of the | blessed State of MAN  
in GLORY, | written by the most Reverend and | holy Father  
ANSELM Arch- | Bishop of *Canterbury*, and now | done into  
English. | Luke 21, v. 39, 37. | [quoted in full]. | LONDON,  
Printed for WILLIAM LEAKE at the | Crown in Fleet-  
Street between the two | Temple-Gates. 1652 [12<sup>m</sup>].

The preface is dated "Newton by Usk this first of October 1651."

The translation from Anselm has a separate title-page :

MAN | IN | GLORY : | OR, | A Discourse of the blessed  
| state of the Saints in the | New JERUSALEM. | Written  
in Latin by the most | Reverend and holy Father |  
*ANSELMUS* | Archbishop of *Canterbury*, and now | done  
into English. | Printed *Anno Dom.* 1652.

## (5)

*Flores Solitudinis*. | Certaine Rare and Elegant |  
PIECES ; | *Viz.* | Two Excellent Discourses | Of 1. *Tem-*  
*perance, and Patience* ; | 2. *Life and Death*. | BY | I. E.  
NIEREMBERGIUS. | THE WORLD | CONTEMNED ;  
| BY | EUCHERIUS, Bp. of LYONS. | And the Life of  
| PAULINUS, | Bp. of *NOLA*. | Collected in his Sicknesse  
and Retirement, | BY | HENRY VAUGHAN, *Silurist*. |  
*Tantus Amor Florum, & generandi gloria Mellis*. | London,  
Printed for *Humphry Moseley* at the | *Princes Armes* in St.  
*Pauls Church-yard*. 1654. [12<sup>m</sup>.]

The Preface is dated "Newton by Usk, in South-Wales, April 17, 1652." The pieces have separate title-pages :

(a) Two Excellent | DISCOURSES | Of 1. Temperance  
and Patience. | 2. Life and Death. | Written in Latin by |  
*Johan : Euseb : Nierembergius*. | Englished by | HENRY  
VAUGHAN, *Silurist*. | . . . *Mors vitam temperet, &*

*vita Mortem.* | LONDON : | Printed for *Humphrey Moseley*, etc.

The Preface is dated "Newton by Uske neare Sketh-Rock. 1653."

(b) THE WORLD | CONTEMNED, | IN A | Parenetical Epistle written by | the Reverend Father | *EUCHERIUS*, | Bishop of *Lyons*, to his Kinsman | *VALERIANUS*. | [Texts] | London, Printed for *Humphrey Moseley* [etc.].

(c) Primitive Holiness, | Set forth in the | LIFE | of blessed | *PAULINUS*, | The most Reverend, and | Learned BISHOP of | *NOLA* : | Collected out of his own Works, | and other Primitive Authors by | *Henry Vaughan*, Silurist. | 2 Kings *cap. 2. ver. 12* | *My Father, my Father, the Chariot of* | Israel, and the *Horsmen thereof*. | LONDON, | Printed for *Humphry Moseley* [etc.].

## (6)

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A reissue, with additions and a fresh title-page, of (2). The Preface is dated "Newton by Usk, near Sketh-rock Septem. 30, 1654."

## (7)

HERMETICAL | PHYSICK : | OR, | The right way to pre- | serve, and to restore | HEALTH | BY | That famous and faith- | full Chymist, | *HENRY NOLLIUS*. | Englished by | *HENRY VAUGHAN*, Gent. | LONDON. | Printed for *Humphrey Moseley*, and | are to be sold at his shop, at the | *Princes Armes*, in *S<sup>t</sup> Pauls Church-Yard*, 1655. [12<sup>mo</sup>.]

## (8)

*Thalia Rediviva* : | THE | *Pass-Times and Diversions*

| OF A | COUNTRY-MUSE, | In Choice | POEMS | On  
several Occasions. | WITH | Some Learned *Remains* of the  
Eminent | *Eugenius Philalethes*. | Never made Publick till  
now. | —Nec erubuit sylvas habitare Thalia. *Virgil*. | Licensed,  
*Roger L'Estrange*. | London, Printed for *Robert Pawlett* at the  
Bible in | *Chancery-lane*, near *Fleetstreet*, 1678 [8<sup>vo</sup>.]

The *Remains* of *Eugenius Philalethes* [Thomas Vaughan]  
have a separate title-page.

*Eugenii Philalethis*, | VIRI | INSIGNISSIMI | ET |  
Poetarum | Sui Saeculi, meritò Principis : | *VERTUMNUS* |  
ET | *CYNTHIA*, &c. | Q. Horat. | —*Qui praegravat artes*  
*Infra se positas*, | *extinctus am[a]bitur*. — | *LONDINI*, |  
*Impensis Roberti Pawlett*, M.DC.LXXVIII. [12<sup>mo</sup>.]

## (9)

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with these Translations following, etc. All Englished by  
H. Vaughan, Silurist. London : Printed and are to be sold by  
Peter Parker . . . 1679. [8<sup>vo</sup>.]

A reissue, according to Dr. Grosart (ii. 59) and W. C. Hazlitt  
(*Supplement to Third Series of Collections*, p. 106), of the 1651  
*Olor Iscanus*, with a fresh title-page. I have not seen a copy.

## (10)

[Miss L. I. Guiney writes in her essay on *Henry Vaughan, the Silurist* (*Atlantic Monthly*, May, 1894): "Mr. Carew Hazlitt has been fortunate enough to discover the advertisement of an eighteenth-century Vaughan reprint."

As to this Mr. Hazlitt writes to me: "I cannot tell where Miss Guiney heard about the Vaughan—not certainly from me. But there is an edition of his 'Spiritual Songs,' 8<sup>vo</sup>, 1706, of which, however, I don't at present know the whereabouts."

## (11)

*Silex Scintillans*: Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations of Henry Vaughan, with Memoir by the Rev. H. F. Lyte. London : William Pickering, 1847. [12<sup>mo</sup>.]

An edition of (6) and part of (8).

## (12)

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A reprint, with a revised text, of (11).

## (14)

The Fuller Worthies' Library. The Works in Verse and Prose complete of Henry Vaughan, Silurist, for the first time collected and edited : with Memorial-Introduction : Essay on Life and Writings : and Notes : by the Rev. Alexander B. Grosart, St. George's, Blackburn, Lancashire. In four Volumes. . . . Printed for Private Circulation. 1871.

A reprint of the original editions, with biographical and critical matter. Only 50 4<sup>to</sup>, 106 8<sup>vo</sup>, and 156 12<sup>mo</sup> copies printed. In Vol. II. are included the Poems of Thomas Vaughan, with a separate title-page.

The English and Latin Verse-Remains of Thomas Vaughan ('Eugenius Philalethes'), twin-brother of the Silurist. For the first time collected and edited : with Memorial-Introduction and Notes : by the Rev. Alexander B. Grosart [etc.].

## (15)

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## (16)

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A selection, with a short preface by W. R. Nicoll.

## (17)

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A facsimile reprint of (2).

## (18)

Secular Poems by Henry Vaughan, Silurist. Including a few pieces by his twin-brother Thomas ("Eugenius Philalethes"). Selected and arranged, with Notes and Bibliography, by J. R. Tutin, Editor of "Poems of Richard Crashaw," etc. Hull : J. R. Tutin. 1893.

A selection from Vol. II. of (14).

## (19)

The Poems of Henry Vaughan, Silurist. With an Introduction by H. C. Beeching, Rector of Yattendon. [Publishers' Device.] London : Lawrence and Bullen, 16, Henrietta Street, W.C. New York : Charles Scribner's Sons, 153-157 Fifth Avenue. 1896. [Two vols. 8<sup>vo</sup>.]

The present edition. A hundred copies are printed on large paper.





POEMS,  
WITH THE  
TENTH SATIRE OF JUVENAL  
ENGLISHED.

1646.



## TO ALL INGENIOUS LOVERS OF POESY.

GENTLEMEN,

To you alone, whose more refined spirits out-wing these dull times, and soar above the drudgery of dirty intelligence, have I made sacred these fancies : I know the years, and what coarse entertainment they afford poetry. If any shall question that courage that durst send me abroad so late, and revel it thus in the dregs of an age, they have my silence : only,

*Languescente seculo, liceat ægrotari.*

My more calm ambition, amidst the common noise, hath thus exposed me to the world : you have here a flame, bright only in its own innocence, that kindles nothing but a generous thought : which though it may warm the blood, the fire at highest is but Platonic ; and the commotion, within these limits, excludes danger. For the satire, it was of purpose borrowed to feather some slower hours ; and what you see here is but the interest : it is one of his whose Roman pen had as much true passion for the infirmities of that state, as we should have pity

#### 4 *TO ALL INGENIOUS LOVERS OF POESY.*

to the distractions of our own : honest—I am sure—it is, and offensive cannot be, except it meet with such spirits that will quarrel with antiquity, or purposely arraign themselves. These indeed may think that they have slept out so many centuries in this satire and are now awakened ; which, had it been still Latin, perhaps their nap had been everlasting. But enough of these,—it is for you only that I have adventured thus far, and invaded the press with verse ; to whose more noble indulgence I shall now leave it, and so am gone.—

H. V.

TO MY INGENUOUS FRIEND, R. W.

WHEN we are dead, and now, no more  
Our harmless mirth, our wit, and score  
Distracts the town ; when all is spent  
That the base niggard world hath lent  
Thy purse, or mine ; when the loath'd noise  
Of drawers, 'prentices and boys  
Hath left us, and the clam'rous bar  
Items no pints i' th' Moon or Star ;  
When no calm whisp'ers wait the doors,  
To fright us with forgotten scores ;  
And such aged long bills carry,  
As might start an antiquary ;  
When the sad tumults of the maze,  
Arrests, suits, and the dreadful face  
Of sergeants are not seen, and we  
No lawyers' ruffs, or gowns must fee :  
When all these mulcts are paid, and I  
From thee, dear wit, must part, and die ;  
We'll beg the world would be so kind,  
To give's one grave as we'd one mind ;  
There, as the wiser few suspect,  
That spirits after death affect,  
Our souls shall meet, and thence will they,  
Freed from the tyranny of clay,

With equal wings, and ancient love  
Into the Elysian fields remove,  
Where in those blessèd walks they'll find  
More of thy genius, and my mind.

First, in the shade of his own bays,  
Great Ben they'll see, whose sacred lays  
The learnèd ghosts admire, and throng  
To catch the subject of his song.  
Then Randolph in those holy meads,  
His *Lovers* and *Amyntas* reads,  
Whilst his Nightingale, close by,  
Sings his and her own elegy.  
From thence dismiss'd, by subtle roads,  
Through airy paths and sad abodes,  
They'll come into the drowsy fields  
Of Lethe, which such virtue yields,  
That, if what poets sing be true,  
The streams all sorrow can subdue.  
Here, on a silent, shady green,  
The souls of lovers oft are seen,  
Who, in their life's unhappy space,  
Were murder'd by some perjur'd face.  
All these th' enchanted streams frequent,  
To drown their cares, and discontent,  
That th' inconstant, cruel sex  
Might not in death their spirits vex.

And here our souls, big with delight  
Of their new state, will cease their flight:  
And now the last thoughts will appear,

They'll have of us, or any here ;  
But on those flow'ry banks will stay,  
And drink all sense and cares away.  
    So they that did of these discuss,  
    Shall find their fables true in us.

## LES AMOURS

TYRANT, farewell ! this heart, the prize  
And triumph of thy scornful eyes,  
I sacrifice to heaven, and give  
To quit my sins, that durst believe  
A woman's easy faith, and place  
True joys in a changing face.

Yet ere I go : by all those tears  
And sighs I spent 'twixt hopes and fears ;  
By thy own glories, and that hour  
Which first enslav'd me to thy power ;  
I beg, fair one, by this last breath,  
This tribute from thee after death.  
If, when I'm gone, you chance to see  
That cold bed where I lodgèd be,  
Let not your hate in death appear,  
But bless my ashes with a tear :  
This influx from that quick'ning eye,  
By secret pow'r, which none can spy,  
The cold dust shall inform, and make  
Those flames, though dead, new life partake  
Whose warmth, help'd by your tears, shall bring  
O'er all the tomb a sudden spring  
Of crimson flowers, whose drooping heads  
Shall curtain o'er their mournful beds :



And on each leaf, by Heaven's command,  
These emblems to the life shall stand  
Two hearts, the first a shaft withstood ;  
The second, shot and wash'd in blood ;  
And on this heart a dew shall stay,  
Which no heat can court away ;  
But fix'd for ever, witness bears  
That hearty sorrow feeds on tears.  
Thus Heaven can make it known, and true  
That you kill'd me, 'cause I lov'd you.

## TO AMORET.

## THE SIGH.

NIMBLE sigh, on thy warm wings,  
Take this message and depart ;  
Tell Amoret, that smiles and sings,  
At what thy airy voyage brings,  
That thou cam'st lately from my heart.

Tell my lovely foe that I  
Have no more such spies to send,  
But one or two that I intend,  
Some few minutes ere I die,  
To her white bosom to commend.

Then whisper by that holy spring,  
Where for her sake I would have died,  
Whilst those water-nymphs did bring  
Flowers to cure what she had tried ;  
And of my faith and love did sing.

That if my Amoret, if she  
In after-times would have it read,  
How her beauty murder'd me,  
With all my heart I will agree,  
If she'll but love me, being dead.

## TO HIS FRIEND BEING IN LOVE.

Ask, lover, ere thou diest ; let one poor breath  
Steal from thy lips, to tell her of thy death ;  
Doating idolater ! can silence bring  
Thy saint propitious ? or will Cupid fling  
One arrow for thy paleness ? leave to try  
This silent courtship of a sickly eye.  
Witty to tyranny, she too well knows  
This but the incense of thy private vows,  
That breaks forth at thine eyes, and doth betray  
The sacrifice thy wounded heart would pay ;  
Ask her, fool, ask her ; if words cannot move,  
The language of thy tears may make her love.

Flow nimbly from me then ; and when you fall  
On her breast's warmer snow, O may you all,  
By some strange fate fix'd there, distinctly lie,  
The much lov'd volume of my tragedy.  
Where, if you win her not, may this be read,  
The cold that freez'd you so, did strike me dead.

## SONG.

AMYNTAS go, thou art undone,  
 Thy faithful heart is cross'd by fate ;  
 That love is better not begun,  
 Where love is come to love too late.<sup>1</sup>

Had she professèd<sup>2</sup> hidden fires,  
 Or show'd one<sup>3</sup> knot that tied her heart,  
 I could have quench'd my first desires,  
 And we had only met to part.

But, tyrant, thus to murder men,  
 And shed a lover's harmless blood,  
 And burn him in those flames again,  
 Which he at first might have withstood.

Yet, who that saw fair Chloris weep  
 Such sacred dew, with such pure<sup>4</sup> grace ;  
 Durst think them feignèd tears, or seek  
 For treason in an angel's face.

This is her art, though this be true,  
 Men's joys are kill'd with<sup>5</sup> griefs and fears,  
 Yet she, like flowers oppress'd with dew,  
 Doth thrive and flourish in her tears.

<sup>1</sup> MS. *Whose pure offering comes too late.*

<sup>2</sup> MS. *profess'd her.* <sup>3</sup> MS. *the.* <sup>4</sup> MS. *such a.* <sup>5</sup> MS. *by.*

This, cruel, thou hast done, and thus  
That face hath many servants slain,  
Though th' end be not to ruin us,  
But to seek glory by our pain.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> MS. *Your aime is sure to ruine us.  
Seeking your glory by our pain*

## TO AMORET.

## WALKING IN A STARRY EVENING.

IF, Amoret, that glorious eye,  
In the first birth of light,  
And death of Night,  
Had with those elder fires you spy  
Scatter'd so high,  
Receivèd form and sight ;

We might suspect in the vast ring,  
Amidst these golden glories,  
And fiery stories ;<sup>1</sup>  
Whether the sun had been the king  
And guide of day,  
Or your brighter eye should sway.

But, Amoret, such is my fate,  
That if thy face a star  
Had shin'd from far,  
I am persuaded in that state,  
'Twixt thee and me,  
Of some predestin'd sympathy.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> MS. *We may suspect in the vast ring,  
Which rolls those fiery spheres  
Thro' years and years.*

<sup>2</sup> MS. *There would be perfect sympathy.*

For sure such two conspiring minds,  
Which no accident, or sight,  
Did thus unite ;  
Whom no distance can confine,  
Start, or decline,  
One for another were desi\_n'd.

## TO AMORET GONE FROM HIM.

FANCY and I, last evening, walk'd,  
And Amoret, of thee we talk'd ;  
The West just then had stolen the sun,  
And his last blushes were begun :  
We sate, and mark'd how everything  
Did mourn his absence : how the spring  
That smil'd and curl'd about his beams,  
Whilst he was here, now check'd her streams :  
The wanton eddies of her face  
Were taught less noise, and smoother grace ;  
And in a slow, sad channel went,  
Whisp'ring the banks their discontent :  
The careless ranks of flowers that spread  
Their perfum'd bosoms to his head.  
And with an open, free embrace,  
Did entertain his beamy face,  
Like absent friends point to the West,  
And on that weak reflection feast.  
If creatures then that have no sense,  
But the loose tie of influence,  
Though fate and time each day remove  
Those things that element their love,  
At such vast distance can agree,  
Why, Amoret, why should not we ?



## A SONG TO AMORET.

IF I were dead, and in my place  
Some fresher youth design'd  
To warn thee with new fires, and grace  
Those arms I left behind ;  
Were he as faithful as the sun,  
That's wedded to the sphere ;  
His blood as chaste and temp'rate run,  
As April's mildest tear ;  
Or were he rich, and with his heaps  
And spacious share of earth,  
Could make divine affection cheap,  
And court his golden birth :  
For all these arts I'd not believe,  
—No, though he should be thine —  
The mighty amorist could give  
So rich a heart as mine.  
Fortune and beauty thou might'st find,  
And greater men than I :  
But my true resolvèd mind  
They never shall come nigh.<sup>1</sup>  
For I not for an hour did love,  
Or for a day desire,  
But with my soul had from above  
This endless, holy fire.

<sup>1</sup> MS. *But with my true steadfast minde  
None can pretend to vie.*

## AN ELEGY.

'TIS true, I am undone : yet, ere I die,  
I'll leave these sighs and tears a legacy  
To after-lovers : that, rememb'ring me,  
Those sickly flames which now benighted be,  
Fann'd by their warmer sighs, may love ; and prove  
In them the metempsychosis of love.  
'Twas I—when others scorn'd—vow'd you were fair,  
And sware that breath enrich'd the coarser air,  
Lent roses to your cheeks, made Flora bring  
Her nymphs with all the glories of the spring  
To wait upon thy face, and gave my heart  
A pledge to Cupid for a quicker dart,  
To arm those eyes against myself ; to me  
Thou ow'st that tongue's bewitching harmony.  
I courted angels from those upper joys,  
And made them leave their spheres to hear thy voice.  
I made the Indian curse the hours he spent  
To seek his pearls, and wisely to repent  
His former folly, and confess a sin,  
Charm'd by the brighter lustre of thy skin.  
I borrow'd from the winds the gentler wing  
Of Zephyrus, and soft souls of the spring ;  
And made—to air those cheeks with fresher grace—  
The warm inspirers dwell upon thy face.

*Oh ! iam satis . . . . .*

## A RHAPSODIS :

*Occasionally written upon a meeting with some of his friends at the Globe Tavern, in a chamber painted overhead with a cloudy sky and some few dispersed stars, and on the sides with landscapes, hills, shepherds and sheep.*

DARKNESS, and stars i' th' mid-day ! They invite  
Our active fancies to believe it night :  
For taverns need no sun, but for a sign,  
Where rich tobacco and quick tapers shine ;  
And royal, witty sack, the poet's soul,  
With brighter suns than he doth gild the bowl ;  
As though the pot and poet did agree,  
Sack should to both illuminator be.  
That artificial cloud, with its curl'd brow,  
Tells us 'tis late ; and that blue space below  
Is fir'd with many stars : mark ! how they break  
In silent glances o'er the hills, and speak  
The evening to the plains, where, shot from far,  
They meet in dumb salutes, as one great star.

The room, methinks, grows darker ; and the air  
Contracts a sadder colour, and less fair.  
Or is't the drawer's skill ? hath he no arts  
To blind us so we can't know pints from quarts ?  
No, no, 'tis night : look where the jolly clown  
Musters his bleating herd and quits the down.  
Hark ! how his rude pipe frets the quiet air,

Whilst ev'ry hill proclaims Lycoris fair.  
Rich, happy man ! that canst thus watch and sleep,  
Free from all cares, but thy wench, pipe and sheep !  
But see, the moon is up ; view, where she stands  
Sentinel o'er the door, drawn by the hands  
Of some base painter, that for gain hath made  
Her face the landmark to the tippling trade.  
This cup to her, that to Endymion give ;  
'Twas wit at first, and wine that made them live.  
Choke may the painter ! and his box disclose  
No other colours than his fiery nose ;  
And may we no more of his pencil see  
Than two churchwardens, and mortality.

Should we go now a-wand'ring, we should meet  
With catchpoles, whores and carts in ev'ry street :  
Now when each narrow lane, each nook and cave,  
Sign-posts and shop-doors, pimp for ev'ry knave,  
When riotous sinful plush, and tell-tale spurs  
Walk Fleet Street and the Strand, when the soft stirs  
Of bawdy, ruffled silks, turn night to day ;  
And the loud whip and coach scolds all the way ;  
When lust of all sorts, and each itchy blood  
From the Tower-wharf to Cymbeline, and Lud,  
Hunts for a mate, and the tir'd footman reels  
'Twixt chairmen, torches, and the hackney wheels.

Come, take the other dish ; it is to him  
That made his horse a senator : each brim  
Look big as mine : the gallant, jolly beast  
Of all the herd—you'll say—was not the least

Now crown the second bowl, rich as his worth  
I'll drink it to ; he, that like fire broke forth  
Into the Senate's face, cross'd Rubicon,  
And the State's pillars, with their laws thereon,  
And made the dull grey beards and furr'd gowns fly  
Into Brundusium to consult, and lie.

This, to brave Sylla ! why should it be said  
We drink more to the living than the dead ?  
Flatt'ers and fools do use it : let us laugh  
At our own honest mirth ; for they that quaff  
To honour others, do like those that sent  
Their gold and plate to strangers to be spent.

Drink deep ; this cup be pregnant, and the wine  
Spirit of wit, to make us all divine,  
That big with sack and mirth we may retire  
Possessors of more souls, and nobler fire ;  
And by the influx of this painted sky,  
And labour'd forms, to higher matters fly ;  
So, if a nap shall take us, we shall all,  
After full cups, have dreams poetical.

Let's laugh now, and the press'd grape drink,  
Till the drowsy day-star wink ;  
And in our merry, mad mirth run  
Faster, and further than the sun ;  
And let none his cup forsake,  
Till that star again doth wake ;  
So we men below shall move  
Equally with the gods above.

TO AMORET, OF THE DIFFERENCE  
'TWINXT HIM AND OTHER LOVERS,  
AND WHAT TRUE LOVE IS.

MARK, when the evening's cooler wings  
Fan the afflicted air, how the faint sun,  
Leaving undone,  
What he begun,  
Those spurious flames suck'd up from slime and earth  
To their first, low birth,  
Resigns, and brings.

They shoot their tinsel beams and vanities,  
Threading with those false fires their way ;  
But as you stay  
And see them stray,  
You lose the flaming track, and subtly they  
Languish away,  
And cheat your eyes.

Just so base, sublunary lovers' hearts  
Fed on loose profane desires,  
May for an eye  
Or face comply :  
But those remov'd, they will as soon depart,  
And show their art,  
And painted fires.

Whilst I by pow'rful love, so much refin'd,  
That my absent soul the same is,  
Careless to miss  
A glance or kiss,  
Can with those elements of lust and sense  
Freely dispense,  
And court the mind.

Thus to the North the loadstones move,  
And thus to them th' enamour'd steel aspires :  
Thus Amoret  
I do affect ;  
And thus by wingèd beams, and mutual fire,  
Spirits and stars conspire :  
And this is LOVE.

## TO AMORET WEeping.

LEAVE Amoret, melt not away so fast  
Thy eyes' fair treasure ; Fortune's wealthiest cast  
Deserves not one such pearl ; for these, well spent,  
Can purchase stars, and buy a tenement  
For us in heaven ; though here the pious streams  
Avail us not ; who from that clue of sunbeams  
Could ever steal one thread ? or with a kind  
Persuasive accent charm the wild loud wind ?

Fate cuts us all in marble, and the Book  
Forestalls our glass of minutes ; we may look  
But seldom meet a change ; think you a tear  
Can blot the flinty volume ? shall our fear  
Or grief add to their triumphs ? and must we  
Give an advantage to adversity ?  
Dear, idle prodigal ! is it not just  
We bear our stars ? What though I had not dust  
Enough to cabinet a worm ? nor stand  
Enslav'd unto a little dirt, or sand ?  
I boast a better purchase, and can show  
The glories of a soul that's simply true.

But grant some richer planet at my birth  
Had spied me out, and measur'd so much earth  
Or gold unto my share : I should have been  
Slave to these lower elements, and seen



My high-born soul flag with their dross, and lie  
A pris'ner to base mud, and alchemy.  
I should perhaps eat orphans, and suck up  
A dozen distress'd widows in one cup ;  
Nay, further, I should by that lawful stealth,  
Damn'd usury, undo the commonwealth ;  
Or patent it in soap, and coals, and so  
Have the smiths curse me, and my laundress too ;  
Geld wine, or his friend tobacco ; and so bring  
The incens'd subject rebel to his king ;  
And after all—as those first sinners fell—  
Sink lower than my gold, and lie in hell.

Thanks then for this deliv'rance ! blessed pow'rs,  
You that dispense man's fortune and his hours,  
How am I to you all engag'd ! that thus  
By such strange means, almost miraculous,  
You should preserve me ; you have gone the way  
To make me rich by taking all away.  
For I—had I been rich—as sure as fate,  
Would have been meddling with the king, or State,  
Or something to undo me ; and 'tis fit,  
We know, that who hath wealth should have no wit,  
But, above all, thanks to that Providence  
That arm'd me with a gallant soul, and sense,  
'Gainst all misfortunes, that hath breath'd so much  
Of Heav'n into me, that I scorn the touch  
Of these low things ; and can with courage dare  
Whatever fate or malice can prepare :  
I envy no man's purse or mines : I know

That, losing them, I've lost their curses too ;  
And Amoret—although our share in these  
Is not contemptible, nor doth much please—  
Yet, whilst content and love we jointly vie,  
We have a blessing which no gold can buy.

UPON THE PRIORY GROVE, HIS USUAL  
RETIREMENT.

HAIL, sacred shades ! cool, leafy house !  
Chaste treasurer of all my vows  
And wealth ! on whose soft bosom laid  
My love's fair steps I first betray'd :  
Henceforth no melancholy flight,  
No sad wing, or hoarse bird of night,  
Disturb this air, no fatal throat  
Of raven, or owl, awake the note  
Of our laid echo, no voice dwell  
Within these leaves, but Philomel.  
The poisonous ivy here no more  
His false twists on the oak shall score ;  
Only the woodbine here may twine,  
As th' emblem of her love, and mine ;  
The amorous sun shall here convey  
His best beams, in thy shades to play ;  
The active air the gentlest show'rs  
Shall from his wings rain on thy flowers ;  
And the moon from her dewy locks  
Shall deck thee with her brightest drops.  
Whatever can a fancy move,  
Or feed the eye, be on this grove !

And when at last the winds and tears  
Of heaven, with the consuming years,  
Shall these green curls bring to decay,  
And clothe thee in an aged grey  
—If ought a lover can foresee,  
Or if we poets prophets be—  
From hence transplanted, thou shalt stand  
A fresh grove in th' Elysian land ;  
Where—most bless'd pair !—as here on earth  
Thou first didst eye our growth, and birth ;  
So there again, thou'lt see us move  
In our first innocence and love ;  
And in thy shades, as now, so then,  
We'll kiss, and smile, and walk again.

## JUVENAL'S TENTH SATIRE TRANSLATED.

IN all the parts of earth, from farthest West,  
And the Atlantic Isles, unto the East  
And famous Ganges, few there be that know  
What's truly good, and what is good, in show,  
Without mistake : for what is't we desire,  
Or fear discreetly ? to whate'er aspire,  
So thoroughly bless'd, but ever as we speed,  
Repentance seals the very act, and deed ?  
The easy gods, mov'd by no other fate  
Than our own pray'rs, whole kingdoms ruinate,  
And undo families : thus strife, and war  
Are the sword's prize, and a litigious bar  
The gown's prime wish. Vain confidence to share  
In empty honours and a bloody care  
To be the first in mischief, makes him die  
Fool'd 'twixt ambition and credulity.  
An oily tongue with fatal, cunning sense,  
And that sad virtue ever, eloquence,  
Are th' other's ruin, but the common curse ;  
And each day's ill waits on the rich man's purse ;  
He, whose large acres and imprison'd gold  
So far exceeds his father's store of old,  
As British whales the dolphins do surpass.

    In sadder times therefore, and when the laws

Of Nero's fiat reign'd, an armèd band  
 Seiz'd on Longinus, and the spacious land  
 Of wealthy Seneca, besieg'd the gates  
 Of Lateranus, and his fair estate  
 Divided as a spoil : in such sad feasts  
 Soldiers—though not invited—are the guests.

Though thou small pieces of the blessèd mine  
 Hast lodg'd about thee, travelling in the shine  
 Of a pale moon, if but a reed doth shake,  
 Mov'd by the wind, the shadow makes thee quake.  
 Wealth hath its cares, and want has this relief,  
 It neither fears the soldier nor the thief ;

Thy first choice vows, and to the gods best known,  
 Are for thy stores' increase, that in all town  
 Thy stock be greatest, but no poison lies  
 I' th' poor man's dish ; he tastes of no such spice.  
 Be that thy care, when, with a kingly gust,  
 Thou suck'st whole bowls clad in the gilded dust  
 Of some rich mineral, whilst the false wine  
 Sparkles aloft, and makes the draught divine.

Blam'st thou the sages, then ? because the one  
 Would still be laughing, when he would be gone  
 From his own door ; the other cried to see  
 His times addicted to such vanity ?  
 Smiles are an easy purchase, but to weep  
 Is a hard act ; for tears are fetch'd more deep.  
 Democritus his nimble lungs would tire  
 With constant laughter, and yet keep entire  
 His stock of mirth, for ev'ry object was

Addition to his store ; though then—alas !—  
 Sedans, and litters, and our Senate gowns,  
 With robes of honour, fasces, and the frowns  
 Of unbrib'd tribunes were not seen ; but had  
 He liv'd to see our Roman prætor clad  
 In Jove's own mantle, seated on his high  
 Embroider'd chariot 'midst' the dust and cry  
 Of the large theatre, loaden with a crown,  
 Which scarce he could support—for it would down,  
 But that his servant props it—and close by  
 His page, a witness to his vanity :  
 To these his sceptre and his eagle add,  
 His trumpets, officers, and servants clad  
 In white and purple ; with the rest that day,  
 He hir'd to triumph, for his bread, and pay ;  
 Had he these studied, sumptuous follies seen,  
 'Tis thought his wanton and effusive spleen  
 Had kill'd the Abderite, though in that age  
 —When pride and greatness had not swell'd the stage  
 So high as ours—his harmless and just mirth  
 From ev'ry object had a sudden birth.  
 Nor was't alone their avarice or pride,  
 Their triumphs or their cares he did deride ;  
 Their vain contentions or ridiculous fears,  
 But even their very poverty and tears.  
 He would at Fortune's threats as freely smile  
 As others mourn ; nor was it to beguile  
 His crafty passions ; but this habit he  
 By nature had, and grave philosophy.

He knew their idle and superfluous vows,  
 And sacrifice, which such wrong zeal bestows,  
 Were mere incendiaries ; and that the gods,  
 Not pleas'd therewith, would ever be at odds.  
 Yet to no other air, nor better place  
 Ow'd he his birth, than the cold, homely Thrace ;  
 Which shows a man may be both wise and good,  
 Without the brags of fortune, or his blood.

But envy ruins all : what mighty names  
 Of fortune, spirit, action, blood, and fame,  
 Hath this destroy'd ? yea, for no other cause  
 Than being such ; their honour, worth and place,  
 Was crime enough ; their statues, arms and crowns  
 Their ornaments of triumph, chariots, gowns,  
 And what the herald, with a learnèd care,  
 Had long preserv'd, this madness will not spare.

So once Sejanus' statue Rome allow'd  
 Her demi-god, and ev'ry Roman bow'd  
 To pay his safety's vows ; but when that face  
 Had lost Tiberius once, its former grace  
 Was soon eclips'd ; no difference made—alas !—  
 Betwixt his statue then, and common brass,  
 They melt alike, and in the workman's hand  
 For equal, servile use, like others stand.

Go, now fetch home fresh bays, and pay new vows  
 To thy dumb Capitol gods ! thy life, thy house,  
 And state are now secur'd : Sejanus lies  
 I' th' lictors' hands. Ye gods ! what hearts and eyes  
 Can one day's fortune change ? the solemn cry



Of all the world is, "Let Sejanus die!"  
 They never lov'd the man, they swear; they know  
 Nothing of all the matter, when, or how,  
 By what accuser, for what cause, or why,  
 By whose command or sentence he must die.  
 But what needs this? the least pretence will hit,  
 When princes fear, or hate a favourite.  
 A large epistle stuff'd with idle fear,  
 Vain dreams, and jealousies, directed here  
 From Caprea does it; and thus ever die  
 Subjects, when once they grow prodigious high.

'Tis well, I seek no more; but tell me how  
 This took his friends? no private murmurs now?  
 No tears? no solemn mourner seen? must all  
 His glory perish in one funeral?  
 O still true Romans! State-wit bids them praise  
 The moon by night, but court the warmer rays  
 O' th' sun by day; they follow fortune still,  
 And hate or love discreetly, as their will  
 And the time leads them. This tumultuous fate  
 Puts all their painted favours out of date.

And yet this people that now spurn, and tread  
 This mighty favourite's once honour'd head,  
 Had but the Tuscan goddess, or his stars  
 Destin'd him for an empire, or had wars,  
 Treason, or policy, or some higher pow'r  
 Oppress'd secure Tiberius; that same hour  
 That he receiv'd the sad Gemonian doom,  
 Had crown'd him emp'ror of the world and Rome

But Rome is now grown wise, and since that she  
 Her suffrages, and ancient liberty  
 Lost in a monarch's name, she takes no care  
 For favourite or prince ; nor will she share  
 Their fickle glories, though in Cato's days  
 She rul'd whole States and armies with her voice.  
 Of all the honours now within her walls,  
 She only dotes on plays and festivals.  
 Nor is it strange ; for when these meteors fall,  
 They draw an ample ruin with them : all  
 Share in the storm ; each beam sets with the sun,  
 And equal hazard friends and flatt'ers run.  
 This makes, that circled with distractive fear  
 The lifeless, pale Sejanus' limbs they tear,  
 And lest the action might a witness need,  
 They bring their servants to confirm the deed ;  
 Nor is it done for any other end,  
 Than to avoid the title of his friend.  
 So falls ambitious man, and such are still  
 All floating States built on the people's will :

Hearken all you ! whom this bewitching lust  
 Of an hour's glory, and a little dust  
 Swells to such dear repentance ! you that can  
 Measure whole kingdoms with a thought or span !  
 Would you be as Sejanus ? would you have,  
 So you might sway as he did, such a grave ?  
 Would you be rich as he ? command, dispose,  
 All acts and offices ? all friends and foes ?  
 Be generals of armies and colleague

Unto an emperor ? break or make a league ?  
 No doubt you would ; for both the good and bad  
 An equal itch of honour ever had.  
 But O ! what state can be so great or good,  
 As to be bought with so much shame and blood ?  
 Alas ! Sejanus will too late confess  
 'Twas only pride and greatness made him less :  
 For he that moveth with the lofty wind  
 Of Fortune, and Ambition, unconfin'd  
 In act or thought, doth but increase his height,  
 That he may loose it with more force and weight ;  
 Scorning a base, low ruin, as if he  
 Would of misfortune make a prodigy.

Tell, mighty Pompey, Crassus, and O thou  
 That mad'st Rome kneel to thy victorious brow,  
 What but the weight of honours, and large fame  
 After your worthy acts, and height of name,  
 Destroy'd you in the end ? The envious Fates,  
 Easy to further your aspiring States,  
 Us'd them to quell you too ; pride, and excess.  
 In ev'ry act did make you thrive the less.  
 Few kings are guilty of grey hairs, or die  
 Without a stab, a draught, or treachery.  
 And yet to see him, that but yesterday  
 Saw letters first, how he will scrape, and pray ;  
 And all her feast-time tire Minerva's ears  
 For fame, for eloquence, and store of years  
 To thrive and live in ; and then lest he dotes,  
 His boy assists him with his box and notes.

Fool that thou art ! not to discern the ill  
 These vows include ; what, did Rome's consul kill  
 Her Cicero ? what, him whose very dust  
 Greece celebrates as yet ; whose cause, though just,  
 Scarce banishment could end ; nor poison save  
 His free-born person from a foreign grave ?  
 All this from eloquence ! both head and hand  
 The tongue doth forfeit ; petty wits may stand  
 Secure from danger, but the nobler vein  
 With loss of blood the bar doth often stain.

.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	} CARMEN CICERO- NIANUM
<i>O fortunatam natam me Consule Romam.</i>										
.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	

Had all been thus, thou might'st have scorn'd the  
 sword

Of fierce Antonius ; here is not one word  
 Doth pinch ; I like such stuff, 'tis safer far  
 Than thy Philippics, or Pharsalia's war.  
 What sadder end than his, whom Athens saw  
 At once her patriot, oracle, and law ?  
 Unhappy then is he, and curs'd in stars  
 Whom his poor father, blind with soot and scars,  
 Sends from the anvil's harmless chine, to wear  
 The factious gown, and tire his client's ear  
 And purse with endless noise. Trophies of war,  
 Old rusty armour, with an honour'd scar,  
 And wheels of captiv'd chariots, with a piece  
 Of some torn British galley, and to these  
 The ensign too, and last of all the train

The pensive pris'ner loaden with his chain,  
 Are thought true Roman honours ; these the Greek  
 And rude barbarians equally do seek.  
 Thus air, and empty fame, are held a prize  
 Beyond fair virtue ; for all virtue dies  
 Without reward ; and yet by this fierce lust  
 Of fame, and titles to outlive our dust,  
 And monuments—though all these things must die  
 And perish like ourselves—whole kingdoms lie  
 Ruin'd and spoil'd : put Hannibal i' th' scale,  
 What weight affords the mighty general ?  
 This is the man, whom Afric's spacious land  
 Bounded by th' Indian Sea, and Nile's hot sand  
 Could not contain—Ye gods ! that give to men  
 Such boundless appetites, why state you them  
 So short a time ? either the one deny,  
 Or give their acts and them eternity.  
 All Æthiopia, to the utmost bound  
 Of Titan's course,—than which no land is found  
 Less distant from the sun—with him that ploughs  
 That fertile soil where fam'd<sup>1</sup> Iberus flows,  
 Are not enough to conquer ; pass'd now o'er  
 The Pyrrhene hills, the Alps with all its store  
 Of ice, and rocks clad in eternal snow,  
 —As if that Nature meant to give the blow—  
 Denies him passage ; straight on ev'ry side  
 He wounds the hill, and by strong hand divides  
 The monstrous pile ; nought can ambition stay.

<sup>1</sup> The original has *framed*.

The world and Nature yield to give him way.  
 And now pass'd o'er the Alps, that mighty bar  
 'Twixt France and Rome, fear of the future war  
 Strikes Italy ; success and hope doth fire  
 His lofty spirits with a fresh desire.  
 All is undone as yet—saith he—unless  
 Our Pænish forces we advance, and press  
 Upon Rome's self ; break down her gates and wall,  
 And plant our colours in Suburra's vale.  
 O the rare sight ! if this great soldier we  
 Arm'd on his Getick elephant might see !  
 But what's the event ? O glory, how the itch  
 Of thy short wonders doth mankind bewitch !  
 He that but now all Italy and Spain  
 Had conquer'd o'er, is beaten out again ;  
 And in the heart of Afric, and the sight  
 Of his own Carthage, forc'd to open flight.  
 Banish'd from thence, a fugitive he posts  
 To Syria first, then to Bithynia's coasts,  
 Both places by his sword secur'd, though he  
 In this distress must not acknowledg'd be ;  
 Where once a general he triumphed, now  
 To show what Fortune can, he begs as low.

And thus that soul which through all nations hurl'd  
 Conquest and war, and did amaze the world,  
 Of all those glories robb'd, at his last breath,  
 Fortune would not vouchsafe a soldier's death.  
 For all that blood the field of Cannæ boasts,  
 And sad Apulia fill'd with Roman ghosts,

No other end—freed from the pile and sword—  
Than a poor ring would Fortune him afford.

Go now, ambitious man ! new plots design,  
March o'er the snowy Alps and Apennine ;  
That, after all, at best thou may'st but be  
A pleasing story to posterity !

The Macedon one world could not contain,  
We hear him of the narrow earth complain,  
And sweat for room, as if Seriphus Isle  
Or Gyara had held him in exile ;  
But Babylon this madness can allay,  
And give the great man but his length of clay.  
The highest thoughts and actions under heaven  
Death only with the lowest dust lays even.  
It is believed—if what Greece writes be true—  
That Xerxes with his Persian fleet did hew  
Their ways through mountains, that their sails full  
blown

Like clouds hung over Athos and did drown  
The spacious continent, and by plain force  
Betwixt the mount and it, made a divorce ;  
That seas exhausted were, and made firm land,  
And Sestos joined unto Abydos strand ;  
That on their march his Medes but passing by  
Drank thee, Scamander, and Melenus dry ;  
With whatsoe'er incredible design  
Sostratus sings, inspir'd with pregnant wine.  
But what's the end ? He that the other day  
Divided Hellespont, and forc'd his way

Through all her angry billows, that assign'd  
 New punishments unto the waves, and wind,  
 No sooner saw the Salaminian seas  
 But he was driven out by Themistocles,  
 And of that fleet—supposed to be so great,  
 That all mankind shar'd in the sad defeat—  
 Not one sail sav'd, in a poor fisher's boat,  
 Chas'd o'er the working surge, was glad to float,  
 Cutting his desp'rate course through the tir'd flood,  
 And fought again with carcasses, and blood.  
 O foolish mad Ambition ! these are still  
 The famous dangers that attend thy will.

Give store of days, good Jove, give length of years,  
 Are the next vows ; these with religious fears  
 And constancy we pay ; but what's so bad  
 As a long, sinful age ? what cross more sad  
 Than misery of years ? how great an ill  
 Is that which doth but nurse more sorrow still ?  
 It blacks the face, corrupt and dulls the blood,  
 Benights the quickest eye, distastes the food,  
 And such deep furrows cuts i' th' checker'd skin  
 As in th' old oaks of Tabraca are seen.

Youth varies in most things ; strength, beauty, wit,  
 Are several graces ; but where age doth hit  
 It makes no difference ; the same weak voice,  
 And trembling ague in each member lies :  
 A general hateful baldness, with a curs'd  
 Perpetual pettishness ; and, which is worst,  
 A foul, strong flux of humours, and more pain



To feed, than if he were to nurse again ;  
 So tedious to himself, his wife, and friends,  
 That his own sons, and servants, wish his end.  
 His taste and feeling dies ; and of that fire  
 The am'rous lover burns in, no desire :  
 Or if there were, what pleasure could it be,  
 Where lust doth reign without ability ?  
 Nor is this all : what matters it, where he  
 Sits in the spacious stage ? who can nor see,  
 Nor hear what's acted, whom the stiller voice  
 Of spirited, wanton airs, or the loud noise  
 Of trumpets cannot pierce ; whom thunder can  
 But scarce inform who enters, or what man  
 He personates, what 'tis they act, or say ?  
 How many scenes are done ? what time of day ?  
 Besides that little blood his carcase holds  
 Hath lost<sup>1</sup> its native warmth, and fraught with  
                   colds

Catarrhs, and rheums, to thick black jelly turns,  
 And never but in fits and fevers burns.  
 Such vast infirmities, so huge a stock  
 Of sickness and diseases to him flock,  
 That Hyppia ne'er so many lovers knew,  
 Nor wanton Maura ; physic never slew  
 So many patients, nor rich lawyers spoil  
 More wards and widows ; it were lesser toil  
 To number out what manors and domains  
 Licinius' razor purchas'd : one complains

<sup>1</sup> The original has *lono*.

Of weakness in the back, another pants  
For lack of breath, the third his eyesight wants ;  
Nay, some so feeble are, and full of pain,  
That infant-like they must be fed again.  
These faint too at their meals ; their wine they spill,  
And like young birds, that wait the mother's bill,  
They gape for meat ; but sadder far than this  
Their senseless ignorance and dotage is ;  
For neither they, their friends, nor servants know,  
Nay, those themselves begot, and bred up too,  
No longer now they'll own ; for madly they  
Proscribe them all, and what, on the last day,  
The misers cannot carry to the grave  
For their past sins, their prostitutes must have.

But grant age lack'd these plagues : yet must they  
see

As great, as many : frail mortality,  
In such a length of years, hath many falls,  
And deads a life with frequent funerals.  
The nimblest hour in all the span can steal  
A friend, or brother from's ; there's no repeal  
In death, or time ; this day a wife we mourn,  
To-morrow's tears a son ; and the next urn  
A sister fills. Long-livers have assign'd  
These curses still, that with a restless mind,  
An age of fresh renewing cares they buy,  
And in a tide of tears grow old and die.

Nestor,—if we great Homer may believe—  
In his full strength three hundred years did live :

Happy—thou'lt say—that for so long a time  
 Enjoy'd free nature, with the grape and wine  
 Of many autumns ; but, I prithee thee, hear  
 What Nestor says himself, when he his dear  
 Antilochus had lost ; how he complains  
 Of life's too large extent, and copious pains ?  
 Of all he meets, he asks what is the cause  
 He liv'd thus long ; for what breach of their  
                   laws

The gods thus punish'd him ? what sin had he  
 Done worthy of a long life's misery.  
 Thus Pelus his Achilles mourned, and he  
 Thus wept that his Ulysses lost at sea.  
 Had Priam died before Phereclus' fleet  
 Was built, or Paris stole the fatal Greek,  
 Troy had yet stood, and he perhaps had gone  
 In peace unto the lower shades ; his son  
 Sav'd with his plenteous offspring, and the rest  
 In solemn pomp bearing his fun'ral chest.  
 But long life hinder'd this : unhappy he,  
 Kept for a public ruin, liv'd to see  
 All Asia lost, and ere he could aspire,  
 In his own house saw both the sword and fire ;  
 All white with age and cares, his feeble arm  
 Had now forgot the war ; but this alarm  
 Gathers his dying spirits ; and as we  
 An aged ox worn out with labour see  
 By his ungrateful master, after all  
 His years of toil, a thankless victim fall :

So he by Jove's own altar ; which shows we  
 Are nowhere safe from heaven, and destiny :  
 Yet died a man ; but his surviving queen,  
 Freed from the Greekish sword, was barking seen.  
 I haste to Rome, and Pontus' king let pass,  
 With Lydian Croesus, whom in vain—alas !—  
 Just Solon's grave advice bad to attend,  
 That happiness came not before the end.

What man more bless'd in any age to come  
 Or past, could Nature show the world, or Rome,  
 Than Marius was ? if amidst the pomp of war,  
 And triumphs fetch'd with Roman blood from far,  
 His soul had fled ; exile and fetters then  
 He ne'er had seen, nor known Minturna's fen ;  
 Nor had it, after Carthage got, been said  
 A Roman general had begg'd his bread.

Thus Pompey th' envious gods, and Rome's ill  
    stars

—Freed from Campania's fevers, and the wars—  
 Doom'd to Achilles' sword : our public vows  
 Made Cæsar guiltless ; but sent him to lose  
 His head at Nile : this curse Cethegus miss'd :  
 This Lentulus, and this made him resist  
 That mangled by no licitor's axe, fell dead  
 Entirely Catiline, and sav'd his head.

The anxious matrons, with their foolish zeal,  
 Are the last votaries, and their appeal  
 Is all for beauty ; with soft speech, and slow,  
 They pray for sons, but with a louder vow

Commend a female feature : all that can  
 Make woman pleasing now they shift, and scan  
 And when reprov'd, they say, Latona's pair  
 The mother never thinks can be too fair.

But sad Lucretia warns to wish no face  
 Like hers : Virginia would bequeath her grace  
 To crook-back Rutila in exchange ; for still  
 The fairest children do their parents fill  
 With greatest cares ; so seldom chastity  
 Is found with beauty ; though some few there be  
 That with a strict, religious care contend  
 Th' old, modest, Sabine customs to defend :  
 Besides, wise Nature to some faces grants  
 An easy blush, and where she freely plants  
 A less instruction serves : but both these join'd,  
 At Rome would both be forc'd or else purloin'd.

So steel'd a forehead Vice hath, that dares win,  
 And bribe the father to the children's sin ;  
 But whom have gifts defiled not ? what good face  
 Did ever want these tempters ? pleasing grace  
 Betrays itself ; what time did Nero mind  
 A coarse, maim'd shape ? what blemish'd youth con-  
 fin'd

His goatish pathic ? whence then flow these joys  
 Of a fair issue ? whom these sad annoys  
 Wait, and grow up with ; whom perhaps thou'lt see  
 Public adulterers, and must be  
 Subject to all the curses, plagues, and awe

<sup>1</sup> The original has *why*

Of jealous madmen, and the Julian law ;  
Nor canst thou hope they'll find a milder star,  
Or more escapes than did the god of war.  
But worse than all, a jealous brain confines  
His fury to no law ; what rage assigns  
Is present justice : thus the rash sword spills  
This lecher's blood ; the scourge another kills.  
But thy spruce boy must touch no other face  
Than a patrician ? is of any race  
So they be rich ; Servilia is as good,  
With wealth, as she that boasts Iulus' blood.  
To please a servant all is cheap ; what thing  
In all their stock to the last suit, and king,  
But lust exacts ? the poorest whore in this  
As generous as the patrician is.  
But thou wilt say what hurt 's a beauteous skin  
With a chaste soul ? Ask Theseus' son, and him  
That Stenobœa murder'd ; for both these  
Can tell how fatal 'twas in them to please.  
A woman's spleen then carries most of fate,  
When shame and sorrow aggravate her hate.  
Resolve me now, had Silius been thy son,  
In such a hazard what should he have done ?  
Of all Rome's youth, this was the only best,  
In whom alone beauty and worth did rest.  
This Messalina saw, and needs he must  
Be ruin'd by the emp'ror, or her lust.  
All in the face of Rome, and the world's eye  
Though Cæsar's wife, a public bigamy

She dares attempt ; and that the act might bear  
 More prodigy, the notaries appear,  
 And augurs to't ; and to complete the sin  
 In solemn form, a dowry is brought in.  
 All this—thou'lt say—in private might have pass'd  
 But she'll not have it so ; what course at last ?  
 What should he do ? If Messaline be cross'd,  
 Without redress thy Silius will be lost ;  
 If not, some two days' length is all he can  
 Keep from the grave ; just so much as will span  
 This news to Hostia, to whose fate he owes  
 That Claudius last his own dishonour knows.  
 But he obeys, and for a few hours' lust  
 Forfeits that glory should outlive his dust ;  
 Nor was it much a fault ; for whether he  
 Obey'd or not, 'twas equal destiny.  
 So fatal beauty is, and full of waste,  
 That neither wanton can be safe, nor chaste.  
 What then should man pray for ? what is't that he  
 Can beg of Heaven, without impiety ?  
 Take my advice : first to the gods commit  
 All cares ; for they things competent and fit  
 For us foresee ; besides, man is more dear  
 To them than to himself ; we blindly here,  
 Led by the world and lust, in vain assay  
 To get us portions, wives and sons ; but they  
 Already know all that we can intend,  
 And of our children's children see the end.

Yet that thou may'st have something to commend

With thanks unto the gods for what they send ;  
Pray for a wise and knowing soul ; a sad,  
Discreet, true valour, that will scorn to add  
A needless horror to thy death ; that knows  
'Tis but a debt which man to nature owes ;  
That starts not at misfortunes, that can sway  
And keep all passions under lock and key ;  
That covets nothing, wrongs none, and prefers  
An honest want, before rich injurers.  
All this thou hast within thyself, and may  
Be made thy own, if thou wilt take the way ;  
What boots the world's wild, loose applause? what  
[can]

Frail, perilous honours add unto a man ?  
What length of years, wealth, or a rich fair wife ?  
Virtue alone can make a happy life.  
To a wise man nought comes amiss : but we  
Fortune adore, and make our deity.



OLOR ISCANUS.

1651.

VOL. II.

B

—O quis me gelidis in vallibus Iscæ  
Sistat, et ingenti ramorum protegat umbra !

## AD POSTEROS.

DIMINUAT ne sera dies præsentis honorem  
Quis, qualisque fui, percipe Posteritas.  
Cambria me genuit, patulis ubi vallibus errans  
Subjacet aeriis montibus Isca pater.  
Inde sinu placido suscepit maximus arte  
Herbertus, Latiae gloria prima scholæ.  
Bis ternos, illo me conducente, per annos  
Profeci, et geminam contulit unus opem ;  
Ars et amor, mens atque manus certare solebant,  
Nec lassata illi mensue, manusue fuit.  
Hinc qualem cernis crevisse : sed ut mea certus  
Tempora cognoscas, dura fuere, scias.  
Vixi, divisos cum fregerat hæresis Anglos  
Inter Tysiphonas presbyteri et populi.  
His primum miseris per amœna furentibus arva  
Prostravit sanctam vilis avena rosam,  
Turbarunt fontes, et fuis pax perit undis,  
Moestaque coelestes obruit umbra dies.  
Duret ut integritas tamen, et pia gloria, partem  
Me nullam in tanta strage fuisse, scias ;  
Credidimus nempe insonti vocem esse cruori,  
Et vires quæ post funera flere docent.

Hinc castæ, fidæque pati me more parentis  
Commonui, et lachrymis fata levare meis ;  
Hinc nusquam horrendis violavi sacra procellis,  
Nec mihi mens unquam, nec manus atra fuit.  
Si pius es, ne plura petas ; satur ille recedat  
Qui sapit et nos non scripsimus insipidis.

TO THE TRULY NOBLE AND MOST EX  
CELLENTLY ACCOMPLISHED, THE LORD  
KILDARE DIGBY.

MY LORD,

IT is a position anciently known, and modern experience 'hath allowed it for a sad truth, that absence and time,—like cold weather, and an unnatural dormition—will blast and wear out of memory the most endearing obligations ; and hence it was that some politicians in love have looked upon the former of these two as a main remedy against the fondness of that passion. But for my own part, my Lord, I shall deny this aphorism of the people, and beg leave to assure your Lordship, that, though these reputed obstacles have lain long in my way, yet neither of them could work upon me : for I am now—without adulation—as warm and sensible of those numerous favours and kind influences received sometimes from your Lordship, as I really was at the instant of fruition. I have no plot by preambling thus to set any rate upon this present address, as if I should presume to value a return of this nature equal with your Lordship's deserts, but the design is to let you see that this habit I have got of being

troublesome flows from two excusable principles, gratitude and love. These inward counsellors—I know not how discreetly—persuaded me to this attempt and intrusion upon your name, which if your Lordship will vouchsafe to own as the genius to these papers, you will perfect my hopes, and place me at my full height. This was the aim, my Lord, and is the end of this work, which though but a *pazzarello* to the *voluminose insani*, yet as jessamine and the violet find room in the bank as well as roses and lilies, so happily may this, and—if shined upon by your Lordship—please as much. To whose protection, sacred as your name and those eminent honours which have always attended upon it through so many generations, I humbly offer it, and remain in all numbers of gratitude,

My honoured Lord,

Your most affectionate, humblest Servant,

VAUGHAN.

Newton by Usk this

17 of Decemb. 1647.

## THE PUBLISHER TO THE READER.

IT was the glorious Maro that referred his legacies to the fire, and though princes are seldom executors, yet there came a Cæsar to his testament, as if the act of a poet could not be repealed but by a king. I am not, Reader, *Augustus vindex*: here is no royal rescue, but here is a Muse that deserves it. The Author had long ago condemned these poems to obscurity, and the consumption of that further fate which attends it. This censure gave them a gust of death, and they have partly known that oblivion which our best labours must come to at last. I present thee then not only with a book, but with a prey, and in this kind the first recoveries from corruption. Here is a flame hath been sometimes extinguished, thoughts that have been lost and forgot, but now they break out again like the Platonic reminiscency. I have not the Author's approbation to the fact, but I have law on my side, though never a sword. I hold it no man's prerogative to fire his own house. Thou seest how saucy I am grown, and if thou dost expect I should commend what is published, I must tell thee, I cry no Seville oranges. I will not say, Here is fine or cheap: that were an

injury to the verse itself, and to the effects it can produce. Read on, and thou wilt find thy spirit engaged : not by the deserts of what we call tolerable, but by the commands of a pen that is above it.



UPON THE MOST INGENIOUS PAIR OF  
TWINs, EUGENIUS PHILALETHES,  
AND THE AUTHOR OF THESE POEMS.

WHAT planet rul'd your birth ? what witty star ?  
That you so like in souls as bodies are !  
So like in both, that you seem born to free  
The starry art from vulgar calumny.  
My doubts are solv'd, from hence my faith begins,  
Not only your faces but your wits are twins.

When this bright Gemini shall from Earth ascend,  
They will new light to dull-ey'd mankind lend,  
Teach the star-gazers, and delight their eyes,  
Being fix'd a constellation in the skies.

T. POWELL, OXONIENSIS.

TO MY FRIEND THE AUTHOR UPON  
THESE HIS POEMS.

I CALL'D it once my sloth : in such an age  
So many volumes deep, I not a page ?  
But I recant, and vow 'twas thrifty care  
That kept my pen from spending on slight ware,  
And breath'd it for a prize, whose pow'rful shine  
Doth both reward the striver, and refine.  
Such are thy poems, friend : for since th' hast writ,  
I can't reply to any name, but wit ;  
And lest amidst the throng that make us groan,  
Mine prove a groundless heresy alone,  
Thus I dispute, Hath there not rev'rence been  
Paid to the beard at door, for Lord within ?  
Who notes the spindle-leg or hollow eye  
Of the thin usher, the fair lady by ?  
Thus I sin freely, neighbour to a hand  
Which, while I aim to strengthen, gives command  
For my protection ; and thou art to me  
At once my subject and security.

I. ROWLANDSON, OXONIENSIS.

## UPON THE FOLLOWING POEMS.

I WRITE not here, as if thy last in store  
Of learnèd friends ; 'tis known that thou hast more ;  
Who, were they told of this, would find a way  
To raise a guard of poets without pay,  
And bring as many hands to thy edition,  
As th' City should unto their May'r's petition.  
But thou wouldst none of this, lest it should be  
Thy muster rather than our courtesy ;  
Thou wouldst not beg as knights do, and appear  
Poet by voice and suffrage of the shire ;  
That were enough to make my Muse advance  
Amongst the crutches ; nay, it might enhance  
Our charity, and we should think it fit  
The State should build an hospital for wit.

But here needs no relief : thy richer verse  
Creates all poets, that can but rehearse,  
And they, like tenants better'd by their land,  
Should pay thee rent for what they understand.  
Thou art not of that lamentable nation  
Who make a blessed alms of approbation,  
Whose fardel-notes are briefs in ev'rything,  
But, that they are not *Licens'd by the king*.  
Without such scrape-requests thou dost come forth  
Arm'd—though I speak it—with thy proper worth,

And needest not this noise of friends, for we  
Write out of love, not thy necessity.  
And though this sullen age possessèd be  
With some strange desamour to poetry,  
Yet I suspect—thy fancy so delights—  
The Puritans will turn thy proselytes,  
And that thy flame, when once abroad it shines,  
Will bring thee as many friends as thou hast lines.

EUGENIUS PHILALETHES,  
Oxoniensis.

## OLOR ISCANUS.

### TO THE RIVER ISCA.

WHEN Daphne's lover here first wore the bays,  
Eurotas' secret streams heard all his lays,  
And holy Orpheus, Nature's busy child,  
By headlong Hebrus his deep hymns compil'd ;  
Soft Petrarch—thaw'd by Laura's flames—did weep  
On Tiber's banks, when she—proud fair !—could  
sleep ;

Mosella boasts Ausonius, and the Thames  
Doth murmur Sidney's Stella to her streams ;  
While Severn, swoln with joy and sorrow, wears  
Castara's smiles mix'd with fair Sabrin's tears.  
Thus poets—like the nymphs, their pleasing themes—  
Haunted the bubbling springs and gliding streams ;  
And happy banks ! whence such fair flow'rs have  
sprung,

But happier those where they have sat and sung !  
Poets—like angels—where they once appear  
Hallow the place, and each succeeding year  
Adds rev'rence to't, such as at length doth give  
This aged faith, that there their genii live.  
Hence th' ancients say, that from this sickly air  
They pass to regions more refin'd and fair,

To meadows strew'd with lilies and the rose,  
And shades whose youthful green no old age knows ;  
Where all in white they walk, discourse, and sing  
Like bees' soft murmurs, or a chiding spring.

But sca, whensoever those shades I see,  
And thy lov'd arbours must no more know me,  
When I am laid to rest hard by thy streams,  
And my sun sets, where first it sprang in beams,  
I'll leave behind me such a large, kind light,  
As shall redeem thee from oblivious night,  
And in these vows which—living yet—I pay,  
Shed such a previous and enduring ray,  
As shall from age to age thy fair name lead,  
'Till rivers leave to run, and men to read.

First, may all bards born after me  
—When I am ashes—sing of thee !  
May thy green banks or streams,—or none—  
Be both their hill and Helicon !  
May vocal groves grow there, and all  
The shades in them prophetical,  
Where laid men shall more fair truths see  
Than fictions were of Thessaly !  
May thy gentle swains—like flow'rs—  
Sweetly spend their youthful hours,  
And thy beauteous nymphs—like doves—  
Be kind and faithful to their loves !  
Garlands, and songs, and roundelays,  
Mild, dewy nights, and sunshine days,  
The turtle's voice, joy without fear,

Dwell on thy bosom all the year !  
May the evet and the toad  
Within thy banks have no abode,  
Nor the wily, winding snake  
Her voyage through thy waters make !  
In all thy journey to the main  
No nitrous clay, nor brimstone-vein  
Mix with thy streams, but may they pass  
Fresh on the air, and clear as glass,  
And where the wand'ring crystal treads  
Roses shall kiss, and couple heads !  
The factor-wind from far shall bring  
The odours of the scatter'd Spring,  
And loaden with the rich arrear,  
Spend it in spicy whispers there.  
No sullen heats, nor flames that are  
Offensive, and canicular,  
Shine on thy sands, nor pry to see  
Thy scaly, shading family,  
But noons as mild as Hesper's rays,  
Or the first blushes of fair days !  
What gifts more Heav'n or Earth can add,  
With all those blessings be thou clad !  
    Honour, Beauty,  
    Faith and Duty,  
    Delight and Truth,  
    With Love and Youth,  
Crown all about thee ! and whatever Fate  
Impose elsewhere, whether the graver state

Or some toy else, may those loud, anxious cares  
For dead and dying things—the common wares  
And shows of Time—ne'er break thy peace, nor make  
Thy repos'd arms to a new war awake !

But freedom, safety, joy and bliss,  
United in one loving kiss,  
Surround thee quite, and style thy borders  
The land redeem'd from all disorders !



## THE CHARNEL-HOUSE.

BLESS me ! what damps are here ! how stiff an air !  
Kelder of mists, a second fiat's care,  
Front'spiece o' th' grave and darkness, a display  
Of ruin'd man, and the disease of day,  
Lean, bloodless shamble, where I can descry  
Fragments of men, rags of anatomy,  
Corruption's wardrobe, the transplantive bed  
Of mankind, and th' exchequer of the dead !  
How thou arrests my sense ! how with the sight  
My winter'd blood grows stiff to all delight !  
Torpedo to the eye ! whose least glance can  
Freeze our wild lusts, and rescue headlong man.  
Eloquent silence ! able to immure  
An atheist's thoughts, and blast an epicure.  
Were I a Lucian, Nature in this dress  
Would make me wish a Saviour, and confess.  
Where are you, shoreless thoughts, vast tenter'd  
hope,  
Ambitious dreams, aims of an endless scope,  
Whose stretch'd excess runs on a string too high,  
And on the rack of self-extension die ?  
Chameleons of state, air-monging band,  
Whose breath—like gunpowder—blows up a land,

Come see your dissolution, and weigh  
What a loath'd nothing you shall be one day.  
As th' elements by circulation pass  
From one to th' other, and that which first was  
I so again, so 'tis with you ; the grave  
And Nature but complot ; what the one gave  
The other takes ; think, then, that in this bed  
There sleep the relics of as proud a head,  
As stern and subtle as your own, that hath  
Perform'd, or forc'd as much, whose tempest-wrath  
Hath levell'd kings with slaves, and wisely then  
Calm these high furies, and descend to men.  
Thus Cyrus tam'd the Macedon ; a tomb  
Check'd him, who thought the world too straight a  
room.

Have I obey'd the powers of face,  
A beauty able to undo the race  
Of easy man ? I look but here, and straight  
I am inform'd, the lovely counterfeit  
Was but a smoother clay. That famish'd slave  
Beggar'd by wealth, who starves that he may save,  
Brings hither but his sheet ; nay, th' ostrich-man  
That feeds on steel and bullet, he that can  
Outswear his lordship, and reply as tough  
To a kind word, as if his tongue were buff,  
Is chap-fall'n here : worms without wit or fear  
Defy him now ; Death hath disarm'd the bear.  
Thus could I run o'er all the piteous score  
Of erring men, and having done, meet more,

Their shuffled wills, abortive, vain intents,  
Fantastic humours, perilous ascents,  
False, empty honours, traitorous delights,  
And whatsoe'er a blind conceit invites ;  
But these and more which the weak vermins swell,  
Are couch'd in this accumulative cell,  
Which I could scatter ; but the grudging sun  
Calls home his beams, and warns me to be gone ;  
Day leaves me in a double night, and I  
Must bid farewell to my sad library.  
Yet with these notes—Henceforth with thought of  
thee  
I'll season all succeeding jollity,  
Yet damn not mirth, nor think too much is fit ;  
Excess hath no religion, nor wit ;  
But should wild blood swell to a lawless strain,  
One check from thee shall channel it again.

## IN AMICUM FÆNERATOREM.

THANKS, mighty Silver ! I rejoice to see  
How I have spoil'd his thrift, by spending thee.  
Now thou art gone, he courts my wants with more,  
His decoy gold, and bribes me to restore.  
As lesser lode-stones with the North consent,  
Naturally moving to their element,  
As bodies swarm to th' centre, and that fire  
Man stole from heaven, to heav'n doth still aspire,  
So this vast crying sum draws in a less ;  
And hence this bag more Northward laid I guess,  
For 'tis of pole-star force, and in this sphere  
Though th' least of many, rules the master-bear.  
Prerogative of debts ! how he doth dress  
His messages in chink ! not an express  
Without a fee for reading ; and 'tis fit,  
For gold's the best restorative of wit.  
Oh how he gilds them o'er ! with what delight  
I read those lines, which angels do indite !

But wilt have money, Og ? must I disperse  
Will nothing serve thee but a poet's curse ?  
Wilt rob an altar thus ? and sweep at once  
What Orpheus-like I forc'd from stocks and stones ?  
'Twill never swell thy bag, nor ring one peal  
In thy dark chest. Talk not of shreeves, or gaol ;

I fear them not. I have no land to glut  
Thy dirty appetite, and make thee strut  
Nimrod of acres ; I'll no speech prepare  
To court the hopeful cormorant, thine heir.  
For there's a kingdom at thy beck if thou  
But kick this dross : Parnassus' flow'ry brow  
I'll give thee with my Tempe, and to boot  
That horse which struck a fountain with his foot.  
A bed of roses I'll provide for thee,  
And crystal springs shall drop thee melody.  
The breathing shades we'll haunt, where ev'ry leaf  
Shall whisper us asleep, though thou art deaf.  
Those waggish nymphs, too, which none ever yet  
Durst make love to, we'll teach the loving fit ;  
We'll suck the coral of their lips, and feed  
Upon their spicy breath, a meal at need :  
Rove in their amber-tresses, and unfold  
That glist'ring grove, the curled wood of gold ;  
Then peep for babies, a new puppet play,  
And riddle what their prattling eyes would say.  
But here thou must remember to dispurse,  
For without money all this is a curse.  
Thou must for more bags call, and so restore  
This iron age to gold, as once before.  
This thou must do, and yet this is not all,  
For thus the poet would be still in thrall,  
Thou must then—if live thus—my nest of honey  
Cancel old bonds, and beg to lend more money.

## TO HIS FRIEND ———

I WONDER, James, through the whole history  
Of ages, such entails of poverty  
Are laid on poets ; lawyers—they say—have found  
A trick to cut them ; would they were but bound  
To practise on us, though for this thing we  
Should pay—if possible—their bribes and fee.  
Search—as thou canst—the old and modern store  
Of Rome and ours, in all the witty score  
Thou shalt not find a rich one ; take each clime,  
And run o'er all the pilgrimage of time,  
Thou'lt meet them poor, and ev'rywhere descry  
A threadbare, goldless genealogy.  
Nature—it seems—when she meant us for earth  
Spent so much of her treasure in the birth  
As ever after niggards her, and she,  
Thus stor'd within, beggars us outwardly.  
Woful profusion ! at how dear a rate  
Are we made up ! all hope of thrift and state  
Lost for a verse. When I by thoughts look back  
Into the womb of time, and see the rack  
Stand useless there, until we are produc'd  
Unto the torture, and our souls infus'd  
To learn afflictions, I begin to doubt

That as some tyrants use from their chain'd rout  
Of slaves to pick out one whom, for their sport  
They keep afflicted by some ling'ring art ;  
So we are merely thrown upon the stage  
The mirth of fools and legend of the age.  
When I see in the ruins of a suit  
Some nobler breast, and his tongue sadly mute  
Feed on the vocal silence of his eye,  
And knowing cannot reach the remedy ;  
When souls of baser stamp shine in their store,  
And he of all the throng is only poor ;  
When French apes for foreign fashions pay,  
And English legs are dress'd th' outlandish way,  
So fine too, that they their own shadows woo,  
While he walks in the sad and pilgrim shoe ;  
I'm mad at Fate, and angry ev'n to sin,  
To see deserts and learning clad so thin ;  
To think how th' earthly usurer can brood  
Upon his bags, and weigh the precious food  
With palsied hands, as if his soul did fear  
The scales could rob him of what he laid there.  
Like devils that on hid treasures sit, or those  
Whose jealous eyes trust not beyond their nose,  
They guard the dirt and the bright idol hold  
Close, and commit adultery with gold.  
A curse upon their dross ! how have we sued  
For a few scatter'd chips ? how oft pursu'd  
Petitions with a blush, in hope to squeeze  
For their souls' health, more than our wants, a piece ?

Their steel-ribb'd chests and purse—rust eat them  
both !—

Have cost us with much paper many an oath,  
And protestations of such solemn sense,  
As if our souls were sureties for the pence.  
Should we a full night's learnèd cares present,  
They'll scarce return us one short hour's content.  
'Las ! they're but quibbles, things we poets feign,  
The short-liv'd squibs and crackers of the brain.

But we'll be wiser, knowing 'tis not they  
That must redeem the hardship of our way.  
Whether a Higher Power, or that star  
Which, nearest heav'n, is from the earth most far,  
Oppress us thus, or angell'd from that sphere  
By our strict guardians are kept luckless here,  
It matters not, we shall one day obtain  
Our native and celestial scope again.



TO HIS RETIRED FRIEND, AN INVITA-  
TION TO BRECKNOCK.

SINCE last we met, thou and thy horse—my dear—  
Have not so much as drunk, or litter'd here ;  
I wonder, though thyself be thus deceas'd,  
Thou hast the spite to coffin up thy beast ;  
Or is the palfrey sick, and his rough hide  
With the penance of one spur mortified ?  
Or taught by thee—like Pythagoras's ox—  
Is then his master grown more orthodox  
Whatever 'tis, a sober cause't must be  
That thus long bars us of thy company.  
The town believes thee lost, and didst thou see  
But half her suff'rings, now distress'd for thee,  
Thou'ldst swear—like Rome—her foul, polluted walls  
Were sack'd by Brennus and the savage Gauls.  
Abominable face of things ! here's noise  
Of banged mortars, blue aprons, and boys,  
Pigs, dogs, and drums, with the hoarse, hellish notes  
Of politicly-deaf usurers' throats,  
With new fine Worships, and the old cast team  
Of Justices vex'd with the cough and phlegm.  
'Midst these the Cross looks sad, and in the Shire-  
Hall furs of an old Saxon fox appear,

With brotherly ruffs and beards, and a strange sight  
Of high monumental hats, ta'en at the fight  
Of 'Eighty-eight ; while ev'ry burgess foots  
The mortal pavement in eternal boots.

Hadst thou been bach'lor, I had soon divin'd  
Thy close retirements, and monastic mind ;  
Perhaps some nymph had been to visit, or  
The beauteous churl was to be waited for,  
And like the Greek, ere you the sport would miss,  
You stay'd, and strok'd the distaff for a kiss.  
But in this age, when thy cool, settled blood  
Is ti'd t'one flesh, and thou almost grown good,  
I know not how to reach the strange device,  
Except—Domitian-like—thou murder'st flies.  
Or is't thy piety ? for who can tell  
But thou may'st prove devout, and love a cell,  
And—like a badger—with attentive looks  
In the dark hole sit rooting up of books.  
Quick hermit ! what a peaceful change hadst thou,  
Without the noise of haircloth, whip, or vow !  
But there is no redemption ? must there be  
No other penance but of liberty ?  
Why, two months hence, if thou continue thus,  
Thy memory will scarce remain with us,  
The drawers have forgot thee, and exclaim  
They have not seen thee here since Charles, his reign,  
Or if they mention thee, like some old man,  
That at each word inserts—" Sir, as I can  
Remember"—so the cyph'ers puzzle me

With a dark, cloudy character of thee.  
That—certs !—I fear thou wilt be lost, and we  
Must ask the fathers ere't be long for thee.

Come ! leave this sullen state, and let not wine  
And precious wit lie dead for want of thine.  
Shall the dull market-landlord with his rout  
Of sneaking tenants dirtily swill out  
This harmless liquor ? shall they knock and beat  
For sack, only to talk of rye and wheat ?  
O let not such prepost'rous tippling be  
In our metropolis ; may I ne'er see  
Such tavern-sacrilege, nor lend a line  
To weep the rapes and tragedy of wine !  
Here lives that chymic, quick fire which betrays  
Fresh spirits to the blood, and warms our lays.  
I have reserv'd 'gainst thy approach a cup  
That were thy Muse stark dead, shall raise her up,  
And teach her yet more charming words and skill  
Than ever Cœlia, Chloris, Astrophil,  
Or any of the threadbare names inspir'd  
Poor rhyming lovers with a mistress fir'd.  
Come then ! and while the slow icicle hangs  
At the stiff thatch, and Winter's frosty pangs  
Benumb the year, blithe—as of old—let us  
'Midst noise and war of peace and mirth discuss.  
This portion thou wert born for : why should we  
Vex at the time's ridiculous misery ?  
An age that thus hath fool'd itself, and will  
—Spite of thy teeth and mine—persist so still.

Let's sit then at this fire, and while we steal  
A revel in the town, let others seal,  
Purchase or cheat, and who can, let them pay,  
Till those black deeds bring on the darksome day.  
Innocent spenders we ! a better use  
Shall wear out our short lease, and leave th' obtuse  
Rout to their husks ; they and their bags at best  
Have cares in earnest ; we care for a jest.

## MONSIEUR GOMBAULD.

I'VE read thy soul's fair nightpiece, and have seen  
Th' amours and courtship of the silent Queen,  
Her stoln descents to Earth, and what did move her  
To juggle first with Heav'n, then with a lover,  
With Latmos' louder rescue, and—alas !—  
To find her out a hue and cry in brass ;  
Thy journal of deep mysteries, and sad  
Nocturnal pilgrimage, with thy dreams clad  
In fancies darker than thy cave, thy glass  
Of sleepy draughts ; and as thy soul did pass  
In her calm voyage what discourse she heard  
Of spirits, what dark groves and ill-shap'd guard  
Ismena led thee through, with thy proud flight  
O'er Periardes, and deep, musing night  
Near fair Eurotas' banks ; what solemn green  
The neighbour shades wear, and what forms are seen  
In their large bowers, with that sad path and seat  
Which none but light-heel'd nymphs and fairies beat ;<sup>1</sup>  
Their solitary life, and how exempt  
From common frailty, the severe contempt  
They have of man, their privilege to live  
A tree, or fountain, and in that reprieve  
What ages they consume, with the sad vale

<sup>1</sup> So Grosart, for the *heat* of the original.

Of Diophania, and the mournful tale,  
Of th' bleeding vocal myrtle ; these and more  
Thy richer thoughts, we are upon the score  
To thy rare fancy for, nor dost thou fall  
From thy first majesty, or ought at all  
Betray consumption ; thy full vig'rous bays  
Wear the same green, and scorn the lean decays  
Of style, or matter. Just so have I known  
Some crystal spring, that from the neighbour down  
Deriv'd her birth, in gentle murmurs steal  
To their next vale, and proudly there reveal  
Her streams in louder accents, adding still  
More noise and waters to her channel, till  
At last swoln with increase she glides along  
The lawns and meadows in a wanton throng  
Of frothy billows, and in one great name  
Swallows the tributary brooks' drown'd fame.

Nor are they mere inventions, for we  
In th' same piece find scatter'd philosophy  
And hidden, dispers'd truths that folded lie  
In the dark shades of deep allegory ;  
So neatly weav'd, like arras, they descry  
Fables with truth, fancy with history.  
So that thou hast in this thy curious mould  
Cast that commended mixture wish'd of old,  
Which shall these contemplations render far  
Less mutable, and lasting as their star,  
And while there is a people or a sun,  
Endymion's story with the moon shall run.

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF MR. R. W.,  
SLAIN IN THE LATE UNFORTUNATE  
DIFFERENCES AT ROUTON HEATH,  
NEAR CHESTER, 1645.

I AM confirm'd, and so much wing is given  
To my wild thoughts, that they dare strike at heav'n.  
A full year's grief I struggled with, and stood  
Still on my sandy hopes' uncertain good,  
So loth was I to yield ; to all those fears  
I still oppos'd thee, and denied my tears.  
But thou art gone ! and the untimely loss  
Like that one day hath made all others cross.  
Have you seen on some river's flow'ry brow  
A well-built elm or stately cedar grow,  
Whose curled tops gilt with the morning-ray  
Beckon'd the sun, and whisper'd to the day,  
When unexpected from the angry North  
A fatal sullen whirlwind sallies forth,  
And with a full-mouth'd blast rends from the ground  
The shady twins, which rushing scatter round  
Their sighing leaves, whilst overborn with strength  
Their trembling heads bow to a prostrate length ?  
So forc'd fell he ; so immaturely Death  
Stifled his able heart and active breath.

The world scarce knew him yet, his early soul  
Had but new-broke her day, and rather stole  
A sight than gave one ; as if subtly she  
Would learn our stock, but hide his treasury.  
His years—should Time lay both his wings and glass  
Unto his charge—could not be summ'd—alas !—  
To a full score ; though in so short a span  
His riper thoughts had purchas'd more of man  
Than all those worthless livers, which yet quick  
Have quite outgone their own arithmetic.  
He seiz'd perfections, and without a dull  
And mossy grey possess'd a solid skull ;  
No crooked knowledge neither, nor did he  
Wear the friend's name for ends and policy,  
And then lay't by ; as those lost youths of th' stage  
Who only flourish'd for the Play's short age  
And then retir'd ; like jewels, in each part  
He wore his friends, but chiefly at his heart.

Nor was it only in this he did excel,  
His equal valour could as much, as well.  
He knew no fear but of his God ; yet durst  
No injury, nor—as some have—e'er purs'd  
The sweat and tears of others, yet would be  
More forward in a royal gallantry  
Than all those vast pretenders, which of late  
Swell'd in the ruins of their king and State.  
He weav'd not self-ends and the public good  
Into one piece, nor with the people's blood  
Fill'd his own veins ; in all the doubtful way



Conscience and honour rul'd him. O that day  
 When like the fathers in the fire and cloud  
 I miss'd thy face ! I might in ev'ry crowd  
 See arms like thine, and men advance, but none  
 So near to lightning mov'd, nor so fell on.  
 Have you observ'd how soon the nimble eye  
 Brings th' object to conceit, and doth so vie  
 Performance with the soul, that you would swear  
 The act and apprehension both lodg'd there ;  
 Just so mov'd he : like shot his active hand  
 Drew blood, ere well the foe could understand.  
 But here I lost him. Whether the last turn  
 Of thy few sands call'd on thy hasty urn,  
 Or some fierce rapid fate—hid from the eye—  
 Hath hurl'd thee pris'ner to some distant sky,  
 I cannot tell, but that I do believe  
 Thy courage such as scorn'd a base reprieve.  
 Whatever 'twas, whether that day thy breath  
 Suffer'd a civil or the common death,  
 Which I do most suspect, and that I have  
 Fail'd in the glories of so known a grave ;  
 Though thy lov'd ashes miss me, and mine eyes  
 Had no acquaintance with thy exequies,  
 Nor at the last farewell, torn from thy sight  
 On the cold sheet have fix'd a sad delight,  
 Yet whate'er pious hand—instead of mine—  
 Hath done this office to that dust of thine,  
 And till thou rise again from thy low bed  
 Lent a cheap pillow to thy quiet head,

Though but a private turf, it can do more  
To keep thy name and memory in store  
Than all those lordly fools which lock their bones  
In the dumb piles of chested brass, and stones  
Th'art rich in thy own fame, and needest not  
These marble-frailties, nor the gilded blot  
Of posthume honours ; there is not one sand  
Sleeps o'er thy grave, but can outbid that hand  
And pencil too, so that of force we must  
Confess their heaps show lesser than thy dust.

And—blessed soul !—though this my sorrow can  
Add nought to thy perfections, yet as man  
Subject to envy, and the common fate,  
It may redeem thee to a fairer date.  
As some blind dial, when the day is done,  
Can tell us at midnight there was a sun,  
So these perhaps, though much beneath thy fame,  
May keep some weak remembrance of thy name,  
And to the faith of better times commend  
Thy loyal upright life, and gallant end.

*Nomen et arma locum servant, te, amice, nequivi  
Conspicere——*

UPON A CLOAK LENT HIM BY MR.  
J. RIDSLEY.

HERE, take again thy sackcloth ! and thank heav'n  
Thy courtship hath not kill'd me ; Is't not even  
Whether we die by piecemeal, or at once ?  
Since both but ruin, why then for the nonce  
Didst husband my afflictions, and cast o'er  
Me this forc'd hurdle to inflame the score ?  
Had I near London in this rug been seen  
Without doubt I had executed been  
For some bold Irish spy, and 'cross a sledge  
Had lain mess'd up for their four gates and bridge.  
When first I bore it, my oppress'd feet  
Would needs persuade me 'twas some leaden sheet ;  
Such deep impressions, and such dangerous holes  
Were made, that I began to doubt my soles,  
And ev'ry step—so near necessity—  
Devoutly wish'd some honest cobbler by ;  
Besides it was so short, the Jewish rag  
Seem'd circumcis'd, but had a Gentile shag.  
Hadst thou been with me on that day, when we  
Left craggy Biston, and the fatal Dee,  
When beaten with fresh storms and late mishap  
It shar'd the office of a cloak, and cap,

To see how 'bout my clouded head it stood  
Like a thick turban, or some lawyer's hood,  
While the stiff, hollow pleats on ev'ry side  
Like conduit-pipes rain'd from the bearded hide :  
I know thou wouldst in spite of that day's fate  
Let loose thy mirth at my new shape and state,  
And with a shallow smile or two profess  
Some Saracen had lost the clouted dress.  
Didst ever see the good wife—as they say—  
March in her short cloak on the christ'ning day,  
With what soft motions she salutes the church,  
And leaves the bedrid mother in the lurch ;  
Just so jogg'd I, while my dull horse did trudge  
Like a circuit-beast, plagu'd with a gouty judge.

But this was civil. I have since known more  
And worser pranks : one night—as heretofore  
Th' hast known—for want of change—a thing  
which I

And Bias us'd before me—I did lie  
Pure Adamite, and simply for that end  
Resolv'd, and made this for my bosom-friend.  
O that thou hadst been there next morn, that I  
Might teach thee new Micro-cosmo-graphy !  
Thou wouldst have ta'en me, as I naked stood,  
For one of the seven pillars before the flood.  
Such characters and hieroglyphics were  
In one night worn, that thou mightst justly swear  
I'd slept in cere-cloth, or at Bedlam, where  
The madmen lodge in straw. I'll not forbear

To tell thee all ; his wild impress and tricks  
Like Speed's old Britons made me look, or Picts ;  
His villanous, biting, wire-embraces  
Had seal'd in me more strange forms and faces  
Than children see in dreams, or thou hast read  
In arras, puppet-plays, and gingerbread,  
With angled schemes, and crosses that bred fear  
Of being handled by some conjurer ;  
And nearer, thou wouldst think—such strokes were  
drawn—

I'd been some rough statue of Fetter-lane.  
Nay, I believe, had I that instant been  
By surgeons or apothecaries seen,  
They had condemned my raz'd skin to be  
Some walking herbal, or anatomy.

But—thanks to th' day !—'tis off. I'd now advise  
Thee, friend, to put this piece to merchandise.  
The pedlars of our age have business yet,  
And gladly would against the Fair-day fit  
Themselves with such a roof, that can secure  
Their wares from dogs and cats rained in shower.  
It shall perform ; or if this will not do  
'Twill take the ale-wives sure ; 'twill make them two  
Fine rooms of one, and spread upon a stick  
Is a partition, without lime or brick.  
Horn'd obstinacy ! how my heart doth fret  
To think what mouths and elbows it would set  
In a wet day ! have you for twopence ere  
Seen King Harry's chapel at Westminster,

Where in their dusty gowns of brass and stone  
The judges lie, and mark'd you how each one,  
In sturdy marble-pleats about the knee,  
Bears up to show his legs and symmetry ?  
Just so would this, that I think't weav'd upon  
Some stiffneck'd Brownist's exercising loom.  
O that thou hadst it when this juggling fate  
Of soldiery first seiz'd me ! at what rate  
Would I have bought it then ; what was there but  
I would have giv'n for the compendious hut ?  
I do not doubt but—if the weight could please—  
'Twould guard me better than a Lapland-lease.  
Or a German shirt with enchanted lint  
Stuff'd through, and th' devil's beard and face weav'd  
in't.

But I have done. And think not, friend, that I  
This freedom took to jeer thy courtesy.  
I thank thee for't, and I believe my Muse  
So known to thee, thou'lt not suspect abuse.  
She did this, 'cause—perhaps—thy love paid thus  
Might with my thanks outlive thy cloak, and us.

## UPON MR. FLETCHER'S PLAYS, PUBLISHED 1647.

I KNEW thee not, nor durst attendance strive,  
Label to wit, verser remonstrative,  
And in some suburb-page—scandal to thine—  
Like Lent before a Christmas scatter mine.  
This speaks thee not, since at the utmost rate  
Such remnants from thy piece entreat their date ;  
Nor can I dub the copy, or afford  
Titles to swell the rear of verse with lord ;  
Nor politicly big, to inch low fame,  
Stretch in the glories of a stranger's name,  
And clip those bays I court ; weak striver I,  
But a faint echo unto poetry.

I have not clothes t'adopt me, nor must sit  
For plush and velvet's sake, esquire of wit.  
Yet modesty these crosses would improve,  
And rags near thee, some reverence may move.

I did believe—great Beaumont being dead—  
Thy widow'd Muse slept on his flow'ry bed ;  
But I am richly cozen'd, and can see  
Wit transmigrates : his spirit stay'd with thee ;  
Which, doubly advantag'd by thy single pen,  
In life and death now treads the stage again.

And thus are we freed from that dearth of wit  
Which starv'd the land, since into schisms split,  
Wherein th' hast done so much, we must needs guess  
Wit's last edition is now i' th' press.  
For thou hast drain'd invention, and he  
That writes hereafter, doth but pillage thee.  
But thou hast plots ; and will not the Kirk strain  
At the designs of such a tragic brain ?  
Will they themselves think safe, when they shall see  
Thy most abominable policy ?  
Will not the Ears assemble, and think't fit  
Their Synod fast and pray against thy wit ?  
But they'll not tire in such an idle quest ;  
Thou dost but kill, and circumvent in jest ;  
And when thy anger'd Muse swells to a blow  
'Tis but for Field's, or Swansted's overthrow.  
Yet shall these conquests of thy bays outlive  
Their Scottish zeal, and compacts made to grieve  
The peace of spirits : and when such deeds fail  
Of their foul ends, a fair name is thy bail.  
But—happy thou !—ne'er saw'st these storms, our air  
Teem'd with even in thy time, though seeming fair.  
Thy gentle soul, meant for the shade and ease,  
Withdrew betimes into the Land of Peace.  
So nested in some hospitable shore  
The hermit-angler, when the mid-seas roar,  
Packs up his lines, and—ere the tempest raves—  
Retires, and leaves his station to the waves.  
Thus thou died'st almost with our peace, and we



This breathing time thy last fair issue see,  
Which I think such—if needless ink not soil  
So choice a Muse—others are but thy foil.  
This, or that age may write, but never see  
A wit that dares run parallel with thee.  
True, Ben must live ! but bate him, and thou hast  
Undone all future wits, and match'd the past.

UPON THE POEMS AND PLAYS OF THE  
EVER-MEMORABLE MR. WILLIAM  
CARTWRIGHT.

I DID but see thee ! and how vain it is  
To vex thee for it with remonstrances,  
Though things in fashion ; let those judge, who sit  
Their twelve pence out, to clap their hands at wit  
I fear to sin thus near thee ; for—great saint !—  
'Tis known true beauty hath no need of paint.

Yet, since a label fix'd to thy fair hearse  
Is all the mode, and tears put into verse  
Can teach posterity our present grief  
And their own loss, but never give relief ;  
I'll tell them—and a truth which needs no pass—  
That wit in Cartwright at her zenith was.  
Arts, fancy, language, all conven'd in thee,  
With those grand miracles which deify  
The old world's writings, kept yet from the fire  
Because they force these worst times to admire.  
Thy matchless genius, in all thou didst write,  
Like the sun, wrought with such staid heat and  
light,  
That not a line—to the most critic he—  
Offends with flashes, or obscurity.

When thou the wild of humours track'st, thy pen  
So imitates that motley stock in men,  
As if thou hadst in all their bosoms been,  
And seen those leopards that lurk within.  
The am'rous youth steals from thy courtly page  
His vow'd address, the soldier his brave rage ;  
And those soft beauteous readers whose looks can  
Make some men poets, and make any man  
A lover, when thy slave but seems to die,  
Turn all his mourners, and melt at the eye.  
Thus thou thy thoughts hast dress'd in such a strain  
As doth not only speak, but rule and reign ;  
Nor are those bodies they assum'd dark clouds,  
Or a thick bark, but clear, transparent shrouds,  
Which who looks on, the rays so strongly beat  
They'll brush and warm him with a quick'ning heat ;  
So souls shine at the eyes, and pearls display  
Through the loose crystal-streams a glance of day.  
But what's all this unto a royal test ?  
Thou art the man whom great Charles so express'd !  
Then let the crowd refrain their needless hum,  
When thunder speaks, then squibs and winds are  
dumb.

TO THE BEST AND MOST ACCOMPLISHED  
COUPLE ———

BLESSINGS as rich and fragrant crown your heads  
As the mild heav'n on roses sheds,  
When at their cheeks—like pearls—they wear  
The clouds that court them in a tear !  
And may they be fed from above  
By Him which first ordain'd your love !

Fresh as the hours may all your pleasures be,  
And healthful as eternity !  
Sweet as the flowers' first breath, and close  
As th' unseen spreadings of the rose,  
When he unfolds his curtain'd head,  
And makes his bosom the sun's bed !

Soft as yourselves run your whole lives, and clear  
As your own glass, or what shines there !  
Smooth as heav'n's face, and bright as he  
When without mask or tiffany !  
In all your time not one jar meet  
But peace as silent as his feet !

Like the day's warmth may all your comforts be,  
Untoil'd for, and serene as he,

Yet free and full as is that sheaf  
Of sunbeams gilding ev'ry leaf,  
When now the tyrant-heat expires  
And his cool'd locks breathe milder fires !

And as those parcell'd glories he doth shed  
Are the fair issues of his head,  
Which, ne'er so distant, are soon known  
By th' heat and lustre for his own ;  
So may each branch of yours we see  
Your copies and our wonders be !

And when no more on earth you must remain,  
Invited hence to heav'n again,  
Then may your virtuous, virgin-flames  
Shine in those heirs of your fair names,  
And teach the world that mystery,  
Yourselves in your posterity !

So you to both worlds shall rich presents bring,  
And, gather'd up to heav'n, leave here a spring.

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF MR. R.  
HALL, SLAIN AT PONTEFRAC<sup>T</sup>, 1648.

I KNEW it would be thus ! and my just fears  
Of thy great spirit are improv'd to tears.  
Yet flow these not from any base distrust  
Of a fair name, or that thy honour must  
Confin'd to those cold relics sadly sit  
In the same cell an obscure anchorite.  
Such low distempers murder ; they that must  
Abuse thee so, weep not, but wound thy dust.

But I past such dim mourners can descry  
Thy fame above all clouds of obloquy,  
And like the sun with his victorious rays  
Charge through that darkness to the last of days.  
'Tis true, fair manhood hath a female eye,  
And tears are beauteous in a victory,  
Nor are we so high-proof, but grief will find  
Through all our guards a way to wound the mind ;  
But in thy fall what adds the brackish sum  
More than a blot unto thy martyrdom ?  
Which scorns such wretched suffrages, and stands  
More by thy single worth than our whole bands.  
Yet could the puling tribute rescue ought  
In this sad ioss, or wert thou to be brought

Back here by tears, I would in any wise  
Pay down the sum, or quite consume my eyes.  
Thou fell'st our double ruin ; and this rent  
Forc'd in thy life shak'd both the Church and tent.  
Learning in others steals them from the van,  
And basely wise emasculates the man,  
But lodg'd in thy brave soul the bookish feat  
Serv'd only as the light unto thy heat.  
Thus when some quitted action, to their shame,  
And only got a discreet coward's name,  
Thou with thy blood mad'st purchase of renown,  
And died'st the glory of the sword and gown.  
Thy blood hath hallow'd Pomfret, and this blow  
—Profan'd before—hath church'd the Castle now.

Nor is't a common valour we deplore,  
But such as with fifteen a hundred bore,  
And lightning-like—not coop'd within a wall—  
In storms of fire and steel fell on them all.  
Thou wert no woolsack soldier, nor of those  
Whose courage lies in winking at their foes,  
That live at loopholes, and consume their breath  
On match or pipes, and sometimes peep at death ;  
No, it were sin to number these with thee,  
But that—thus pois'd—our loss we better see.  
The fair and open valour was thy shield,  
And thy known station, the defying field.

Yet these in thee I would not virtues call,  
But that this age must know that thou hadst all.  
Those richer graces that adorn'd thy mind

Like stars of the first magnitude, so shin'd,  
That if oppos'd unto these lesser lights  
All we can say is this, they were fair nights.  
Thy piety and learning did unite,  
And though with sev'ral beams made up one light,  
And such thy judgment was, that I dare swear  
Whole councils might as soon and synods err.

But all these now are out ! and as some star  
Hurl'd in diurnal motions from far,  
And seen to droop at night, is vainly said  
To fall and find an occidental bed,  
Though in that other world what we judge West  
Proves elevation, and a new, fresh East ;  
So though our weaker sense denies us sight,  
And bodies cannot trace the spirit's flight,  
We know those graces to be still in thee,  
But wing'd above us to eternity.  
Since then—thus flown—thou art so much refin'd  
That we can only reach thee with the mind,  
I will not in this dark and narrow glass  
Let thy scant shadow for perfections pass,  
But leave thee to be read more high, more quaint,  
In thy own blood a soldier and a saint.

———*Salve æternum mihi maxime Palla !*  
*Æternumque vale !*———



TO MY LEARNED FRIEND, MR. T.  
POWELL, UPON HIS TRANSLATION  
OF MALVEZZI'S CHRISTIAN POLITI-  
CIAN.

WE thank you, worthy Sir, that now we see  
MALVEZZI languag'd like our infancy,  
And can without suspicion entertain  
This foreign statesman to our breast or brain ;  
You have enlarg'd his praise, and from your store  
By this edition made his worth the more.  
Thus by your learnèd hand—amidst the coil—  
Outlandish plants thrive in our thankless soil,  
And wise men after death, by a strange fate,  
Lie leiger here, and beg to serve our State.  
Italy now, though mistress of the bays,  
Waits on this wreath, proud of a foreign praise ;  
For, wise Malvezzi, thou didst lie before  
Confin'd within the language of one shore,  
And like those stars which near the poles do steer  
Were't but in one part of the globe seen clear.  
Provence and Naples were the best and most  
Thou couldst shine in ; fix'd to that single coast,  
Perhaps some cardinal, to be thought wise,  
And honest too, would ask, what was thy price ?

Then thou must pack to Rome, where thou mightst  
lie

Ere thou shouldst have new clothes eternally,  
For though so near the sev'n hills, ne'ertheless  
Thou cam'st to Antwerp for thy Roman dress.  
But now thou art come hither, thou mayst run  
Through any clime as well known as the sun,  
And in thy sev'ral dresses, like the year,  
Challenge acquaintance with each peopled sphere.

Come then, rare politicians of the time,  
Brains of some standing, elders in our clime,  
See here the method. A wise, solid State  
Is quick in acting, friendly in debate,  
Joint in advice, in resolutions just,  
Mild in success, true to the common trust.  
It cements ruptures, and by gentle hand  
Allays the heat and burnings of a land ;  
Religion guides it, and in all the tract  
Designs so twist, that Heav'n confirms the act.  
If from these lists you wander as you steer,  
Look back, and catechize your actions here.  
These are the marks to which true statesmen tend,  
And greatness here with goodness hath one end.

TO MY WORTHY FRIEND, MASTER  
T. LEWES.

SEES not my friend, what a deep snow  
Candies our country's woody brow ;  
The yielding branch his load scarce bears,  
Oppress'd with snow and frozen tears ;  
While the dumb rivers slowly float,  
All bound up in an icy coat.

Let us meet then ! and while this world  
In wild eccentrics now is hurl'd,  
Keep we, like nature, the same key,  
And walk in our forefathers' way.  
Why any more cast we an eye  
On what may come, not what is nigh ?  
Why vex ourselves with fear, or hope  
And cares beyond our horoscope ?  
Who into future times would peer,  
Looks oft beyond his term set here,  
And cannot go into those grounds  
But through a churchyard, which them bounds.  
Sorrows and sighs and searches spend  
And draw our bottom to an end,  
But discreet joys lengthen the lease,  
Without which life were a disease ;  
And who this age a mourner goes,  
Doth with his tears but feed his foes

TO THE MOST EXCELLENTLY ACCOM-  
PLISHED MRS. K. PHILIPS.

SAY, witty fair one, from what sphere  
Flow these rich numbers you shed here ?  
For sure such incantations come  
From thence, which strike your readers dumb.  
A strain, whose measures gently meet  
Like virgin-lovers or Time's feet ;  
Where language smiles, and accents rise  
As quick and pleasing as your eyes ;  
The poem smooth, and in each line  
Soft as yourself, yet masculine ;  
Where not coarse trifles blot the page  
With matter borrow'd from the age,  
But thoughts as innocent and high  
As angels have, or saints that die.

These raptures when I first did see  
New miracles in poetry,  
And by a hand their good would miss  
His bays and fountains but to kiss,  
My weaker genius—cross to fashion—  
Slept in a silent admiration :  
A rescue, by whose grave disguise  
Pretenders oft have pass'd for wise.

And yet as pilgrims humbly touch  
Those shrines to which they bow so much,  
And clouds in courtship flock, and run  
To be the mask unto the sun,  
So I concluded it was true  
I might at distance worship you,  
A Persian votary, and say  
It was your light show'd me the way.  
So loadstones guide the duller steel,  
And high perfections are the wheel  
Which moves the less, for gifts divine  
Are strung upon a vital line,  
Which, touch'd by you, excites in all  
Affections epidemical.  
And this made me—a truth most fit—  
Add my weak echo to your wit ;  
Which pardon, Lady, for assays  
Obscure as these might blast your bays ;  
As common hands soil flow'rs, and make  
That dew they wear weep the mistake.  
But I'll wash off the stain, and vow  
No laurel grows but for your brew.

AN EPITAPH UPON THE LADY ELIZABETH, SECOND DAUGHTER TO HIS LATE MAJESTY.

YOUTH, beauty, virtue, innocence,  
Heav'n's royal and select expense,  
With virgin-tears and sighs divine  
Sit here the genii of this shrine ;  
Where now—thy fair soul wing'd away—  
They guard the casket where she lay.

Thou hadst, ere thou the light couldst see,  
Sorrows laid up and stor'd for thee ;  
Thou suck'dst in woes, and the breasts lent  
Their milk to thee but to lament ;  
Thy portion here was grief, thy years  
Distill'd no other rain but tears,  
Tears without noise, but—understood—  
As loud and shrill as any blood.  
Thou seem'st a rosebud born in snow,  
A flower of purpose sprung to bow  
To headless tempests, and the rage  
Of an incensèd, stormy age.  
Others, ere their afflictions grow,  
Are tim'd and season'd for the blow,  
But thine, as rheums the tend'rest part,  
Fell on a young and harmless heart.

And yet, as balm-trees gently spend  
Their tears for those that do them rend,  
So mild and pious thou wert seen,  
Though full of suff'rings ; free from spleen,  
Thou didst not murmur, nor revile,  
But drank'st thy wormwood with a smile.

As envious eyes blast and infect,  
And cause misfortunes by aspect,  
So thy sad stars dispens'd to thee  
No influx but calamity ;  
They view'd thee with eclipsèd rays,  
And but the back side of bright days.

. . . . .  
These were the comforts she had here,  
As by an unseen Hand 'tis clear,  
Which now she reads, and, smiling, wears  
A crown with Him who wipes off tears.

TO SIR WILLIAM D'AVENANT UPON HIS  
GONDIBERT.

WELL, we are rescued ! and by thy rare pen  
Poets shall live, when princes die like men.  
Th' hast clear'd the prospect to our harmless hill,  
Of late years clouded with imputed ill,  
And the soft, youthful couples there may move,  
As chaste as stars converse and smile above.  
Th' hast taught their language and their love to flow  
Calm as rose-leaves, and cool as virgin-snow,  
Which doubly feasts us, being so refin'd,  
They both delight and dignify the mind ;  
Like to the wat'ry music of some spring,  
Whose pleasant flowings at once wash and sing.

And where before heroic poems were  
Made up of spirits, prodigies, and fear,  
And show'd—through all the melancholy flight—  
Like some dark region overcast with night,  
As if the poet had been quite dismay'd,  
While only giants and enchantments sway'd ;  
Thou like the sun, whose eye brooks no disguise,  
Hast chas'd them hence, and with discoveries  
So rare and learnèd fill'd the place, that we  
Those fam'd grandezas find outdone by thee,



And underfoot see all those vizards hurl'd  
Which bred the wonder of the former world.  
'Twas dull to sit, as our forefathers did,  
At crumbs and voiders, and because unbid,  
Refrain wise appetite. This made thy fire  
Break through the ashes of thy aged sire,  
To lend the world such a convincing light  
As shows his fancy darker than his sight.  
Nor was't alone the bars and length of days  
—Though those gave strength and stature to his  
bays—

Encounter'd thee, but what's an old complaint  
And kills the fancy, a forlorn restraint.  
How couldst thou, mur'd in solitary stones,  
Dress Birtha's smiles, though well thou mightst her  
groans?

And, strangely eloquent, thyself divide  
'Twixt sad misfortunes and a bloomy bride?  
Through all the tenour of thy ample song,  
Spun from thy own rich store, and shar'd among  
Those fair adventurers, we plainly see  
Th' imputed gifts inherent are in thee.  
Then live for ever—and by high desert—  
In thy own mirror, matchless Gondibert,  
And in bright Birtha leave thy love enshrin'd  
Fresh as her em'rald, and fair as her mind,  
While all confess thee—as they ought to do—  
The prince of poets, and of lovers too.

[OVID,] TRISTIUM, LIB. V. ELEG. III.

TO HIS FELLOW-POETS AT ROME, UPON  
THE BIRTHDAY OF BACCHUS.

THIS is the day—blithe god of sack—which we,  
If I mistake not, consecrate to thee,  
When the soft rose we marry to the bays,  
And, warm'd with thy own wine, rehearse thy praise ;  
'Mongst whom—while to thy poet fate gave way—  
I have been held no small part of the day.  
But now, dull'd with the cold Bear's frozen seat,  
Sarmatia holds me, and the warlike Gete.  
My former life, unlike to this my last,  
With Rome's best wits of thy full cup did taste,  
Who since have seen the savage Pontic band,  
And all the choler of the sea and land.  
Whether sad chance or Heav'n hath this design'd,  
And at my birth some fatal planet shin'd,  
Of right thou shouldst the sisters' knots undo,  
And free thy votary and poet too ;  
Or are you gods—like us—in such a state  
As cannot alter the decrees of fate ?  
I know with much ado thou didst obtain  
Thy jovial godhead, and on earth thy pain

Was no whit less, for, wand'ring, thou didst run  
To the Getes too, and snow-weeping Strymon,  
With Persia, Ganges, and whatever streams  
The thirsty Moor drinks in the mid-day beams.  
But thou wert twice-born, and the Fates to thee  
—To make all sure—doubled thy misery.

My sufferings too are many—if it be  
Held safe for me to boast adversity—  
Nor was't a common blow, but from above,  
Like his that died for imitating Jove ;  
Which, when thou heardst, a ruin so divine  
And mother-like should make thee pity mine,  
And on this day, which poets unto thee  
Crown with full bowls, ask what's become of me ?

Help, buxom god, then ! so may thy lov'd vine  
Swarm with the num'rous grape, and big with wine  
Load the kind elm, and so thy orgies be  
With priests' loud shouts and satyrs' kept to thee !  
So may in death Lycurgus ne'er be blest,  
Nor Pentheus' wand'ring ghost find any rest !  
And so for ever bright—thy chief desires—  
May thy wife's crown outshine the lesser fires !  
If but now, mindful of my love to thee,  
Thou wilt, in what thou canst, my helper be.  
You gods have commerce with yourselves ; try then  
If Cæsar will restore me Rome again.

And you, my trusty friends—the jolly crew  
Of careless poets ! when, without me, you  
Perform this day's glad myst'ries, let it be

Your first appeal unto his deity,  
And let one of you—touch'd with my sad name—  
Mixing his wine with tears, lay down the same,  
And—sighing—to the rest this thought commend,  
O ! where is Ovid now, our banish'd friend ?  
This do, if in your breasts I e'er deserv'd  
So large a share, nor spitefully reserv'd,  
Nor basely sold applause, or with a brow  
Condemning others, did myself allow.  
And may your happier wits grow loud with fame  
As you—my best of friends !—preserve my name.

[OVID, EPISTOLARUM] DE PONTO, LIB. III.

[EPIST. VII.].

TO HIS FRIENDS—AFTER HIS MANY  
SOLICITATIONS—REFUSING TO PETI-  
TION CÆSAR FOR HIS RELEASEMENT.

You have consum'd my language, and my pen,  
Incens'd with begging, scorns to write again.  
You grant, you knew my suit : my Muse and I  
Had taught it you in frequent elegy.  
That I believe—yet seal'd—you have divin'd  
Our repetitions, and forestall'd my mind,  
So that my thronging elegies and I  
Have made you—more than poets—prophesy.

But I am now awak'd ; forgive my dream  
Which made me cross the proverb and the stream,  
And pardon, friends, that I so long have had  
Such good thoughts of you ; I am not so mad  
As to continue them. You shall no more  
Complain of troublesome verse, or write o'er  
How I endanger you, and vex my wife  
With the sad legends of a banish'd life.  
I'll bear these plagues myself : for I have pass'd  
Through greater ones, and can as well at last  
These petty crosses. 'Tis for some young beast  
To kick his bands, or wish his neck releas'd

From the sad yoke. Know then, that as for me  
Whom Fate hath us'd to such calamity,  
I scorn her spite and yours, and freely dare  
The highest ills your malice can prepare.

'Twas Fortune threw me hither, where I now  
Rude Getes and Thrace see, with the snowy brow  
Of cloudy Æmus, and if she decree  
Her sportive pilgrim's last bed here must be,  
I am content ; nay, more, she cannot do  
That act which I would not consent unto.  
I can delight in vain hopes, and desire  
That state more than her change and smiles ; then  
high'r

I hug a strong despair, and think it brave  
To baffle faith, and give those hopes a grave.  
Have you not seen cur'd wounds enlarg'd, and he  
That with the first wave sinks, yielding to th' free  
Waters, without th' expense of arms or breath,  
Hath still the easiest and the quickest death.  
Why nurse I sorrows then ? why these desires  
Of changing Scythia for the sun and fires  
Of some calm kinder air ? what did bewitch  
My frantic hopes to fly so vain a pitch,  
And thus outrun myself ? Madman ! could I  
Suspect fate had for me a courtesy ?  
These errors grieve : and now I must forget  
Those pleas'd ideas I did frame and set  
Unto myself, with many fancied springs  
And groves, whose only loss new sorrow brings.

And yet I would the worst of fate endure,  
Ere you should be repuls'd, or less secure.  
But—base, low souls !—you left me not for this,  
But 'cause you durst not. Cæsar could not miss  
Of such a trifle, for I know that he  
Scorns the cheap triumphs of my misery.

Then since—degen'rate friends—not he, but you  
Cancel my hopes, and make afflictions new,  
You shall confess, and fame shall tell you, I  
At Ister dare as well as Tiber die.

[OVID, EPISTOLARUM] DE PONTO, LIB. IV.  
EPIST. III.

TO HIS INCONSTANT FRIEND, TRANSLATED FOR THE USE OF ALL THE JUDASES OF THIS TOUCHSTONE-AGE.

SHALL I complain, or not? or shall I mask  
Thy hateful name, and in this bitter task  
Master my just impatience, and write down  
Thy crime alone, and leave the rest unknown?  
Or wilt thou the succeeding years should see  
And teach thy person to posterity?  
No, hope it not; for know, most wretched man,  
'Tis not thy base and weak detraction can  
Buy thee a poem, nor move me to give  
Thy name the honour in my verse to live.

Whilst yet my ship did with no storms dispute,  
And temp'rate winds fed with a calm salute  
My prosp'rous sails, thou wert the only man  
That with me then an equal fortune ran;  
But now since angry heav'n with clouds and night  
Stifled those sunbeams, thou hast ta'en thy flight;  
Thou know'st I want thee, and art merely gone  
To shun that rescue I reli'd upon;  
Nay, thou dissemblest too, and dost disclaim  
Not only my acquaintance, but my name.



Yet know—though deaf to this—that I am he  
Whose years and love had the same infancy  
With thine, thy deep familiar that did share  
Souls with thee, and partake thy joys or care ;  
Whom the same roof lodg'd, and my Muse those  
    nights

So solemnly endear'd to her delights.  
But now, perfidious traitor, I am grown  
The abject of thy breast, not to be known  
In that false closet more ; nay, thou wilt not  
So much as let me know I am forgot.  
If thou wilt say thou didst not love me, then  
Thou didst dissemble : or if love again,  
Why now inconstant ? Came the crime from me  
That wrought this change ? Sure, if no justice be  
Of my side, thine must have it. Why dost hide  
Thy reasons then ? For me, I did so guide  
Myself and actions, that I cannot see  
What could offend thee, but my misery.  
'Las ! if thou wouldst not from thy store allow  
Some rescue to my wants, at least I know  
Thou couldst have writ, and with a line or two  
Reliev'd my famish'd eye, and eas'd me so.  
I know not what to think ! and yet I hear,  
Not pleas'd with this, th'art witty, and dost jeer.  
Bad man ! thou hast in this those tears kept back  
I could have shed for thee, shouldst thou but lack.  
Know'st not that Fortune on a globe doth stand,  
Whose upper slipp'ry part without command

Turns lowest still? the sportive leaves and wind  
Are but dull emblems of her fickle mind.  
In the whole world there's nothing I can see  
Will throughly parallel her ways but thee.  
All that we hold hangs on a slender twine,  
And our best states by sudden chance decline.  
Who hath not heard of Croesus' proverb'd gold,  
Yet knows his foe did him a pris'ner hold?  
He that once aw'd Sicilia's proud extent  
By a poor art could famine scarce prevent;  
And mighty Pompey, ere he made an end,  
Was glad to beg his slave to be his friend.  
Nay, he that had so oft Rome's consul been,  
And forc'd Jugurtha and the Cimbrians in,  
Great Marius! with much want and more disgrace,  
In a foul marsh was glad to hide his face.  
A Divine hand sways all mankind, and we  
Of one short hour have not the certainty.  
Hadst thou one day told me the time should be  
When the Getes' bows, and th' Euxine I should see,  
I should have check'd thy madness, and have thought  
Th' hadst need of all Anticyra in a draught.  
And yet 'tis come to pass! nor, though I might  
Some things foresee, could I procure a sight  
Of my whole destiny, and free my state  
From those eternal, higher ties of fate.  
Leave then thy pride, and though now brave and  
high,  
Think thou mayst be as poor and low as I.

[OVID,] TRISTIUM, LIB. III. ELEG. III.

TO HIS WIFE AT ROME, WHEN HE WAS  
SICK.

DEAREST ! if you those fair eyes—wond’ring—stick  
On this strange character, know I am sick ;  
Sick in the skirts of the lost world, where I  
Breathe hopeless of all comforts, but to die.  
What heart—think’st thou?—have I in this sad seat,  
Tormented ’twixt the Sauromate and Gete?  
Nor air nor water please : their very sky  
Looks strange and unaccustom’d to my eye ;  
I scarce dare breathe it, and, I know not how,  
’The earth that bears me shows unpleasant now.  
Nor diet here’s, nor lodging for my ease,  
Nor any one that studies a disease ;  
No friend to comfort me, none to defray  
With smooth discourse the charges of the day.  
All tir’d alone I lie, and—thus—whate’er  
Is absent, and at Rome, I fancy here.  
But when thou com’st, I blot the airy scroll,  
And give thee full possession of my soul.  
’Thee—absent—I embrace, thee only voice,  
And night and day belie a husband’s joys.  
Nay, of thy name so oft I mention make  
That I am thought distracted for thy sake.

When my tir'd spirits fail, and my sick heart  
Draws in that fire which actuates each part,  
If any say, th'art come ! I force my pain,  
And hope to see thee gives me life again.  
Thus I for thee, whilst thou—perhaps—more blest,  
Careless of me dost breathe all peace and rest,  
Which yet I think not, for—dear soul !—too well  
Know I thy grief, since my first woes befell.  
But if strict Heav'n my stock of days hath spun,  
And with my life my error will be gone,  
How easy then—O Cæsar !—were't for thee  
To pardon one, that now doth cease to be ?  
That I might yield my native air this breath,  
And banish not my ashes after death.  
Would thou hadst either spar'd me until dead,  
Or with my blood redeem'd my absent head !  
Thou shouldst have had both freely, but O ! thou  
Wouldst have me live to die an exile now.  
And must I then from Rome so far meet death,  
And double by the place my loss of breath ?  
Nor in my last of hours on my own bed  
—In the sad conflict—rest my dying head ?  
Nor my soul's whispers—the last pledge of life,—  
Mix with the tears and kisses of a wife ?  
My last words none must treasure, none will rise  
And—with a tear—seal up my vanquish'd eyes ;  
Without these rites I die, distress'd in all  
The splendid sorrows of a funeral ;  
Unpitied, and unmourr'd for, my sad head

In a strange land goes friendless to the dead.  
When thou hear'st this, O ! how thy faithful soul  
Will sink, whilst grief doth ev'ry part control !  
How often wilt thou look this way, and cry,  
O ! where is't yonder that my love doth lie ?  
Yet spare these tears, and mourn not thou for me,  
Long since—dear heart !—have I been dead to thee.  
Think then I died, when thee and Rome I lost,  
That death to me more grief than this hath cost.  
Now, if thou canst—but thou canst not—best wife,  
Rejoice, my cares are ended with my life.  
At least, yield not to sorrows, frequent use  
Should make these miseries to thee no news.  
And here I wish my soul died with my breath,  
And that no part of me were free from death ;  
For, if it be immortal, and outlives  
The body, as Pythagoras believes,  
Betwixt these Sarmates' ghosts, a Roman I  
Shall wander, vex'd to all eternity.

But thou—for after death I shall be free—  
Fetch home these bones, and what is left of me ;  
A few flow'rs give them, with some balm, and lay  
Them in some suburb grave, hard by the way ;  
And to inform posterity, who's there,  
This sad inscription let my marble wear ;  
“ Here lies the soft-soul'd lecturer of love,  
Whose envi'd wit did his own ruin prove.  
But thou,—whoe'er thou be'st, that, passing by,  
Lend'st to this sudden stone a hasty eye,

If e'er thou knew'st of love the sweet disease,  
Grudge not to say, May Ovid rest in peace !”  
This for my tomb : but in my books they'll see  
More strong and lasting monuments of me,  
Which I believe—though fatal—will afford  
An endless name unto their ruin'd lord.

And now thus gone, it rests, for love of me,  
Thou show'st some sorrow to my memory ;  
Thy funeral off'rings to my ashes bear,  
With wreaths of cypress bath'd in many a tear.  
Though nothing there but dust of me remain,  
Yet shall that dust perceive thy pious pain.  
But I have done, and my tir'd, sickly head,  
Though I would fain write more, desires the bed ;  
Take then this word—perhaps my last—to tell,  
Which though I want, I wish it thee, farewell !

AUSONIA. IDYLL VI.

CUPIDO [CRUCI AFFIXUS].

IN those bless'd fields of everlasting air  
 —Where to a myrtle grove the souls repair  
 Of deceas'd lovers—the sad, thoughtful ghosts  
 Of injur'd ladies meet, where each accosts  
 The other with a sigh, whose very breath  
 Would break a heart, and—kind souls—love in  
 death.

A thick wood clouds their walks, where day scarce  
 peeps,

And on each hand cypress and poppy sleeps ;  
 The drowsy rivers slumber, and springs there  
 Blab not, but softly melt into a tear ;  
 A sickly dull air fans them, which can have,  
 When most in force, scarce breath to build a wave.  
 On either bank through the still shades appear  
 A scene of pensive flow'rs, whose bosoms wear  
 Drops of a lover's blood, the emblem'd truths  
 Of deep despair, and love-slain kings and youths.  
 The Hyacinth, and self-enamour'd boy  
 Narcissus flourish there, with Venus' joy,  
 The spruce Adonis, and that prince whose flow'r  
 Hath sorrow languag'd on him to this hour ;  
 All sad with love they hang their heads, and grieve

As if their passions in each leaf did live ;  
And here—alas !—these soft-soul'd ladies stray,  
And—O ! too late !—treason in love betray.

Her blasted birth sad Semele repeats,  
And with her tears would quench the thund'rer's  
heats,

Then shakes her bosom, as if fir'd again,  
And fears another lightning's flaming train.  
The lovely Procris here bleeds, sighs, and swoons,  
Then wakes, and kisses him that gave her wounds.  
Sad Hero holds a torch forth, and doth light  
Her lost Leander through the waves and night,  
Her boatman desp'rate Sappho still admires,  
And nothing but the sea can quench her fires.  
Distracted Phædra with a restless eye  
Her disdain'd letters reads, then casts them by.  
Rare, faithful Thisbe—sequest'red from these—  
A silent, unseen sorrow doth best please ;  
For her love's sake and last good-night poor she  
Walks in the shadow of a mulberry.  
Near her young Canace with Dido sits,  
A lovely couple, but of desp'rate wits ;  
Both di'd alike, both pierc'd their tender breasts,  
This with her father's sword, that with her guest's.  
Within the thickest textures of the grove  
Diana in her silver beams doth rove ;  
Her crown of stars the pitchy air invades,  
And with a faint light gilds the silent shades,  
Whilst her sad thoughts, fix'd on her sleepy lover,



To Latinos hill and his retirements move her.  
A thousand more through the wide, darksome wood  
Feast on their cares, the maudlin lover's food ;  
For grief and absence do but edge desire,  
And death is fuel to a lover's fire.

To see these trophies of his wanton bow,  
Cupid comes in, and all in triumph now—  
Rash unadvisèd boy !—disperseth round  
The sleepy mists ; his wings and quiver wound  
With noise the quiet air. This sudden stir  
Betrays his godship, and as we from far  
A clouded, sickly moon observe, so they  
Through the false mists his eclips'd torch betray.  
A hot pursuit they make, and, though with care  
And a slow wing, he softly stems the air,  
Yet they—as subtle now as he—surround  
His silenc'd course, and with the thick night bound  
Surprise the wag. As in a dream we strive  
To voice our thoughts, and vainly would revive  
Our entranc'd tongues, but cannot speech enlarge,  
'Till the soul wakes and reassumes her charge ;  
So, joyous of their prize, they flock about  
And vainly swell with an imagin'd shout.

Far in these shades and melancholy coasts  
A myrtle grows, well known to all the ghosts,  
Whose stretch'd top—like a great man rais'd by  
Fate—  
Looks big, and scorns his neighbour's low estate ;  
His leafy arms into a green cloud twist,

And on each branch doth sit a lazy mist,  
A fatal tree, and luckless to the gods,  
Where for disdain in life—Love's worst of odds—  
The queen of shades, fair Proserpine, did rack  
The sad Adonis : hither now they pack  
This little god, where, first disarm'd, they bind  
His skittish wings, then both his hands behind  
His back they tie, and thus secur'd at last,  
The peevish wanton to the tree make fast.  
Here at adventure, without judge or jury,  
He is condemn'd, while with united fury  
They all assail him. As a thief at bar  
Left to the law, and mercy of his star,  
Hath bills heap'd on him, and is question'd there  
By all the men that have been robb'd that year ;  
So now whatever Fate or their own will  
Scor'd up in life, Cupid must pay the bill.  
Their servant's falsehood, jealousy, disdain,  
And all the plagues that abus'd maids can feign,  
Are laid on him, and then to heighten spleen,  
Their own deaths crown the sum. Press'd thus  
                  between  
His fair accusers, 'tis at last decreed  
He by those weapons, that they died, should bleed.  
One grasps an airy sword, a second holds  
Illusive fire, and in vain wanton folds  
Belies a flame ; others, less kind, appear  
To let him blood, and from the purple tear  
Create a rose. But Sappho all this while

Harvests the air, and from a thicken'd pile  
 Of clouds like Leucas top spreads underneath  
 A sea of mists ; the peaceful billows breathe  
 Without all noise, yet so exactly move  
 They seem to chide, but distant from above  
 Reach not the ear, and—thus prepar'd—at once  
 She doth o'erwhelm him with the airy sconce.  
 Amidst these tumults, and as fierce as they,  
 Venus steps in, and without thought or stay  
 Invades her son ; her old disgrace is cast  
 Into the bill, when Mars and she made fast  
 In their embraces were expos'd to all  
 The scene of gods, stark naked in their fall.  
 Nor serves a verbal penance, but with haste  
 From her fair brow—O happy flow'rs so plac'd !—  
 She tears a rosy garland, and with this  
 Whips the untoward boy ; they gently kiss  
 His snowy skin, but she with angry haste  
 Doubles her strength, until bedew'd at last  
 With a thin bloody sweat, their innate red,  
 —As if griev'd with the act—grew pale and dead.  
 This laid their spleen ; and now—kind souls—no  
     more  
 They'll pun'sh h m ; the torture that he bore  
 Seems greater than his crime ; with joint consent  
 Fate is made guilty, and he innocent.  
 As in a dream with dangers w<sup>e</sup> contest,  
 And fictitious pains seem to afflict our rest,  
 So, frightened only in these shades of night,

Cupid—got loose—stole to the upper light,  
Where ever since—for malice unto these—  
The spiteful ape doth either sex displease.  
But O ! that had these ladies been so wise  
To keep his arms, and give him but his eyes !

## BOET[HIUS, DE CONSOLATIONE]

## LIB. I. METRUM I.

I WHOSE first year flourish'd with youthful verse,  
In slow, sad numbers now my grief rehearse.  
A broken style my sickly lines afford,  
And only tears give weight unto my words.  
Yet neither fate nor force my Muse could fright,  
The only faithful consort of my flight.  
Thus what was once my green years' greatest glory,  
Is now my comfort, grown decay'd and hoary ;  
For killing cares th' effects of age spurr'd on,  
That grief might find a fitting mansion ;  
O'er my young head runs an untimely grey,  
And my loose skin shrinks at my blood's decay.  
Happy the man, whose death in prosp'rous years  
Strikes not, nor shuns him in his age and tears !  
But O ! how deaf is she to hear the cry  
Of th' oppress'd soul, or shut the weeping eye !  
While treach'rous Fortune with slight honours fed  
My first estate, she almost drown'd my head,  
And now since—clouded thus—she hides those rays,  
Life adds unwelcom'd length unto my days.  
Why then, my friends, judg'd you my state so good ?  
He that may fall once, never firmly stood.

## METRUM II.

O IN what haste, with clouds and night  
Eclips'd, and having lost her light,  
The dull soul whom distraction rends  
Into outward darkness tends !  
How often—by these mists made blind—  
Have earthly cares oppress'd the mind !  
This soul, sometimes wont to survey  
The spangled Zodiac's fiery way,  
Saw th' early sun in roses dress'd,  
With the cool moon's unstable crest,  
And whatsoever wanton star,  
In various courses near or far,  
Pierc'd through the orbs, he could full well  
Track all her journey, and would tell  
Her mansions, turnings, rise and fall,  
By curious calculation all.  
Of sudden winds the hidden cause,  
And why the calm sea's quiet face  
With impetuous waves is curl'd,  
What spirit wheels th' harmonious world,  
Or why a star dropp'd in the west  
Is seen to rise again by east,  
Who gives the warm Spring temp'rate hours,  
Decking the Earth with spicy flow'rs,

Or how it comes—for man's recruit—  
That Autumn yields both grape and fruit,  
With many other secrets, he  
Could show the cause and mystery.

But now that light is almost out,  
And the brave soul lies chain'd about  
With outward cares, whose pensive weight  
Sinks down her eyes from their first height,  
And clean contrary to her birth  
Pores on this vile and foolish Earth.

## METRUM IV.

WHOSE calm soul in a settled state  
Kicks under foot the frowns of Fate,  
And in his fortunes, bad or good,  
Keeps the same temper in his blood ;  
Not him the flaming clouds above,  
Nor Ætna's fiery tempests move ;  
No fretting seas from shore to shore,  
Boiling with indignation o'er,  
Nor burning thunderbolt that can  
A mountain shake, can stir this man.  
Dull cowards then ! why should we start  
To see these tyrants act their part ?  
Nor hope, nor fear what may befall,  
And you disarm their malice all.  
But who doth faintly fear or wish,  
And sets no law to what is his,  
Hath lost the buckler, and—poor elf !—  
Makes up a chain to bind himself.



## METRUM V.

O THOU great builder of this starry frame,  
Who fix'd in Thy eternal throne doth tame  
The rapid spheres, and lest they jar  
Hast giv'n a law to ev'ry star.  
Thou art the cause that now the moon  
With full orb dulls the stars, and soon  
Again grows dark, her light being done,  
The nearer still she's to the sun.  
Thou in the early hours of night  
Mak'st the cool evening-star shine bright,  
And at sun-rising—'cause the least—  
Look pale and sleepy in the east.  
Thou, when the leaves in winter stray,  
Appoint'st the sun a shorter way,  
And in the pleasant summer light,  
With nimble hours dost wing the night.  
Thy hand the various year quite through  
Discreetly tempers, that what now  
The north-wind tears from ev'ry tree  
In spring again restor'd we see.  
Then what the winter stars between  
The furrows in mere seed have seen,  
The dog-star since—grown up and born—  
Hath burnt in stately, full-ear'd corn.

Thus by creation's law controll'd

All things their proper stations hold,  
Observing—as Thou didst intend—  
Why they were made, and for what end.  
Only human actions Thou  
Hast no care of, but to the flow  
And ebb of Fortune leav'st them all.  
Hence th' innocent endures that thrall  
Due to the wicked ; whilst alone  
They sit possessors of his throne.  
The just are kill'd, and virtue lies  
Buried in obscurities ;  
And—which of all things is most sad—  
The good man suffers by the bad.  
No perjuries, nor damn'd pretence  
Colour'd with holy, lying sense  
Can them annoy, but when they mind  
To try their force, which most men find,  
They from the highest sway of things  
Can pull down great and pious kings.

O then at length, thus loosely hurl'd,  
Look on this miserable world,  
Whoe'er Thou art, that from above  
Dost in such order all things move !  
And let not man—of divine art  
Not the least, nor vilest part—  
By casual evils thus bandied, be  
The sport of Fate's obliquity.  
But with that faith Thou guid'st the heaven  
Settle this earth, and make them even.

## METRUM VI.

WHEN the Crab's fierce constellation  
Burns with the beams of the bright sun,  
Then he that will go out to sow,  
Shall never reap, where he did plough,  
But instead of corn may rather  
The old world's diet, acorns, gather.  
Who the violet doth love,  
Must seek her in the flow'ry grove,  
But never when the North's cold wind  
The russet fields with frost doth bind.  
If in the spring-time—to no end—  
The tender vine for grapes we bend,  
We shall find none, for only—still—  
Autumn doth the wine-press fill.

Thus for all things—in the world's prime—  
The wise God seal'd their proper time,  
Nor will permit those seasons, He  
Ordain'd by turns, should mingled be ;  
Then whose wild actions out of season  
Cross to Nature, and her reason,  
Would by new ways old orders rend,  
Shall never find a happy end.

## METRUM VII.

CURTAIN'D with clouds in a dark night,  
The stars cannot send forth their light.  
And if a sudden southern blast  
The sea in rolling waves doth cast,  
That angry element doth boil,  
And from the deep with stormy coil  
Spews up the sands, which in short space  
Scatter, and puddle his curl'd face.  
Then those calm waters, which but now  
Stood clear as heaven's unclouded brow,  
And like transparent glass did lie  
Open to ev'ry searcher's eye,  
Look foully stirr'd and—though desir'd—  
Resist the sight, because bemir'd.  
So often from a high hill's brow  
Some pilgrim-spring is seen to flow,  
And in a straight line keep her course,  
'Till from a rock with headlong force  
Some broken piece blocks up the way,  
And forceth all her streams astray.

Then thou that with enlighten'd rays  
Wouldst see the truth, and in her ways  
Keep without error ; neither fear  
The future, nor too much give ear

To present joys ; and give no scope  
To grief, nor much to flatt'ring hope.  
For when these rebels reign, the mind  
Is both a pris'ner, and stark blind.

## LIB. II. METRUM I.

FORTUNE—when with rash hands she quite turmoils  
The state of things, and in tempestuous foils  
Comes whirling like Euripus—beats quite down  
With headlong force the highest monarch's crown,  
And in his place, unto the throne doth fetch  
The despis'd looks of some mechanic wretch :  
So jests at tears and miseries, is proud,  
And laughs to hear her vassals groan aloud.  
These are her sports, thus she her wheel doth drive,  
And plagues man with her blind prerogative ;  
Nor is't a favour of inferior strain,  
If once kick'd down, she lets him rise again

## METRUM II.

IF with an open, bounteous hand  
—Wholly left at man's command—  
Fortune should in one rich flow  
As many heaps on him bestow  
Of massy gold, as there be sands  
Toss'd by the waves and winds rude bands,  
Or bright stars in a winter night  
Decking their silent orbs with light ;  
Yet would his lust know no restraints,  
Nor cease to weep in sad complaints.  
Though Heaven should his vows regard,  
And in a prodigal reward  
Return him all he could implore,  
Adding new honours to his store,  
Yet all were nothing. Goods in sight  
Are scorn'd, and lust in greedy flight  
Lays out for more ; what measure then  
Can tame these wild desires of men ?  
Since all we give both last and first  
Doth but inflame, and feed their thirst.  
For how can he be rich, who 'midst his store  
Sits sadly pining, and believes he's poor.

## METRUM III.

WHEN the sun from his rosy bed  
The dawning light begins to shed,  
The drowsy sky uncurtains round,  
And the—but now bright—stars all drown'd  
In one great light look dull and tame,  
And homage his victorious flame.  
Thus, when the warm Etesian wind  
The Earth's seal'd bosom doth unbind,  
Straight she her various store discloses,  
And purples every grove with roses ;  
But if the South's tempestuous breath  
Breaks forth, those blushes pine to death.  
Oft in a quiet sky the deep  
With unmov'd waves seems fast asleep,  
And oft again the blust'ring North  
In angry heaps provokes them forth.

If then this world, which holds all nations,  
Suffers itself such alterations,  
That not this mighty massy frame,  
Nor any part of it can claim  
One certain course, why should man prate,  
Or censure the designs of Fate ?  
Why from frail honours, and goods lent  
Should he expect things permanent ?  
Since 'tis enacted by Divine decree  
That nothing mortal shall eternal be.



## METRUM IV.

WHO wisely would for his retreat  
Build a secure and lasting seat,  
Where stov'd in silence he may sleep  
Beneath the wind, above the deep ;  
Let him th' high hills leave on one hand,  
And on the other the false sand.  
The first to winds lies plain and even,  
From all the blust'ring points of heaven ;  
The other, hollow and unsure,  
No weight of building will endure.  
Avoiding then the envied state  
Of buildings bravely situate,  
Remember thou thyself to lock  
Within some low neglected rock.  
There when fierce heaven in thunder chides,  
And winds and waves rage on all sides,  
Thou happy in the quiet sense  
Of thy poor cell, with small expense  
Shall lead a life serene and fair,  
And scorn the anger of the air.

## METRUM V.

HAPPY that first white age ! when we  
Lived by the Earth's mere charity.  
No soft luxurious diet then  
Had effeminated men,  
No other meat, nor wine had any  
Than the coarse mast, or simple honey,  
And by the parents' care laid up  
Cheap berries did the children sup.  
No pompous wear was in those days  
Of gummy silks, or scarlet baize,  
Their beds were on some flow'ry brink,  
And clear spring-water was their drink.  
The shady pine in the sun's heat  
Was their cool and known retreat,  
For then 'twas not cut down, but stood  
The youth and glory of the wood.  
The daring sailor with his slaves  
Then had not cut the swelling waves,  
Nor for desire of foreign store  
Seen any but his native shore.  
No stirring drum had scarr'd that age,  
Nor the shrill trumpet's active rage,  
No wounds by bitter hatred made  
With warm blood soil'd the shining blade ;

For how could hostile madness arm  
An age of love, to public harm?  
When common justice none withstood,  
Nor sought rewards for spilling blood.

O that at length our age would raise  
Into the temper of those days!  
But—worse than *Ætna's* fires!—debate  
And avarice inflame our State.  
Alas! who was it that first found  
Gold, hid of purpose under ground,  
That sought our pearls, and div'd to find  
Such precious perils for mankind!

## METRUM VII.

HE that thirsts for glory's prize,  
Thinking that the top of all,  
Let him view th' expansèd skies,  
And the earth's contracted ball ;  
'Twill shame him then : the name he wan  
Fills not the short walk of one man.

## 2.

O why vainly strive you then  
To shake off the bands of Fate,  
Though Fame through the world of men  
Should in all tongues your names relate,  
And with proud titles swell that story :  
The dark grave scorns your brightest glory.

## 3.

There with nobles beggars sway,  
And kings with commons share one dust.  
What news of Brutus at this day,  
Or Fabricius the just ?  
Some rude verse, cut in stone, or lead,  
Keeps up the names, but they are dead.

4.

So shall you one day—past reprieve—

Lie—perhaps—without a name.

But if dead you think to live

By this air of human fame,

Know, when Time stops that posthume breath,

You must endure a second death.

## METRUM VIII.

THAT the world in constant force  
Varies her concordant course ;  
That seeds jarring hot and cold  
Do the breed perpetual hold ;  
That in his golden coach the sun  
Brings the rosy day still on ;  
That the moon sways all those lights  
Which Hesper ushers to dark nights ;  
That alternate tides be found  
The sea's ambitious waves to bound,  
Lest o'er the wide earth without end  
Their fluid empire should extend ;  
All this frame of things that be,  
Love which rules heaven, land, and sea,  
Chains, keeps, orders as we see.  
This, if the reins he once cast by,  
All things that now by turns comply  
Would fall to discord, and this frame  
Which now by social faith they tame,  
And comely orders, in that fight  
And jar of things would perish quite.  
This in a holy league of peace  
Keeps king and people with increasc ;

And in the sacred nuptial bands  
Ties up chaste hearts with willing hands ;  
And this keeps firm without all doubt  
Friends by his bright instinct found out.

O happy nation then were you,  
If love, which doth all things subdue,  
That rules the spacious heav'n, and brings  
Plenty and peace upon his wings,  
Might rule you too ! and without guile  
Settle once more this floating isle !

CASIMIRUS, [LYRICORUM] LIB. IV.  
ODE XXVIII.

ALMIGHTY Spirit ! Thou that by  
Set turns and changes from Thy high  
And glorious throne dost here below  
Rule all, and all things dost foreknow !  
Can those blind plots we here discuss  
Please Thee, as Thy wise counsels us ?  
When Thou Thy blessings here doth strow,  
And pour on earth, we flock and flow,  
With joyous strife and eager care,  
Struggling which shall have the best share  
In Thy rich gifts, just as we see  
Children about nuts disagree.  
Some that a crown have got and foil'd  
Break it ; another sees it spoil'd  
Ere it is gotten. Thus the world  
Is all to piecemeals cut, and hurl'd  
By factious hands. It is a ball  
Which Fate and force divide 'twixt all  
The sons of men. But, O good God !  
While these for dust fight, and a clod,  
Grant that poor I may smile, and be  
At rest and perfect peace with Thee :



CASIMIRUS, [LYRICORUM] LIB. II.  
ODE VII.

It would less vex distressèd man  
If Fortune in the same pace ran  
To ruin him, as he did rise.  
But highest States fall in a trice ;  
No great success held ever long ;  
A restless fate afflicts the throng  
Of kings and commons, and less days  
Serve to destroy them than to raise.  
Good luck smiles once an age, but bad  
Makes kingdoms in a minute sad,  
And ev'ry hour of life we drive,  
Hath o'er us a prerogative.

Then leave—by wild impatience driv'n,  
And rash resents—to rail at heav'n ;  
Leave an unmanly, weak complaint  
That death and fate have no restraint.  
In the same hour that gave thee breath,  
Thou hadst ordain'd thy hour of death,  
But he lives most who here will buy,  
With a few tears, eternity.

CASIMIRUS, [LYRICORUM] LIB. III.  
ODE XXII.

LET not thy youth and false delights  
Cheat thee of life ; those heady flights  
But waste thy time, which posts away  
Like winds unseen, and swift as they.  
Beauty is but mere paint, whose dye  
With Time's breath will dissolve and fly ;  
'Tis wax, 'tis water, 'tis a glass,  
It melts, breaks, and away doth pass.  
'Tis like a rose which in the dawn  
The air with gentle breath doth fawn  
And whisper to, but in the hours  
Of night is sullied with smart showers.  
Life spent is wish'd for but in vain,  
Nor can past years come back again.

Happy the man, who in this vale  
Redeems his time, shutting out all  
Thoughts of the world, whose longing eyes  
Are ever pilgrims in the skies,  
That views his bright home, and desires  
To shine amongst those glorious fires !

CASIMIRUS, LYRIC[ORUM] LIB. III.  
ODE XXIII.

Tis not rich furniture and gems,  
With cedar roofs and ancient stems,  
Nor yet a plenteous, lasting flood  
Of gold, that makes man truly good.  
Leave to inquire in what fair fields  
A river runs which much gold yields ;  
Virtue alone is the rich prize  
Can purchase stars, and buy the skies.  
Let others build with adamant,  
Or pillars of carv'd marble plant,  
Which rude and rough sometimes did dwell  
Far under earth, and near to hell.  
But richer much—from death releas'd—  
Shines in the fresh groves of the East  
The phoenix, or those fish that dwell  
With silver'd scales in Hiddekel.  
Let others with rare, various pearls  
Their garments dress, and in forc'd curls  
Bind up their locks, look big and high,  
And shine in robes of scarlet dye.  
But in my thoughts more glorious far  
Those native stars and speckles are  
Which birds wear, or the spots which we

In leopards dispersèd see.  
The harmless sheep with her warm fleece  
Clothes man, but who his dark heart sees  
Shall find a wolf or fox within,  
That kills the castor for his skin.  
Virtue alone, and nought else can  
A diff'rence make 'twixt beasts and man ;  
And on her wings above the spheres  
To the true light his spirit bears.

CASIMIRUS, [LYRICORUM] LIB. IV.  
ODE XV.

NOTHING on earth, nothing at all  
Can be exempted from the thrall  
Of peevish weariness ! The sun,  
Which our forefathers judg'd to run  
Clear and unspotted, in our days  
Is tax'd with sullen eclips'd rays.  
Whatever in the glorious sky  
Man sees, his rash audacious eye  
Dares censure it, and in mere spite  
At distance will condemn the light.  
The wholesome mornings, whose beams clear  
Those hills our fathers walk'd on here,  
We fancy not ; nor the moon's light  
Which through their windows shin'd at night  
We change the air each year, and scorn  
Those seats in which we first were born.  
Some nice, affected wand'ers love  
Belgia's mild winters, others remove,  
For want of health and honesty,  
To summer it in Italy ;  
But to no end ; the disease still  
Sticks to his lord, and kindly will

To Venice in a barge repair,  
Or coach it to Vienna's air ;  
And then—too late with home content—  
They leave this wilful banishment.

But he, whose constancy makes sure  
His mind and mansion, lives secure  
From such vain tasks, can dine and sup  
Where his old parents bred him up.  
Content—no doubt !—most times doth dwell  
In country shades, or to some cell  
Confines itself ; and can alone  
Make simple straw a royal throne.

CASIMIRUS, [LYRICORUM] LIB. IV.  
ODE XIII.

IF weeping eyes could wash away  
Those evils they mourn for night and day,  
Then gladly I to cure my fears  
With my best jewels would buy tears.  
But as dew feeds the growing corn,  
So crosses that are grown forlorn  
Increase with grief, tears make tears' way,  
And cares kept up keep cares in pay.  
That wretch whom Fortune finds to fear,  
And melting still into a tear,  
She strikes more boldly, but a face  
Silent and dry doth her amaze.  
Then leave thy tears, and tedious tale  
Of what thou dost misfortunes call.  
What thou by weeping think'st to ease,  
Doth by that passion but increase ;  
Hard things to soft will never yield,  
'Tis the dry eye that wins the field ;  
A noble patience quells the spite  
Of Fortune, and disarms her quite.

THE PRAISE OF A RELIGIOUS LIFE BY  
MATHIAS CASIMIRUS. [EPODON ODE  
III.] IN ANSWER TO THAT ODE OF  
HORACE, BEATUS ILLE QUI PROCUL  
NEGOTIIS, &c.

FLACCUS, not so ! that worldly he  
Whom in the country's shade we see  
Ploughing his own fields, seldom can  
Be justly styl'd the blessed man.

That title only fits a saint,  
Whose free thoughts, far above restraint  
And weighty cares, can gladly part  
With house and lands, and leave the smart,  
Litigious troubles and loud strife  
Of this world for a better life.  
He fears no cold nor heat to blast  
His corn, for his accounts are cast ;  
He sues no man, nor stands in awe  
Of the devouring courts of law ;  
But all his time he spends in tears  
For the sins of his youthful years ;  
Or having tasted those rich joys  
Of a conscience without noise,  
Sits in some fair shade, and doth give



To his wild thoughts rules how to live.

He in the evening, when on high  
The stars shine in the silent sky,  
Beholds th' eternal flames with mirth,  
And globes of light more large than Earth ;  
Then weeps for joy, and through his tears  
Looks on the fire-enamell'd spheres,  
Where with his Saviour he would be  
Lifted above mortality.

Meanwhile the golden stars do set,  
And the slow pilgrim leave all wet  
With his own tears, which flow so fast  
They make his sleeps light, and soon past.  
By this, the sun o'er night deceas'd  
Breaks in fresh blushes from the East,  
When, mindful of his former falls,  
With strong cries to his God he calls,  
And with such deep-drawn sighs doth move  
That He turns anger into love.

In the calm Spring, when the Earth bears,  
And feeds on April's breath and tears,  
His eyes, accustom'd to the skies,  
Find here fresh objects, and like spies  
Or busy bees, search the soft flow'rs,  
Contemplate the green fields and bow'rs,  
Where he in veils and shades doth see  
The back parts of the Deity.  
Then sadly sighing says, " O ! how  
These flow'rs with hasty, stretch'd heads grow

And strive for heav'n, but rooted here  
Lament the distance with a tear !  
The honeysuckles clad in white,  
The rose in red, point to the light ;  
And the lilies, hollow and bleak,  
Look as if they would something speak ;  
They sigh at night to each soft gale,  
And at the day-spring weep it all.  
Shall I then only—wretched I !—  
Oppress'd with earth, on earth still lie ?”  
Thus speaks he to the neighbour trees,  
And many sad soliloquies  
To springs and fountains doth impart,  
Seeking God with a longing heart.

But if to ease his busy breast  
He thinks of home, and taking rest,  
A rural cot and common fare  
Are all his cordials against care.  
There at the door of his low cell,  
Under some shade, or near some well  
Where the cool poplar grows, his plate  
Of common earth without more state  
Expect their lord. Salt in a shell,  
Green cheese, thin beer, draughts that will tell  
No tales, a hospitable cup,  
With some fresh berries, do make up  
His healthful feast ; nor doth he wish  
For the fat carp, or a rare dish  
Of Lucrine oysters ; the swift quist

Or pigeon sometimes—if he list—  
 With the slow goose that loves the stream,  
 Fresh, various salads, and the bean  
 By curious palates never sought,  
 And, to close with, some cheap unbought  
 Dish for digestion, are the most  
 And choicest dainties he can boast.

Thus feasted, to the flow'ry groves  
 Or pleasant rivers he removes,  
 Where near some fair oak, hung with mast,  
 He shuns the South's infectious blast.  
 On shady banks sometimes he lies,  
 Sometimes the open current tries,  
 Where with his line and feather'd fly  
 He sports, and takes the scaly fry.  
 Meanwhile each hollow wood and hill  
 Doth ring with lowings long and shrill,  
 And shady lakes with rivers deep  
 Echo the bleating of the sheep ;  
 The blackbird with the pleasant thrush  
 And nightingale in ev'ry bush  
 Choice music give, and shepherds play  
 Unto their flock some loving lay !  
 The thirsty reapers, in thick throngs,  
 Return home from the field with songs,  
 And the carts, laden with ripe corn,  
 Come groaning to the well-stor'd barn.

Nor pass we by, as the least good,  
 A peaceful, loving neighbourhood,

Whose honest wit, and chaste discourse  
Make none—by hearing it—the worse,  
But innocent and merry, may  
Help—without sin—to spend the day.  
Could now the tyrant usurer,  
Who plots to be a purchaser  
Of his poor neighbour's seat, but taste  
These true delights, O ! with what haste  
And hatred of his ways, would he  
Renounce his Jewish cruelty,  
And those curs'd sums, which poor men borrow  
On use to-day, remit to-morrow !

## AD FLUVIUM ISCAM.

ISCA parens florum, placido qui spumeus ore  
    Lambis lapillos aureos ;  
Qui mæstos hyacinthos, et picti *ἄλσας* tophi  
    Mulces susurris humidis ;  
Dumque novas pergunt menses consumere lunas  
    Cœlumque mortales terit,  
Accumulas cum sole dies, ævumque per omne  
    Fidelis induras latex ;  
O quis inaccessos et quali murmure lucos  
    Mutumque solaris nemus !  
Per te discerpti credo Thracis ire querelas  
    Plectrumque divini senis.

VENERABILI VIRO PRÆCEPTORI SUO  
OLIM ET SEMPER COLENDISSIMO  
MAGISTRO MATHÆO HERBERT.

QUOD vixi, Mathæe, dedit pater, hæc tamen olim

Vita fluat, nec erit fas meminisse datam.

Ultra curasti solers, perituraque mecum

Nomina post cineres das resonare meos.

Divide discipulum : brevis hæc et lubrica nostri

Pars vertat patri, posthuma vita tibi.

PRÆSTANTISSIMO VIRO THOMÆ POËLLO  
IN SUUM DE ELEMENTIS OPTICÆ  
LIBELLUM.<sup>1</sup>

VIVACES oculorum ignes et lumina dia  
 Fixit in angusto maximus orbe Deus ;  
 Ille explorantes radios dedit, et vaga lustra  
 In quibus intuitus lexque, modusque latent.  
 Hos tacitos jactus, lususque, volubilis orbis  
 Pingis in exiguo, magne<sup>2</sup> Poëlle, libro,  
 Excursusque situsque ut Lynceus opticus, edis,  
 Quotque modis fallunt, quotque adhibenda fides.  
 Æmula Naturæ manus ! et mens conscia cœli.  
 Illa videre dedit, vestra videre docet.

<sup>1</sup> The version in *Elementa Opticæ* has *Eximio viro, et amicorum longè optimo, T.P. in hunc suum de Elementis Opticæ libellum.*

<sup>2</sup> *El. Opt.* has *docte.*

## AD ECHUM.

O QUÆ frondosæ per amœna cubilia silvæ  
Nympha volas, lucoque loquax spatiaris in alto,  
Annosi numen nemoris, saltusque verendi  
Effatum, cui sola placent postrema relatus !  
Te per Narcissi morientis verba, precesque  
Per pueri lassatam animam, et conamina vitæ  
Ultima, palantisque precor suspiria linguæ.  
Da quo secretæ hæc incædua devia silvæ,  
Anfractusque loci dubios, et lustra repandam.  
Sic tibi perpetua—meritoque—hæc regna juvena  
Luxurient, dabiturque tuis, sine fine, viretis  
Intactas lunæ lachrymas, et lambere rorem  
Virgineum, cœlique animas haurire tepentis.  
Nec cedant ævo stellis, sed lucida semper  
Et satiata sacro æterni medicamine veris  
Ostendant longe vegetos, ut sidera, vultus !  
Sic spiret muscata comas, et cinnama passim !  
Diffundat levis umbra, in funere qualia spargit  
Phœnicis rogos aut Pancheæ nubila flammæ !



THALIA REDIVIVA.

1678.



TO THE MOST HONOURABLE AND TRULY  
NOBLE HENRY, LORD MARQUIS AND  
EARL OF WORCESTER, &c.

MY LORD,

THOUGH dedications are now become a kind of tyranny over the peace and repose of great men ; yet I have confidence I shall so manage the present address as to entertain your lordship without much disturbance ; and because my purposes are governed by deep respect and veneration, I hope to find your Lordship more facile and accessible. And I am already absolved from a great part of that fulsome and designing guilt, being sufficiently removed from the causes of it : for I consider, my Lord, that you are already so well known to the world in your several characters and advantages of honour—it was yours by traduction, and the adjunct of your nativity ; you were swaddled and rocked in't, bred up and grew in't, to your now wonderful height and eminence—that for me under pretence of the inscription, to give you the heraldry of your family, or to carry your person through the famed topics of mind, body, or estate, were all one as to persuade the world that fire and light were very bright bodies, or that the

luminaries themselves had glory. In point of protection I beg to fall in with the common wont, and to be satisfied by the reasonableness of the thing, and abundant worthy precedents; and although I should have secret prophecy and assurance that the ensuing verse would live eternally, yet would I, as I now do, humbly crave it might be fortified with your patronage; for so the sextile aspects and influences are watched for, and applied to the actions of life, thereby to make the scheme and good auguries of the birth pass into Fate, and a success infallible.

My Lord, by a happy obliging intercession, and your own consequent indulgence, I have now recourse to your Lordship, hoping I shall not much displease by putting these twin poets into your hands. The minion and vertical planet of the Roman lustre and bravery, was never better pleased than when he had a whole constellation about him: not his finishing five several wars to the promoting of his own interest, nor particularly the prodigious success at Actium where he held in chase the wealth, beauty and prowess of the East; not the triumphs and absolute dominions which followed: all this gave him not half that serene pride and satisfaction of spirit as when he retired himself to umpire the different excellencies of his insipid friends, and to distribute laurels among his poetic heroes. If now upon the authority of this and several such examples, I had the ability and opportunity of drawing the value and

strange worth of a poet, and withal of applying some of the lineaments to the following pieces, I should then do myself a real service, and atone in a great measure for the present insolence. But best of all will it serve my defence and interest, to appeal to your Lordship's own conceptions and image of genuine verse; with which so just, so regular original, if these copies shall hold proportion and resemblance, then am I advanced very far in your Lordship's pardon: the rest will entirely be supplied me by your Lordship's goodness, and my own awful zeal of being, my Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient, most humbly  
devoted servant, J. W.



## TO THE READER.

THE Nation of Poets above all Writers has ever challenged perpetuity of name, or as they please by their charter of liberty to call it, Immortality. Nor has the World much disputed their claim, either easily resigning a patrimony in itself not very substantial ; or, it may be, out of despair to control the authority of inspiration and oracle. Howsoever the price as now quarrelled for among the poets themselves is no such rich bargain : it is only a vanishing interest in the lees and dregs of Time, in the rear of those Fathers and Worthies in the art, who if they know anything of the heats and fury of their successors, must extremely pity them.

I am to assure, that the Author has no portion of that airy happiness to lose, by any injury or unkindness which may be done to his Verse : his reputation is better built in the sentiment of several judicious persons, who know him very well able to give himself a lasting monument, by undertaking any argument of note in the whole circle of learning.

But even these his Diversions have been valuable

with the matchless Orinda ; and since they deserved her esteem and commendations, who so thinks them not worth the publishing, will put himself in the opposite scale, where his own arrogance will blow him up.

I. W.



TO MR. HENRY VAUGHAN THE SILURIST :  
UPON THESE AND HIS FORMER  
POEMS.<sup>1</sup>

HAD I ador'd the multitude, and thence  
Got an antipathy to wit and sense,  
And hugg'd that fate, in hope the world would grant  
'Twas good affection to be ignorant ;<sup>2</sup>  
Yet the least ray of thy bright fancy seen,  
I had converted, or excuseless been.  
For each birth of thy Muse to after-times  
Shall expiate for all this Age's crimes.  
First shines thy Amoret, twice crown'd by thee,  
Once by thy love, next by thy poetry ;  
Where thou the best of unions dost dispense,  
Truth cloth'd in wit, and Love in innocence ;  
So that the muddy lover may learn here,  
No fountains can be sweet that are not clear.  
There Juvenal, by thee reviv'd, declares  
How flat man's joys are, and how mean his cares ;  
And wisely doth upbraid<sup>3</sup> the world, that they  
Should such a value for their ruin pay.

<sup>1</sup> 1664-1667 have *To Mr. Henry Vaughan, Silurist, on his Poems.*

<sup>2</sup> So 1664-1667. *Thalia Rediviva* has *the ignorant*.

<sup>3</sup> 1664 has *generally upbraids* ; 1667, *generously upbraids*

But when thy sacred Muse diverts her quill  
The landscape to design of Sion's hill,<sup>1</sup>  
As nothing else was worthy her, or thee,  
So we admire almost t' idolatry.  
What savage breast would not be rapt to find  
Such jewels in such cabinets enshrined ?  
Thou fill'd with joys—too great to see or count—  
Descend'st from thence, like Moses from the Mount,  
And with a candid, yet unquestion'd awe  
Restor'st the Golden Age, when Verse was Law.  
Instructing us, thou so secur'st<sup>2</sup> thy fame,  
That nothing can disturb it but my name :  
Nay, I have hopes that standing so near thine  
'Twill lose its dross, and by degrees refine.  
Live ! till the disabusèd world consent  
All truths of use, of strength or ornament,  
Are with such harmony by thee display'd  
As the whole world was first by number made,  
And from the charming rigour thy Muse brings  
Learn, there's no pleasure but in serious things !

ORINDA.

<sup>1</sup> 1664-1667 have *Leon's hill*.

<sup>2</sup> 1664 has *thou who securest*.

UPON THE INGENIOUS POEMS OF HIS  
LEARNED FRIEND, MR. HENRY  
VAUGHAN, THE SILURIST.

FAIRLY design'd ! to charm our civil rage  
With verse, and plant bays in an iron age !  
But hath steel'd Mars so ductible a soul,  
That love and poesy may it control ?  
Yes ! brave Tyrtæus, as we read of old,  
The Grecian armies as he pleas'd could mould ;  
They march'd to his high numbers, and did fight  
With that instinct and rage, which he did write.  
When he fell lower, they would straight retreat,  
Grow soft and calm, and temper their bold heat.  
Such magic is in Virtue ! See here a young  
Tyrtæus too, whose sweet persuasive song  
Can lead our spirits any way, and move  
To all adventures, either war or love.  
Then veil the bright Etesia, that choice she,  
Lest Mars—Timander's friend—his rival be.  
So fair a nymph, dress'd by a Muse so neat,  
Might warm the North, and thaw the frozen Gete.

THO. POWELL, D.D.

TO THE INGENIOUS AUTHOR OF  
THALIA REDIVIVA.

## ODE I.

WHERE reverend bards of old have sate  
And sung the pleasant interludes of Fate,  
    Thou takest the hereditary shade  
    Which Nature's homely art had made,  
And thence thou giv'st thy Muse her swing, and she  
    Advances to the galaxy ;  
There with the sparkling Cowley she above  
Does hand in hand in graceful measures move.  
    We grovelling mortals gaze below,  
    And long in vain to know  
Her wondrous paths, her wondrous flight :  
    In vain, alas ! we grope,<sup>1</sup>  
    In vain we use our earthly telescope,  
    We're blinded by an intermedial night.  
    Thine eagle-Muse can only face  
    The fiery coursers in their race,  
While with unequal paces we do try  
To bear her train aloft, and keep her company.

## II.

The loud harmonious Mantuan  
Once charm'd the world ; and here's the Uscan swan

<sup>1</sup> The original has *flight In raine ; alas ! we grope.*

In his declining years does chime,  
And challenges the last remains of Time.  
Ages run on, and soon give o'er,  
They have their graves as well as we ;  
Time swallows all that's past and more,  
Yet time is swallow'd in eternity :  
This is the only profits poets see.  
There thy triumphant Muse shall ride in state  
And lead in chains devouring Fate ;  
Claudian's bright Phoenix she shall bring  
Thee an immortal offering ;  
Nor shall my humble tributary Muse  
Her homage and attendance too refuse ;  
She thrusts herself among the crowd,  
And joining in th' applause she strives to clap aloud.

## III.

Tell me no more that Nature is severe,  
Thou great philosopher !  
Lo ! she has laid her vast exchequer here.  
Tell me no more that she has sent  
So much already, she is spent ;  
Here is a vast America behind  
Which none but the great Silurist could find.  
Nature her last edition was the best,  
As big, as rich as all the rest :  
So will we here admit  
Another world of wit.

No rude or savage fancy here shall stay  
The travelling reader in his way,  
But every coast is clear : go where he will,  
Virtue's the road Thalia leads him still.  
Long may she live, and wreath thy sacred head  
For this her happy resurrection from the dead.

N. W., JEE. COLL., OXON.

TO MY WORTHY FRIEND, MR. HENRY  
VAUGHAN THE SILURIST.

SEE what thou wert ! by what Platonic round  
Art thou in thy first youth and glories found ?  
Or from thy Muse does this retrieve accrue ?  
Does she which once inspir'd thee, now renew,  
Bringing thee back those golden years which Time  
Smooth'd to thy lays, and polish'd with thy rhyme ?  
Nor is't to thee alone she does convey  
Such happy change, but bountiful as day,  
On whatsoever reader she does shine,  
She makes him like thee, and for ever thine.

And first thy manual op'ning gives to see  
Eclipse and suff rings burnish majesty,  
Where thou so artfully the draught hast made  
That we best read the lustre in the shade,  
And find our sov'reign greater in that shroud :  
So lightning dazzles from its night and cloud,  
So the First Light Himself has for His throne  
Blackness, and darkness his pavilion.

Who can refuse thee company, or stay,  
By thy next charming summons forc'd away,  
If that be force which we can so resent,  
That only in its joys 'tis violent :

Upward thy Eagle bears us ere aware,  
Till above storms and all tempestuous air  
We radiant worlds with their bright people meet,  
Leaving this little all beneath our feet.  
But now the pleasure is too great to tell,  
Nor have we other bus'ness than to dwell,  
As on the hallow'd Mount th' Apostles meant  
To build and fix their glorious banishment.  
Yet we must know and find thy skilful vein  
Shall gently bear us to our homes again ;  
By which descent thy former flight's impli'd  
To be thy ecstasy and not thy pride.  
And here how well does the wise Muse demean  
Herself, and fit her song to ev'ry scene !  
Riot of courts, the bloody wreaths of war,  
Cheats of the mart, and clamours of the bar,  
Nay, life itself thou dost so well express,  
Its hollow joys, and real emptiness,  
That Dorian minstrel never did excite,  
Or raise for dying so much appetite.

Nor does thy other softer magic move  
Us less thy fam'd Etesia to love ;  
Where such a character thou giv'st, that shame  
Nor envy dare approach the vestal dame :  
So at bright prime ideas none repine,  
They safely in th' eternal poet shine.

Gladly th' Assyrian phoenix now resumes  
From thee this last reprisal of his plumes ;



He seems another more miraculous thing,  
Brighter of crest, and stronger of his wing,  
Proof against Fate in spicy urns to come,  
Immortal past all risk of martyrdom.

Nor be concern'd, nor fancy thou art rude  
T' adventure from thy Cambrian solitude :  
Best from those lofty cliffs thy Muse does spring  
Upwards, and boldly spreads her cherub wing.

So when the sage of Memphis would converse  
With boding skies, and th' azure universe,  
He climbs his starry pyramid, and thence  
Freely sucks clean prophetic influence,  
And all serene, and rapt and gay he pries  
Through the ethereal volume's mysteries,  
Loth to come down, or ever to know more  
The Nile's luxurious, but dull foggy shore.

I. W., A.M. OXON.

## CHOICE POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

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TO HIS LEARNED FRIEND AND LOYAL  
FELLOW-PRISONER, THOMAS POWEL  
OF CANT[REFF], DOCTOR OF DIVINITY.

If sever'd friends, by sympathy can join,  
And absent kings be honour'd in their coin ;  
May they do both, who are so curb'd ? but we  
Whom no such abstracts torture, that can see  
And pay each other a full self-return,  
May laugh, though all such metaphysics burn.

'Tis a kind soul in magnets, that atones  
Such two hard things as iron are and stones,  
And in their dumb compliance we learn more  
Of love, than ever books could speak before.  
For though attraction hath got all the name,  
As if that power but from one side came,  
Which both unites ; yet, where there is no sense  
There is no passion, nor intelligence :

And so by consequence we cannot state  
 A commerce, unless both we animate.  
 For senseless things, though ne'er so called upon,  
 Are deaf, and feel no invitation,  
 But such as at the last day shall be shed  
 By the great Lord of life into the dead.  
 'Tis then no heresy to end the strife  
 With such rare doctrine as gives iron life.

For were it otherwise—which cannot be,  
 And do thou judge my bold philosophy—  
 Then it would follow that if I were dead,  
 Thy love, as now in life, would in that bed  
 Of earth and darkness warm me, and dispense  
 Effectual informing influence.  
 Since then 'tis clear, that friendship is nought else  
 But a joint, kind propension, and excess  
 In none, but such whose equal, easy hearts  
 Comply and meet both in their whole and parts,  
 And when they cannot meet, do not forget  
 To mingle souls, but secretly reflect  
 And some third place their centre make, where they  
 Silently mix, and make an unseen stay :  
 Let me not say—though poets may be bold—  
 Thou art more hard than steel, than stones more  
 cold,

But as the marigold in feasts of dew  
 And early sunbeams, though but thin and few,  
 Unfolds itself, then from the Earth's cold breast  
 Heaves gently, and salutes the hopeful East :

So from thy quiet cell, the retir'd throne  
Of thy fair thoughts, which silently bemoan  
Our sad distractions, come ! and richly dress'd  
With reverend mirth and manners, check the rest  
Of loose, loath'd men ! Why should I longer be  
Rack'd 'twixt two evils ? I see and cannot see.

THE KING DISGUISED.

*Written about the same time that Mr. John  
Cleveland wrote his.*

A KING and no king ! Is he gone from us,  
And stoln alive into his coffin thus ?  
This was to ravish death, and so prevent  
The rebels' treason and their punishment.  
He would not have them damn'd, and therefore he  
Himself deposèd his own majesty.  
Wolves did pursue him, and to fly the ill  
He wanders—royal saint !—in sheepskin still.  
Poor, obscure shelter, if that shelter be  
Obscure, which harbours so much majesty.  
Hence, profane eyes ! the mystery's so deep,  
Like Esdras books, the vulgar must not see't.  
Thou flying roll, written with tears and woe.  
Not for thy royal self, but for thy foe !  
Thy grief is prophecy, and doth portend,  
Like sad Ezekiel's sighs, the rebel's end.  
Thy robes forc'd off, like Samuel's when rent,  
Do figure out another's punishment.

Nor grieve thou hast put off thyself awhile,  
To serve as prophet to this sinful isle ;  
These are our days of Purim, which oppress  
The Church, and force thee to the wilderness.  
But all these clouds cannot thy light confine,  
The sun in storms and after them, will shine.  
Thy day of life cannot be yet complete,  
'Tis early, sure, thy shadow is so great.

But I am vex'd, that we at all can guess  
This change, and trust great Charles to such a  
dress.

When he was first obscur'd with this coarse thing,  
He grac'd plebeians, but profan'd the king :  
Like some fair church, which zeal to charcoals  
burn'd,

Or his own court now to an alehouse turn'd.

But full as well may we blame night, and chide  
His wisdom, Who doth light with darkness hide,  
Or deny curtains to thy royal bed,  
As take this sacred cov'ring from thy head.  
Secrets of State are points we must not know ;  
This vizard is thy privy-council now,  
Thou royal riddle, and in everything  
The true white prince, our hieroglyphic king !  
Ride safely in His shade, Who gives thee light,  
And can with blindness thy pursuers smite.  
O ! may they wander all from thee as far  
As they from peace are, and thyself from war !  
And wheresoe'er thou dost design to be

With thy—now spotted—spotless majesty,  
Be sure to look no sanctuary there,  
Nor hope for safety in a temple, where  
Buyers and sellers trade : O ! strengthen not  
With too much trust the treason of a Scot !

## THE EAGLE.

Tis madness sure ; and I am in the fit,  
To dare an eagle with my unfledg'd wit.  
For what did ever Rome or Athens sing  
In all their lines, as lofty as his wing ?  
He that an eagle's powers would rehearse  
Should with his plumes first feather all his verse.

I know not, when into thee I would pry,  
Which to admire, thy wing first, or thine eye ;  
Or whether Nature at thy birth design'd  
More of her fire for thee, or of her wind.  
When thou in the clear heights and upmost air  
Dost face the sun and his dispersèd hair,  
Ev'n from that distance thou the sea dost spy  
And sporting in its deep, wide lap, the fry.  
Not the least minnow there but thou canst see :  
Whole seas are narrow spectacles to thee.

Nor is this element of water here  
Below of all thy miracles the sphere.  
If poets ought may add unto thy store,  
Thou hast in heav'n of wonders many more.  
For when just Jove to earth his thunder bends,  
And from that bright, eternal fortress sends  
His louder volleys, straight this bird doth fly  
To Ætna, where his magazine doth lie,



And in his active talons brings him more  
 Of ammunition, and recruits his store.  
 Nor is't a low or easy lift. He soars  
 'Bove wind and fire ; gets to the moon, and pores  
 With scorn upon her duller face ; for she  
 Gives him but shadows and obscurity.  
 Here much displeas'd, that anything like night  
 Should meet him in his proud and lofty flight,  
 That such dull tinctures should advance so far,  
 And rival in the glories of a star,  
 Resolv'd he is a nobler course to try,  
 And measures out his voyage with his eye.  
 Then with such fury he begins his flight,  
 As if his wings contended with his sight.  
 Leaving the moon, whose humble light doth trade  
 With spots, and deals most in the dark and  
     shade,  
 To the day's royal planet he doth pass  
 With daring eyes, and makes the sun his glass.  
 Here doth he plume and dress himself, the beams  
 Rushing upon him like so many streams ;  
 While with direct looks he doth entertain  
 The thronging flames, and shoots them back again.  
 And thus from star to star he doth repair,  
 And wantons in that pure and peaceful air.  
 Sometimes he frights the starry swan, and now  
 Orion's fearful hare, and then the crow.  
 Then with the orb itself he moves, to see  
 Which is more swift, th' intelligence or he.

Thus with his wings his body he hath brought  
Where man can travel only in a thought.

I will not seek, rare bird, what spirit 'tis  
That mounts thee thus ; I'll be content with this,  
To think that Nature made thee to express  
Our soul's bold heights in a material dress.

TO MR. M. L. UPON HIS REDUCTION OF  
THE PSALMS INTO METHOD.

SIR,

You have oblig'd the patriarch, and 'tis known  
He is your debtor now, though for his own.  
What he wrote is a medley : we can see  
Confusion trespass on his piety.  
Misfortunes did not only strike at him,  
They chargèd further, and oppress'd his pen ;  
For he wrote as his crosses came, and went  
By no safe rule, but by his punishment.  
His quill mov'd by the rod ; his wits and he  
Did know no method, but their misery.

You brought his Psalms now into tune. Nay all  
His measures thus are more than musical ;  
Your method and his airs are justly sweet,  
And—what's church music right—like anthems meet.  
You did so much in this, that I believe  
He gave the matter, you the form did give.  
And yet I wish you were not understood,  
For now 'tis a misfortune to be good !

Why then you'll say, all I would have, is this :  
None must be good, because the time's amiss.  
For since wise Nature did ordain the night,  
I would not have the sun to give us light.

Whereas this doth not take the use away,  
But urgeth the necessity of day.  
Proceed to make your pious work as free,  
Stop not your seasonable charity.  
Good works despis'd or censur'd by bad times  
Should be sent out to aggravate their crimes.  
They should first share and then reject our store,  
Abuse our good, to make their guilt the more.  
'Tis war strikes at our sins, but it must be  
A persecution wounds our piety.

TO THE PIOUS MEMORY OF C[HARLES]  
W[ALBEOFFE] ESQUIRE, WHO  
FINISHED HIS COURSE HERE, AND  
MADE HIS ENTRANCE INTO IMMOR-  
TALITY UPON THE 13 OF SEPTEMBER,  
IN THE YEAR OF REDEMPTION, 1653.

Now that the public sorrow doth subside,  
And those slight tears which custom springs are dried ;  
While all the rich and outside mourners pass  
Home from thy dust, to empty their own glass ;  
I—who the throng affect not, nor their state—  
Steal to thy grave undress'd, to meditate  
On our sad loss, accompanied by none,  
An obscure mourner that would weep alone.

So, when the world's great luminary sets,  
Some scarce known star into the zenith gets,  
Twinkles and curls, a weak but willing spark,  
As glow-worms here do glitter in the dark.  
Yet, since the dimmest flame that kindles there  
An humble love unto the light doth bear,  
And true devotion from an hermit's cell  
Will Heav'n's kind King as soon reach and as well,  
As that which from rich shrines and altars flies,  
Led by ascending incense to the skies :

'Tis no malicious rudeness, if the might  
Of love makes dark things wait upon the bright,  
And from my sad retirements calls me forth,  
The just recorder of thy death and worth.

Long didst thou live—if length be measured by  
The tedious reign of our calamity—  
And counter to all storms and changes still  
Kept'st the same temper, and the selfsame will.  
Though trials came as duly as the day,  
And in such mists, that none could see his way,  
Yet thee I found still virtuous, and saw  
The sun give clouds, and Charles give both the law.  
When private interest did all hearts bend,  
And wild dissents the public peace did rend,  
Thou, neither won, nor worn, wert still thyself,  
Not aw'd by force, nor basely brib'd with pelf.

What the insuperable stream of times  
Did dash thee with, those suff'rings were, not crimes.  
So the bright sun eclipses bears ; and we,  
Because then passive, blame him not. Should he  
For enforc'd shades, and the moon's ruder veil  
Much nearer us than him, be judg'd to fail ?  
Who traduce thee, so err. As poisons by  
Correction are made antidotes, so thy  
Just soul did turn ev'n hurtful things to good,  
Us'd bad laws so they drew not tears, nor blood.  
Heav'n was thy aim, and thy great, rare design  
Was not to lord it here, but there to shine.  
Earth nothing had, could tempt thee. All that c'er

Thou pray'd'st for here was peace, and glory there.  
 For though thy course in Time's long progress fell  
 On a sad age, when war and open'd hell  
 Licens'd all arts and sects, and made it free  
 To thrive by fraud, and blood, and blasphemy :  
 Yet thou thy just inheritance didst by  
 No sacrilege, nor pillage multiply.  
 No rapine swell'd thy state, no bribes, nor fees,  
 Our new oppressors' best annuities.  
 Such clean pure hands hadst thou ! and for thy heart,  
 Man's secret region, and his noblest part ;  
 Since I was privy to't, and had the key  
 Of that fair room, where thy bright spirit lay,  
 I must affirm it did as much surpass  
 Most I have known, as the clear sky doth glass.  
 Constant and kind, and plain, and meek, and mild  
 It was, and with no new conceits defil'd.  
 Busy, but sacred thoughts—like bees—did still  
 Within it stir, and strive unto that hill  
 Where redeem'd spirits, evermore alive,  
 After their work is done, ascend and hive.  
 No outward tumults reach'd this inward place :  
 'Twas holy ground, where peace, and love, and grace  
 Kept house, where the immortal restless life,  
 In a most dutiful and pious strife,  
 Like a fix'd watch, mov'd all in order still ;  
 The will serv'd God, and ev'ry sense the will !

In this safe state Death met thee, Death, which is  
 But a kind usher of the good to bliss,

Therefore to weep because thy course is run,  
Or droop like flow'rs, which lately lost the sun,  
I cannot yield, since Faith will not permit  
A tenure got by conquest to the pit.  
For the great Victor fought for us, and He  
Counts ev'ry dust that is laid up of thee.  
Besides, Death now grows decrepit, and hath  
Spent the most part both of its time and wrath.  
That thick, black night, which mankind fear'd, is torn  
By troops of stars, and the bright day's forlorn.  
The next glad news—most glad unto the just ! —  
Will be the trumpet's summons from the dust.  
Then I'll not grieve ; nay, more, I'll not allow  
My soul should think thee absent from me now.  
Some bid their dead “ Good night ! ” but I will say  
“ Good morrow to dear Charles ! ” for it is day.



IN ZODIACUM MARCELLI PALINGENII.

It is perform d ! and thy great name doth run  
 Through ev'ry sign, an everlasting sun,  
 Not planet-like, but fixed ; and we can see  
 Thy genius stand still in his apogee.  
 For how canst thou an aux eternal miss,  
 Where ev'ry house thy exaltation is ?  
 Here's no ecliptic threatens thee with night,  
 Although the wiser few take in thy light.  
 They are not at that glorious pitch, to be  
 In a conjunction with divinity.  
 Could we partake some oblique ray of thine,  
 Salute thee in a sextile, or a trine,  
 It were enough ; but thou art flown so high,  
 The telescope is turn'd a common eye.  
 Had the grave Chaldee liv'd thy book to see,  
 He had known no astrology but thee ;  
 Nay, more—for I believe't—thou shouldst have been  
 Tutor to all his planets, and to him.  
 Thus, whosoever reads thee, his charm'd sense  
 Proves captive to thy zodiac's influence.  
 Were it not foul to err so, I should look  
 Here for the Rabbins' universal book :  
 And say, their fancies did but dream of thee,  
 When first they doted on that mystery.

Each line's a *via lactea*, where we may  
See thy fair steps, and tread that happy way  
Thy genius led thee in. Still I will be  
Lodg'd in some sign, some face, and some degree  
Of thy bright zodiac ; thus I'll teach my sense  
To move by that, and thee th' intelligence.

TO LYSIMACHUS, THE AUTHOR BEING  
WITH HIM IN LONDON.

SAW not, Lysimachus, last day, when we  
Took the pure air in its simplicity,  
And our own too, how the trimm'd gallants went  
Cringing, and pass'd each step some compliment ?  
What strange, fantastic diagrams they drew  
With legs and arms ; the like we never knew  
In Euclid, Archimede, nor all of those  
Whose learnèd lines are neither verse nor prose ?  
What store of lace was there ? how did the gold  
Run in rich traces, but withal made bold  
To measure the proud things, and so deride  
The fops with that, which was part of their pride ?  
How did they point at us, and boldly call,  
As if we had been vassals to them all,  
Their poor men-mules, sent thither by hard fate  
To yoke ourselves for their sedans, and state ?  
Of all ambitions, this was not the least,  
Whose drift translated man into a beast.  
What blind discourse the heroes did afford !  
This lady was their friend, and such a lord.  
How much of blood was in it ! one could tell  
He came from Bevis and his Arundel ;

Morglay was yet with him, and he could do  
More feats with it than his old grandsire too.

Wonders my friend at this ? what is't to thee,  
Who canst produce a nobler pedigree,  
And in mere truth affirm thy soul of kin  
To some bright star, or to a cherubin ?  
When these in their profuse moods spend the night,  
With the same sins they drive away the light.  
Thy learnèd thrift puts her to use, while she  
Reveals her fiery volume unto thee ;  
And looking on the separated skies,  
And their clear lamps, with careful thoughts and eyes,  
Thou break'st through Nature's upmost rooms and  
bars  
To heav'n, and there conversest with the stars.

Well fare such harmless, happy nights, that be  
Obscur'd with nothing but their privacy,  
And missing but the false world's glories do  
Miss all those vices which attend them too !  
Fret not to hear their ill-got, ill-giv'n praise ;  
Thy darkest nights outshine their brightest days.

ON SIR THOMAS BODLEY'S LIBRARY,  
THE AUTHOR BEING THEN IN  
OXFORD.

BOAST not, proud Golgotha, that thou canst show  
The ruins of mankind, and let us know  
How frail a thing is flesh ! though we see there  
But empty skulls, the Rabbins still live here.  
They are not dead, but full of blood again ;  
I mean the sense, and ev'ry line a vein.  
Triumph not o'er their dust ; whoever looks  
In here, shall find their brains all in their books.

Nor is't old Palestine alone survives ;  
Athens lives here, more than in Plutarch's Lives.  
The stones, which sometimes danc'd unto the strain  
Of Orpheus, here do lodge his Muse again.  
And you, the Roman spirits, learning has  
Made your lives longer than your empire was.  
Cæsar had perish'd from the world of men  
Had not his sword been rescu'd by his pen.  
Rare Seneca, how lasting is thy breath !  
Though Nero did, thou couldst not bleed to death.  
How dull the expert tyrant was, to look  
For that in thee which livèd in thy book !  
Afflictions turn our blood to ink, and we

Commence, when writing, our eternity.  
Lucilius here I can behold, and see  
His counsels and his life proceed from thee.  
But what care I to whom thy Letters be ?  
I change the name, and thou dost write to me ;  
And in this age, as sad almost as thine,  
Thy stately Consolations are mine.  
Poor earth ! what though thy viler dust enrolls  
The frail enclosures of these mighty souls ?  
Their graves are all upon record ; not one  
But is as bright and open as the sun.  
And though some part of them obscurely fell,  
And perish'd in an unknown, private cell,  
Yet in their books they found a glorious way  
To live unto the Resurrection-day !

Most noble Bodley ! we are bound to thee  
For no small part of our eternity.  
Thy treasure was not spent on horse and hound,  
Nor that new mode which doth old states con-  
found.

Thy legacies another way did go :  
Nor were they left to those would spend them so.  
Thy safe, discreet expense on us did flow ;  
Walsam is in the midst of Oxford now.  
Th' hast made us all thine heirs ; whatever we  
Hereafter write, 'tis thy posterity.  
This is thy monument ! here thou shalt stand  
Till the times fail in their last grain of sand.  
And wheresoe'er thy silent relics keep,

This tomb will never let thine honour sleep,  
Still we shall think upon thee ; all our fame  
Meets here to speak one letter of thy name.  
Thou canst not die ! here thou art more than safe,  
Where every book is thy large epitaph.

THE IMPORTUNATE FORTUNE, WRITTEN  
TO DR. POWEL, OF CANTRE[FF].

FOR shame desist, why shouldst thou seek my fall?  
It cannot make thee more monarchical.  
Leave off; thy empire is already built;  
To ruin me were to enlarge thy guilt,  
Not thy prerogative. I am not he  
Must be the measure to thy victory.  
The Fates hatch more for thee; 'twere a disgrace  
If in thy annals I should make a clause.  
The future ages will disclose such men  
Shall be the glory, and the end of them.  
Nor do I flatter. So long as there be  
Descents in Nature, or posterity,  
There must be fortunes; whether they be good,  
As swimming in thy tide and plenteous flood,  
Or stuck fast in the shallow ebb, when we  
Miss to deserve thy gorgeous charity.  
Thus, Fortune, the great world thy period is;  
Nature and you are parallels in this.  
But thou wilt urge me still. Away, be gone,  
I am resolv'd, I will not be undone.  
I scorn thy trash, and thee: nay, more, I do  
Despise myself, because thy subject too.  
Name me heir to thy malice, and I'll be;



Thy hate's the best inheritance for me.  
 I care not for your wondrous hat and purse,  
 Make me a Fortunatus with thy curse.  
 How careful of myself then should I be,  
 Were I neglected by the world and thee ?  
 Why dost thou tempt me with thy dirty ore,  
 And with thy riches make my soul so poor ?  
 My fancy's pris'ner to thy gold and thee,  
 Thy favours rob me of my liberty.  
 I'll to my speculations. Is't best  
 To be confin'd to some dark, narrow chest  
 And idolize thy stamps, when I may be  
 Lord of all Nature, and not slave to thee ?  
 The world's my palace. I'll contemplate there,  
 And make my progress into ev'ry sphere.  
 The chambers of the air are mine ; those three  
 Well-furnish'd stories my possession be.  
 I hold them all *in capite*, and stand  
 Propp'd by my fancy there. I scorn your land,  
 It lies so far below me. Here I see  
 How all the sacred stars do circle me.  
 Thou to the great giv'st rich food, and I do  
 Want no content ; I feed on manna too.  
 They have their tapers ; I gaze without fear  
 On flying lamps and flaming comets here.  
 Their wanton flesh in silks and purple shrouds,  
 And fancy wraps me in a robe of clouds.  
 There some delicious beauty they may woo,  
 And I have Nature for my mistress too.

But these are mean ; the archetype I can see,  
And humbly touch the hem of majesty.  
The power of my soul is such, I can  
Expire, and so analyze all that's man.  
First my dull clay I give unto the Earth,  
Our common mother, which gives all their birth.  
My growing faculties I send as soon,  
Whence first I took them, to the humid moon.  
All subtleties and every cunning art  
To witty Mercury I do impart.  
Those fond affections which made me a slave  
To handsome faces, Venus, thou shalt have.  
And saucy pride—if there was aught in me—  
Sol, I return it to thy royalty.  
My daring rashness and presumptions be  
To Mars himself an equal legacy.  
My ill-plac'd avarice—sure 'tis but small—  
Jove, to thy flames I do bequeath it all.  
And my false magic, which I did believe,  
And mystic lies, to Saturn I do give.  
My dark imaginations rest you there,  
This is your grave and superstitious sphere.  
Get up, my disentangled soul, thy fire  
Is now refin'd, and nothing left to tire  
Or clog thy wings. Now my auspicious flight  
Hath brought me to the empyrean light.  
I am a sep'rate essence, and can see  
The emanations of the Deity,  
And how they pass the seraphims, and run

Through ev'ry throne and domination.  
 So rushing through the guard the sacred streams  
 Flow to the neighbour stars, and in their beams  
 —A glorious cataract !—descend to earth,  
 And give impressions unto ev'ry birth.  
 With angels now and spirits I do dwell,  
 And here it is my nature to do well.  
 Thus, though my body you confinèd see,  
 My boundless thoughts have their ubiquity.  
 And shall I then forsake the stars and signs,  
 To dote upon thy dark and cursèd mines ?  
 Unhappy, sad exchange ! what, must I buy  
 Guiana with the loss of all the sky ?  
 Intelligences shall I leave, and be  
 Familiar only with mortality ?  
 Must I know nought, but thy exchequer ? shall  
 My purse and fancy be symmetrical ?  
 Are there no objects left but one ? must we  
 In gaining that, lose our variety ?

Fortune, this is the reason I refuse  
 Thy wealth ; it puts my books all out of use.  
 'Tis poverty that makes me wise ; my mind  
 Is big with speculation, when I find  
 My purse as Randolph's was, and I confess  
 There is no blessing to an emptiness !  
 The species of all things to me resort  
 And dwell then in my breast, as in their port.  
 Then leave to court me with thy hated store ;  
 Thou giv'st me that, to rob my soul of more.

TO I. MORGAN OF WHITEHALL, ESQ.,  
UPON HIS SUDDEN JOURNEY AND  
SUCCEEDING MARRIAGE.

So from our cold, rude world, which all things tires,  
To his warm Indies the bright sun retires.  
Where, in those provinces of gold and spice,  
Perfumes his progress, pleasures fill his eyes,  
Which, so refresh'd, in their return convey  
Fire into rubies, into crystals, day ;  
And prove, that light in kinder climates can  
Work more on senseless stones, than here on man.

But you, like one ordain'd to shine, take in  
Both light and heat, can love and wisdom spin  
Into one thread, and with that firmly tie  
The same bright blessings on posterity :  
Which so entail'd, like jewels of the crown,  
Shall, with your name, descend still to your own.

When I am dead, and malice or neglect  
The worst they can upon my dust reflect ;  
—For poets yet have left no names, but such  
As men have envied or despis'd too much—  
You above both—and what state more excels,  
Since a just fame like health, nor wants, nor swells ?—  
To after ages shall remain entire,  
And shine still spotless, like your planet's fire.

No single lustre neither ; the access  
Of your fair love will yours adorn and bless ;  
Till, from that bright conjunction, men may view  
A constellation circling her and you.

So two sweet rose-buds from their virgin-beds  
First peep and blush, then kiss and couple heads,  
Till yearly blessings so increase their store,  
Those two can number two-and-twenty more,  
And the fair bank—by Heav'n's free bounty crown'd—  
With choice of sweets and beauties doth abound,  
Till Time, which families, like flowers, far spreads,  
Gives them for garlands to the best of heads.  
Then late posterity—if chance, or some  
Weak echo, almost quite expir'd and dumb,  
Shall tell them who the poet was, and how  
He liv'd and lov'd thee too, which thou dost know—  
Straight to my grave will flowers and spices bring,  
With lights and hymns, and for an offering  
There vow this truth, that love—which in old times  
Was censur'd blind, and will contract worse crimes  
If hearts mend not—did for thy sake in me  
Find both his eyes, and all foretell and see.

FIDA; OR, THE COUNTRY BEAUTY. TO  
LYSIMACHUS.

Now I have seen her ; and by Cupid  
The young Medusa made me stupid !  
A face, that hath no lovers slain,  
Wants forces, and is near disdain.  
For every fop will freely peep  
At majesty that is asleep.  
But she—fair tyrant !—hates to be  
Gaz'd on with such impunity.  
Whose prudent rigour bravely bears  
And scorns the trick of whining tears,  
Or sighs, those false alarms of grief,  
Which kill not, but afford relief.  
Nor is it thy hard fate to be  
Alone in this calamity,  
Since I who came but to be gone,  
Am plagu'd for merely looking on.  
Mark from her forehead to her foot  
What charming sweets are there to do't.  
A head adorn'd with all those glories  
That wit hath shadow'd in quaint stories,  
Or pencil with rich colours drew  
In imitation of the true.

Her hair, laid out in curious sets  
And twists, doth show like silken nets,  
Where—since he play'd at hit or miss—  
The god of Love her pris'ner is,  
And fluttering with his skittish wings  
Puts all her locks in curls and rings.

Like twinkling stars her eyes invite  
All gazers to so sweet a light,  
But then two archèd clouds of brown  
Stand o'er, and guard them with a frown.

Beneath these rays of her bright eyes,  
Beauty's rich bed of blushes lies.  
Blushes which lightning-like come on,  
Yet stay not to be gaz'd upon ;  
But leave the lilies of her skin  
As fair as ever, and run in,  
Like swift salutes—which dull paint scorn—  
'Twixt a white noon and crimson morn.

What coral can her lips resemble ?  
For hers are warm, swell, melt, and tremble :  
And if you dare contend for red,  
This is alive, the other dead.

Her equal teeth—above, below—  
All of a size and smoothness grow.  
Where under close restraint and awe  
—Which is the maiden tyrant law—  
Like a cag'd, sullen linnet, dwells  
Her tongue, the key to potent spells.

Her skin, like heav'n when calm and bright,

Shows a rich azure under white,  
With touch more soft than heart supposes,  
And breath as sweet as new-blown roses.

Betwixt this headland and the main,  
Which is a rich and flow'ry plain,  
Lies her fair neck, so fine and slender,  
That gently how you please 'twill bend her.

This leads you to her heart, which ta'en,  
Pants under sheets of whitest lawn,  
And at the first seems much distress'd,  
But, nobly treated, lies at rest.

Here, like two balls of new fall'n snow,  
Her breasts, Love's native pillows, grow ;  
And out of each a rose-bud peeps,  
Which infant Beauty sucking sleeps.

Say now, my Stoic, that mak'st sour faces  
At all the beauties and the graces,  
That criest, unclean ! though known thyself  
To ev'ry coarse and dirty shelf :  
Couldst thou but see a piece like this,  
A piece so full of sweets and bliss,  
In shape so rare, in soul so rich,  
Wouldst thou not swear she is a witch ?



FIDA FORSAKEN.

FOOL that I was ! to believe blood,  
While swoll'n with greatness, then most good ;  
And the false thing, forgetful man,  
To trust more than our true god, Pan.  
Such swellings to a dropsy tend,  
And meanest things such great ones bend.

Then live deceived ! and, Fida, by  
That life destroy fidelity.  
For living wrongs will make some wise,  
While Death chokes loudest injuries :  
And screens the faulty, making blinds  
To hide the most unworthy minds.

And yet do what thou can'st to hide,  
A bad tree's fruit will be describ'd.  
For that foul guilt which first took place  
In his dark heart, now damns his face ;  
And makes those eyes, where life should dwell,  
Look like the pits of Death and Hell.

Blood, whose rich purple shows and seals  
Their faith in Moors, in him reveals  
A blackness at the heart, and is  
Turn'd ink to write his faithlessness.

Only his lips with blood look red,  
As if asham'd of what they fed.

Then, since he wears in a dark skin  
The shadows of his hell within,  
Expose him no more to the light,  
But thine own epitaph thus write  
“ Here burst, and dead and unregarded  
Lies Fida's heart ! O well rewarded ! ”

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MATCHLESS  
ORINDA.

LONG since great wits have left the stage  
Unto the drollers of the age,  
And noble numbers with good sense  
Are, like good works, grown an offence.  
While much of verse—worse than old story—  
Speaks but Jack-Pudding or John-Dory.  
Such trash-admirers made us poor,  
And pies turn'd poets out of door ;  
For the nice spirit of rich verse  
Which scorns absurd and low commerce,  
Although a flame from heav'n, if shed  
On rooks or daws warms no such head.  
Or else the poet, like bad priest,  
Is seldom good, but when oppress'd ;  
And wit as well as piety  
Doth thrive best in adversity  
For since the thunder left our air  
Their laurels look not half so fair.

However 'tis, 'twere worse than rude,  
Not to profess our gratitude  
And debts to thee, who at so low  
An ebb dost make us thus to flow ;

And when we did a famine fear,  
Hast bless'd us with a fruitful year.  
So while the world his absence mourns,  
The glorious sun at last returns,  
And with his kind and vital looks  
Warms the cold earth and frozen brooks,  
Puts drowsy Nature into play,  
And rids impediments away,  
Till flow'rs and fruits and spices through  
Her pregnant lap get up and grow.  
But if among those sweet things, we  
A miracle like that could see  
Which Nature brought but once to pass,  
A Muse, such as Orinda was,  
Phœbus himself won by these charms  
Would give her up into thy arms ;  
And recondemn'd to kiss his tree,  
Yield the young goddess unto thee.

UPON SUDDEN NEWS OF THE MUCH  
LAMENTED DEATH OF JUDGE  
TREVERS.

LEARNING and Law, your day is done,  
And your work too ; you may be gone  
Trever, that lov'd you, hence is fled :  
And Right, which long lay sick, is dead.  
Trever ! whose rare and envied part  
Was both a wise and winning heart,  
Whose sweet civilities could move  
Tartars and Goths to noblest love.

Bold vice and blindness now dare act,  
And—like the grey groat—pass, though crack'd ;  
While those sage lips lie dumb and cold,  
Whose words are well-weigh'd and tried gold.  
O, how much to discreet desires  
Differs pure light from foolish fires !  
But nasty dregs outlast the wine,  
And after sunset glow-worms shine.

TO ETESIA (FOR TIMANDER); THE FIRST  
SIGHT.

WHAT smiling star in that fair night  
Which gave you birth gave me this sight,  
And with a kind aspect tho' keen  
Made me the subject, you the queen?  
That sparkling planet is got now  
Into your eyes, and shines below,  
Where nearer force and more acute  
It doth dispense, without dispute;  
For I who yesterday did know  
Love's fire no more than doth cool snow,  
With one bright look am since undone,  
Yet must adore and seek my sun.

Before I walk'd free as the wind  
And if but stay'd—like it—unkind;  
I could like daring eagles gaze  
And not be blinded by a face;  
For what I saw till I saw thee,  
Was only not deformity.  
Such shapes appear—compar'd with thine—  
In arras, or a tavern-sign,

And do but mind me to explore  
A fairer piece, that is in store.  
So some hang ivy to their wine,  
To signify there is a vine.

Those princely flow'rs—by no storms vex'd—  
Which smile one day, and droop the next,  
The gallant tulip and the rose,  
Emblems which some use to disclose  
Bodied ideas—their weak grace  
Is mere imposture to thy face.  
For Nature in all things, but thee,  
Did practise only sophistry ;  
Or else she made them to express  
How she could vary in her dress :  
But thou wert form'd, that we might see  
Perfection, not variety.

Have you observ'd how the day-star  
Sparkles and smiles and shines from far ;  
Then to the gazer doth convey  
A silent but a piercing ray ?  
So wounds my love, but that her eyes  
Are in effects the better skies.  
A brisk bright agent from them streams  
Arm'd with no arrows, but their beams,  
And with such stillness smites our hearts,  
No noise betrays him, nor his darts.  
He, working on my easy soul,  
Did soon persuade, and then control ;  
And now he flies—and I conspire—

Through all my blood with wings of fire,  
And when I would—which will be never—  
With cold despair allay the fever,  
The spiteful thing Etesia names,  
And that new-fuels all my flames.



THE CHARACTER, TO ETESIA.

Go catch the phoenix, and then bring  
 A quill drawn for me from his wing.  
 Give me a maiden beauty's blood,  
 A pure, rich crimson, without mud,  
 In whose sweet blushes that may live,  
 Which a dull verse can never give.  
 Now for an untouch'd, spotless white,  
 For blackest things on paper write,  
 Etesia, at thine own expense  
 Give me the robes of innocence.

Could we but see a spring to run  
 Pure milk, as sometimes springs have done,  
 And in the snow-white streams it sheds,  
 Carnations wash their bloody heads,  
 While ev'ry eddy that came down  
 Did—as thou dost—both smile and frown.  
 Such objects, and so fresh would be  
 But dull resemblances of thee.

Thou art the dark world's morning-star,  
 Seen only, and seen but from far ;  
 Where, like astronomers, we gaze  
 Upon the glories of thy face,  
 But no acquaintance more can have,  
 Though all our lives we watch and crave.

Thou art a world thyself alone,  
Yea, three great worlds refin'd to one ;  
Which shows all those, and in thine eyes  
The shining East and Paradise.

Thy soul—a spark of the first fire—  
Is like the sun, the world's desire ;  
And with a nobler influence  
Works upon all, that claim to sense ;  
But in summers hath no fever,  
And in frosts is cheerful ever.

As flow'rs besides their curious dress  
Rich odours have, and sweetnesses,  
Which tacitly infuse desire,  
And ev'n oblige us to admire :  
Such, and so full of innocence  
Are all the charms, thou dost dispense ;  
And like fair Nature without arts  
At once they seize, and please our hearts.  
O, thou art such, that I could be  
A lover to idolatry !  
I could, and should from heav'n stray,  
But that thy life shows mine the way,  
And leave a while the Deity  
To serve His image here in thee.

TO ETESIA LOOKING FROM HER CASE-  
MENT AT THE FULL MOON.

SEE you that beauteous queen, which no age tames?  
Her train is azure, set with golden flames :  
My brighter fair, fix on the East your eyes,  
And view that bed of clouds, whence she doth rise.  
Above all others in that one short hour  
Which most concern'd me,<sup>1</sup> she had greatest pow'r.  
This made my fortunes humorous as wind,  
But fix'd affections to my constant mind.  
She fed me with the tears of stars, and thence  
I suck'd in sorrows with their influence.  
To some in smiles, and store of light she broke,  
To me in sad eclipses still she spoke.  
She bent me with the motion of her sphere,  
And made me feel what first I did but fear.

But when I came to age, and had o'ergrown  
Her rules, and saw my freedom was my own,  
I did reply unto the laws of Fate,  
And made my reason my great advocate :  
I labour'd to inherit my just right ;  
But then—O, hear Etesia !—lest I might  
Redeem myself, my unkind starry mother  
Took my poor heart, and gave it to another.

<sup>1</sup> The original has *concerned in*.

TO ETESIA PARTED FROM HIM, AND  
LOOKING BACK.

O, SUBTLE Love ! thy peace is war,  
It wounds and kills without a scar,  
It works unknown to any sense,  
Like the decrees of Providence,  
And with strange silence shoots me through,  
The fire of Love doth fall like snow.

Hath she no quiver, but my heart ?  
Must all her arrows hit that part ?  
Beauties like heav'n their gifts should deal  
Not to destroy us, but to heal.

Strange art of Love ! that can make sound,  
And yet exasperates the wound :  
That look she lent to ease my heart,  
Hath pierc'd it, and improv'd the smart.

IN ETESIAM LACHRYMANTEM.

O DULCIS luctus, risuque potentior omni !  
 Quem decorant lachrimis sidera tanta suis.  
 Quam tacitæ spirant auræ ! vultusque nitentes  
 Contristant veneres, collachrimantque suæ !  
 Ornat gutta genas, oculisque simillima gemma :  
 Et tepido vivas irrigat imbre rosas.  
 Dicite Chaldæi ! quæ me fortuna fatigat,  
 um formosa dies et sine nube perit <sup>1</sup> ?

<sup>1</sup> The original has *peruit*.

## TO ETESIA GOING BEYOND SEA.

Go, if you must ! but stay—and know  
And mind before you go, my vow.  
To ev'ry thing, but heav'n and you,  
With all my heart I bid adieu !  
Now to those happy shades I'll go  
Where first I saw my beauteous foe !  
I'll seek each silent path where we  
Did walk ; and where you sat with me  
I'll sit again, and never rest  
Till I can find some flow'r you press'd.  
That near my dying heart I'll keep,  
And when it wants dew I will weep :  
Sadly I will repeat past joys  
And words, which you did sometimes voice  
I'll listen to the woods, and hear  
The echo answer for you there.  
But famish'd with long absence I,  
Like infants left, at last shall cry,  
And tears—as they do milk—will sup  
Until you come, and take me up.

ETESIA ABSENT.

LOVE, the world's life ! what a sad death  
 Thy absence is ! to lose our breath  
 At once and die, is but to live  
 Enlarg'd, without the scant reprieve  
 Of pulse and air ; whose dull returns  
 And narrow circles the soul mourns.

But to be dead alive, and still  
 To wish, but never have our will,  
 To be possess'd, and yet to miss,  
 To wed a true but absent bliss,  
 Are ling'ring tortures, and their smart  
 Dissects and racks and grinds the heart !  
 As soul and body in that state  
 Which unto us, seems separate,  
 Cannot be said to live, until  
 Reunion ; which days fulfil  
 And slow-pac'd seasons ; so in vain  
 Through hours and minutes—Time's long train—  
 I look for thee, and from thy sight,  
 As from my soul, for life and light.  
 For till thine eyes shine so on me,  
 Mine are fast-clos'd and will not see.

## TRANSLATIONS.

SOME ODES OF THE EXCELLENT AND  
KNOWING [ANICIUS MANLIUS]  
SEVERINUS [BOETHIUS], ENGLISHED.

[DE CONSOLATIONE] LIB. III. METRUM  
XII

HAPPY is he, that with fix'd eyes  
The fountain of all goodness spies !  
Happy is he that can break through  
Those bonds which tie him here below !  
The Thracian poet long ago,  
Kind Orpheus, full of tears and woe,  
Did for his lov'd Eurydice  
In such sad numbers mourn, that he  
Made the trees run in to his moan,  
And streams stand still to hear him groan.  
The does came fearless in one throng  
With lions to his mournful song,  
And charmed by the harmonious sound,  
The hare stay'd by the quiet hound.

But when Love height'n'd by despair  
And deep reflections on his fair  
Had swell'd his heart, and made it rise  
And run in tears out at his eyes,



And those sweet airs, which did appease  
 Wild beasts, could give their lord no ease;  
 Then, vex'd that so much grief and love  
 Mov'd not at all the gods above,  
 With desperate thoughts and bold intent,  
 Towards the shades below he went ;  
 For thither his fair love was fled,  
 And he must have her from the dead.  
 There in such lines, as did well suit  
 With sad airs and a lover's lute,  
 And in the richest language dress'd  
 That could be thought on or express'd,  
 Did he complain ; whatever grief  
 Or art or love—which is the chief,  
 And all ennobles—could lay out,  
 In well-tun'd woes he dealt about.  
 And humbly bowing to the prince  
 Of ghosts begg'd some intelligence  
 Of his Eurydice, and where  
 His beauteous saint resided there.  
 Then to his lute's instructed groans  
 He sigh'd out new melodious moans ;  
 And in a melting, charming strain  
 Begg'd his dear love to life again.

The music flowing through the shade  
 And darkness did with ease invade  
 The silent and attentive ghosts ;  
 And Cerberus, which guards those coasts  
 With his loud barkings, overcome

By the sweet notes, was now struck dumb.  
The Furies, us'd to rave and howl  
And prosecute each guilty soul,  
Had lost their rage, and in a deep  
Transport, did most profusely weep.  
Ixion's wheel stopp'd, and the curs'd  
Tantalus, almost kill'd with thirst,  
Though the streams now did make no haste,  
But wait'd for him, none would taste.  
That vulture, which fed still upon  
Tityus his liver, now was gone  
To feed on air, and would not stay,  
Though almost famish'd, with her prey.

Won with these wonders, their fierce prince  
At last cried out, " We yield ! and since  
Thy merits claim no less, take hence  
Thy consort for thy recompense :  
But Orpheus, to this law we bind  
Our grant : you must not look behind,  
Nor of your fair love have one sight,  
Till out of our dominions quite."

Alas ! what laws can lovers awe ?  
Love is itself the greatest law !  
Or who can such hard bondage brook  
To be in love, and not to look ?  
Poor Orpheus almost in the light  
Lost his dear love for one short sight ;  
And by those eyes, which Love did guide,  
What he most lov'd unkindly died !

This tale of Orpheus and his love  
Was meant for you, who ever move  
Upwards, and tend into that light,  
Which is not seen by mortal sight.  
For if, while you strive to ascend,  
You droop, and towards Earth once bend  
Your seduc'd eyes, down you will fall  
Ev'n while you look, and forfeit all.

## LIB. III. METRUM II.

WHAT fix'd affections, and lov'd laws  
—Which are the hid, magnetic cause—  
Wise Nature governs with, and by  
What fast, inviolable tie  
The whole creation to her ends  
For ever provident she bends :  
All this I purpose to rehearse  
In the sweet airs of solemn verse.

Although the Libyan lions should  
Be bound in chains of purest gold,  
And duly fed were taught to know  
Their keeper's voice, and fear his blow :  
Yet, if thèy chance to taste of blood,  
Their rage which slept, stirr'd by that food  
In furious roaring will awake,  
And fiercely for their freedom make.  
No chains nor bars their fury brooks,  
But with enrag'd and bloody looks  
They will break through, and dull'd with fear  
Their keeper all to pieces tear.

The bird, which on the wood's tall boughs  
Sings sweetly, if you cage or house,  
And out of kindest care should think  
To give her honey with her drink,

And get her store of pleasant meat,  
 Ev'n such as she delights to eat :  
 Yet, if from her close prison she  
 The shady groves doth chance to see,  
 Straightway she loathes her pleasant food,  
 And with sad looks longs for the wood.  
 The wood, the wood alone she loves !  
 And towards it she looks and moves :  
 And in sweet notes—though distant from—  
 Sings to her first and happy home !

That plant, which of itself doth grow  
 Upwards, if forc'd, will downwards bow ;  
 But give it freedom, and it will  
 Get up, and grow erectly still.

The sun, which by his prone descent  
 Seems westward in the evening bent,  
 Doth nightly by an unseen way  
 Haste to the East, and bring up day.

Thus all things long for their first state,  
 And gladly to't return, though late.  
 Nor is there here to anything  
 A course allow'd, but in a ring ;  
 Which, where it first began, must end,  
 And to that point directly tend.

## LIB. IV. METRUM VI.

WHO would unclouded see the laws  
Of the supreme, eternal Cause,  
Let him with careful thoughts and eyes  
Observe the high and spacious skies.  
There in one league of love the stars  
Keep their old peace, and show our wars.  
The sun, though flaming still and hot,  
The cold, pale moon annoyeth not.  
Arcturus with his sons—though the  
See other stars go a far way,  
And out of sight—yet still are found  
Near the North Pole, their noted bound.  
Bright Hesper—at set times—delights  
To usher in the dusky nights :  
And in the East again attends  
To warn us, when the day ascends.  
So alternate Love supplies  
Eternal courses still, and vies  
Mutual kindness ; that no jars  
Nor discord can disturb the stars.

The same sweet concord here below  
Makes the fierce elements to flow  
And circle without quarrel still,  
Though temper'd diversely ; thus will

The hot assist the cold ; the dry  
Is a friend to humidity :  
And by the law of kindness they  
The like relief to them repay.  
The fire, which active is and bright,  
Tends upward, and from thence gives light.  
The earth allows it all that space  
And makes choice of the lower place ;  
For things of weight haste to the centre,  
A fall to them is no adventure.

From these kind turns and circulation  
Seasons proceed, and generation.  
This makes the Spring to yield us flow'rs,  
And melts the clouds to gentle show'rs.  
The Summer thus matures all seeds  
And ripens both the corn and weeds.  
This brings on Autumn, which recruits  
Our old, spent store, with new fresh fruits.  
And the cold Winter's blust'ring season  
Hath snow and storms for the same reason.  
This temper and wise mixture breed  
And bring forth ev'ry living seed.  
And when their strength and substance spend  
—For while they live, they drive and tend  
Still to a change—it takes them hence  
And shifts their dress ! and to our sense  
Their course is over, as their birth :  
And hid from us they turn to earth.

But all this while the Prince of life  
Sits without loss, or change, or strife :  
Holding the reins, by which all move  
—And those His wisdom, power, love  
And justice are—and still what He  
The first life bids, that needs must be,  
And live on for a time ; that done  
He calls it back, merely to shun  
The mischief, which His creature might  
Run into by a further flight.  
For if this dear and tender sense  
Of His preventing providence,  
Did not restrain and call things back,  
Both heav'n and earth would go to rack,  
And from their great Preserver part ;  
As blood let out forsakes the heart  
And perisheth, but what returns  
With fresh and brighter spirits burns.

This is the cause why ev'ry living  
Creature affects an endless being.  
A grain of this bright love each thing  
Had giv'n at first by their great King ;  
And still they creep—drawn on by this—  
And look back towards their first bliss.  
For, otherwise, it is most sure,  
Nothing that liveth could endure :  
Unless its love turn'd retrograde  
Sought that First Life, which all things made.



LIB. IV. METRUM III.

IF old tradition hath not fail'd,  
 Ulysses, when from Troy he sail'd  
 Was by a tempest forc'd to land  
 Where beauteous Circe did command.  
 Circe, the daughter of the sun,  
 Which had with charms and herbs undone  
 Many poor strangers, and could then  
 Turn into beasts the bravest men.  
 Such magic in her potions lay,  
 That whosoever passed that way  
 And drank, his shape was quickly lost.  
 Some into swine she turn'd, but most  
 To lions arm'd with teeth and claws ;  
 Others like wolves with open jaws  
 Did howl ; but some—more savage—took  
 The tiger's dreadful shape and look.

But wise Ulysses, by the aid  
 Of Hermes, had to him convey'd  
 A flow'r, whose virtue did suppress  
 The force of charms, and their success :  
 While his mates drank so deep, that they  
 Were turn'd to swine, which fed all day

On mast, and human food had left,  
Of shape and voice at once bereft ;  
Only the mind—above all charms—  
Unchang'd did mourn those monstrous harms.

O, worthless herbs, and weaker arts,  
To change their limbs, but not their hearts !  
Man's life and vigour keep within,  
Lodg'd in the centre, not the skin.  
Those piercing charms and poisons, which  
His inward parts taint and bewitch,  
More fatal are, than such, which can  
Outwardly only spoil the man.  
Those change his shape and make it foul,  
But these deform and kill his soul.

LIB. III. METRUM VI.

ALL sorts of men, that live on Earth,  
 Have one beginning and one birth.  
 For all things there is one Father,  
 Who lays out all, and all doth gather.  
 He the warm sun with rays adorns,  
 And fills with brightness the moon's horns.  
 The azur'd heav'ns with stars He burnish'd,  
 And the round world with creatures furnish'd.  
 But men—made to inherit all—  
 His own sons He was pleas'd to call,  
 And that they might be so indeed,  
 He gave them souls of divine seed.  
 A noble offspring surely then  
 Without distinction are all men.

O, why so vainly do some boast  
 Their birth and blood and a great host  
 Of ancestors, whose coats and crests  
 Are some rav'nous birds or beasts !  
 If extraction they look for,  
 And God, the great Progenitor,  
 No man, though of the meanest state,  
 Is base, or can degenerate,  
 Unless, to vice and lewdness bent,  
 He leaves and taints his true descent.

THE OLD MAN OF VERONA OUT OF  
CLAUDIAN, [EPIGRAMMA II.]

*Felix, qui propriis avum transegit in arvis,  
Una domus puerum, &c.*

MOST happy man ! who in his own sweet fields  
Spent all his time ; to whom one cottage yields  
In age and youth a lodging ; who, grown old,  
Walks with his staff on the same soil and mould  
Where he did creep an infant, and can tell  
Many fair years spent in one quiet cell !  
No toils of fate made him from home far known,  
Nor foreign waters drank, driv'n from his own.  
No loss by sea, no wild land's wasteful war  
Vex'd him, not the brib'd coil of gowns at bar.  
Exempt from cares, in cities never seen,  
The fresh field-air he loves, and rural green.  
The year's set turns by fruits, not consuls, knows ;  
Autumn by apples, May by blossom'd boughs.  
Within one hedge his sun doth set and rise,  
The world's wide day his short demesnes comprise ;  
Where he observes some known, con crescent twig  
Now grown an oak, and old, like him, and big.

Verona he doth for the Indies take,  
And as the Red Sea counts Benacus' Lake.  
Yet are his limbs and strength untir'd, and he,  
A lusty grandsire, three descents doth see.  
Travel and sail who will, search sea or shore ;  
This man hath liv'd, and that hath wander'd more.

THE SPHERE OF ARCHIMEDES OUT OF  
CLAUDIAN, [EPIGRAMMA XVIII.]

*Jupiter in parvo cum cerneret æthera vitro  
Risit, et ad superos, &c.*

WHEN Jove a heav'n of small glass did behold,  
He smil'd, and to the gods these words he told.  
“Comes then the power of man's art to this?  
In a frail orb my work new acted is,  
The poles' decrees, the fate of things, God's laws,  
Down by his art old Archimedes draws.  
Spirits inclos'd the sev'ral stars attend,  
And orderly the living work they bend.  
A feignèd Zodiac measures out the year,  
Ev'ry new month a false moon doth appear.  
And now bold industry is proud, it can  
Wheel round its world, and rule the stars by man.  
Why at Salmoneus' thunder do I stand?  
Nature is rivall'd by a single hand.”

THE PHCENIX OUT OF CLAUDIAN,  
[IDYLL I.]

*Oceani summo circumfluis æquore lucus  
Trans Indos, Eurumque viret, &c.*

A GROVE there grows, round with the sea confin'd,  
Beyond the Indies and the Eastern wind,  
Which, as the sun breaks forth in his first beam,  
Salutes his steeds, and hears him whip his team;  
When with his dewy coach the Eastern bay  
Crackles, whence blusheth the approaching Day,  
And blasted with his burnish'd wheels the Night  
In a pale dress doth vanish from the light.

This the bless'd Phoenix' empire is, here he,  
Alone exempted from mortality,  
Enjoys a land, where no diseases reign,  
And ne'er afflicted like our world with pain.  
A bird most equal to the gods, which vies  
For length of life and durance with the skies,  
And with renew'd limbs tires ev'ry age  
His appetite he never doth assuage  
With common food. Nor doth he use to drink  
When thirsty on some river's muddy brink.  
A purer, vital heat shot from the sun  
Doth nourish him, and airy sweets that come

From Tethys lap he tasteth at his need ;  
On such abstracted diet doth he feed.  
A secret light there streams from both his eyes,  
A fiery hue about his cheeks doth rise.  
His crest grows up into a glorious star  
Giv'n t' adorn his head, and shines so far,  
That piercing through the bosom of the night  
It rends the darkness with a gladsome light.  
His thighs like Tyrian scarlet, and his wings  
—More swift than winds are—have sky-colour'd  
rings

Flow'ry and rich : and round about enroll'd  
Their utmost borders glisten all with gold.  
He's not conceiv'd, nor springs he from the Earth,  
But is himself the parent, and the birth.  
None him begets ; his fruitful death reprieves  
Old age, and by his funerals he lives.  
For when the tedious Summer's gone about  
A thousand times : so many Winters out,  
So many Springs : and May doth still restore  
Those leaves, which Autumn had blown off before ;  
Then press'd with years his vigour doth decline,  
Foil'd with the number ; as a stately pine  
Tir'd out with storms bends from the top and height  
Of Caucasus, and falls with its own weight,  
Whose part is torn with daily blasts, with rain  
Part is consum'd, and part with age again ;  
So now his eyes grown dusky, fail to see  
Far off, and drops of colder rheums there be



Fall'n slow and dreggy from them ; such in sight  
 The cloudy moon is, having spent her light.  
 And now his wings, which usèd to contend  
 With tempests, scarce from the low earth ascend.  
 He knows his time is out ! and doth provide  
 New principles of life ; herbs he brings dried  
 From the hot hills, and with rich spices frames  
 A pile, shall burn, and hatch him with its flames.  
 On this the weakling sits ; salutes the sun  
 With pleasant noise, and prays and begs for some  
 Of his own fire, that quickly may restore  
 The youth and vigour, which he had before.  
 Whom, soon as Phœbus spies, stopping his reins,  
 He makes a stand and thus allays his pains.  
 O thou that buriest old age in thy grave,  
 And art by seeming funerals to have  
 A new return of life, whose custom 'tis  
 To rise by ruin, and by death to miss  
 Ev'n death itself, a new beginning take,  
 And that thy wither'd body now forsake !  
 Better thyself by this thy change ! This said  
 He shakes his locks, and from his golden head  
 Shoots one bright beam, which smites with vital

fire

The willing bird ; to burn is his desire,  
 That he may live again : he's proud in death,  
 And goes in haste to gain a better breath.  
 The spicy heap fir'd with celestial rays  
 Doth burn the aged Phoenix, when straight stays

The chariot of th' amazèd moon ; the pole  
Resists the wheeling swift orbs, and the whole  
Fabric of Nature at a stand remains,  
Till the old bird a new young being gains.  
All stop and charge the faithful flames, that they  
Suffer not Nature's glory to decay.

By this time, life which in the ashes lurks  
Hath fram'd the heart, and taught new blood new  
works ;

The whole heap stirs, and ev'ry part assumes  
Due vigour ; th' embers too are turn'd to plumes ;  
The parent in the issue now revives,  
But young and brisk ; the bounds of both these lives,  
With very little space between the same,  
Were parted only by the middle flame.

To Nilus straight he goes to consecrate  
His parent's ghost ; his mind is to translate  
His dust to Egypt. Now he hastes away  
Into a distant land, and doth convey  
The ashes in a turf. Birds do attend  
His journey without number, and defend  
His pious flight, like to a guard ; the sky  
Is clouded with the army, as they fly.  
Nor is there one of all those thousands dares  
Affront his leader : they with solemn cares  
Attend the progress of their youthful king ;  
Not the rude hawk, nor th' eagle that doth bring  
Arms up to Jove, fight now, lest they displease ;  
The miracle enacts a common peace.

*THALIA REDIVIVA.*

So doth the Parthian lead from Tigris' side  
His barbarous troops, full of a lavish pride  
In pearls and habit ; he adorns his head  
With royal tires : his steed with gold is led ;  
His robes, for which the scarlet f<sup>ish</sup> is sought,  
With rare Assyrian needle-work are wrought ;  
And proudly reigning o'er his rascal bands,  
He raves and triumphs in his large commands.

A city of Egypt, famous in all lands  
For rites, adores the sun ; his temple stands  
There on a hundred pillars by account,  
Digg'd from the quarries of the Theban mount.  
Here, as the custom did require—they say—  
His happy parent's dust down he doth lay ;  
Then to the image of his lord he bends  
And to the flames his burden straight commends.  
Unto the altars thus he destines  
His own remains ; the light doth gild the gates ;  
Perfumes divine the censers up do send :  
While th' Indian odour doth itself extend  
To the Pelusian fens, and filleth all  
The men it meets with the sweet storm. A  
gale,

To which compar'd nectar itself is vile,  
Fills the sev'n channels of the misty Nile.

O happy bird ! sole heir to thy own dust !  
Death, to whose force all other creatures must  
Submit, saves thee. Thy ashes make thee rise ;  
'Tis not thy nature, but thy age that dies.

Thou hast seen all ! and to the times that run  
Thou art as great a witness as the sun.  
Thou saw'st the deluge, when the sea outvied  
The land, and drown'd the mountains with the tide.  
What year the straggling Phæton did fire  
The world, thou know'st. And no plagues can con-  
spire  
Against thy life ; alone thou dost arise  
Above mortality ; the destinies  
Spin not thy days out with their fatal clue ;  
They have no law, to which thy life is due.

## PIOUS THOUGHTS AND EJACULATIONS.

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TO HIS BOOKS.

BRIGHT books ! the perspectives to our weak sights,  
The clear projections of discerning lights,  
Burning and shining thoughts, man's posthume day,  
The track of fled souls, and their Milky Way,  
The dead alive and busy, the still voice  
Of enlarg'd spirits, kind Heav'n's white decoys !  
Who lives with you, lives like those knowing flow'rs  
Which in commerce with light spend all their hours :  
Which shut to clouds, and shadows nicely shun,  
But with glad haste unveil to kiss the sun.  
Beneath you, all is dark, and a dead night,  
Which whoso lives in, wants both health and sight.

By sucking you, the wise—like bees—do grow  
Healing and rich, though this they do most slow,  
Because most choicely ; for as great a store  
Have we of books, as bees of herbs, or more :  
And the great task, to try, then know, the good.  
To discern weeds, and judge of wholesome food,

Is a rare, scant performance : for man dies  
Oft ere 'tis done, while the bee feeds and flies.  
But you were all choice flow'rs, all set and drest  
By old sage florists, who well knew the best :  
And I amidst you all am turned a weed !  
Not wanting knowledge, but for want of heed.  
Then thank thyself, wild fool, that wouldst not be  
Content to know—what was too much for thee !

LOOKING BACK.

FAIR shining mountains of my pilgrimage  
 And flowery vales, whose flow'rs were stars,  
 The days and nights of my first happy age ;  
 An age without distaste and wars !  
 When I by thoughts ascend your sunny heads,  
 And mind those sacred midnight lights  
 By which I walk'd, when curtain'd rooms and beds  
 Confin'd or seal'd up others' sights :  
 O then, how bright,  
 And quick a light  
 Doth brush my heart and scatter night ;  
 Chasing that shade,  
 Which my sins made,  
 While I so spring, as if I could not fade !  
 How brave a prospect is a bright back-side !  
 Where flow'rs and palms refresh the eye !  
 And days well spent like the glad East abide,  
 Whose morning-glories cannot die !

## THE SHOWER.

WATERS above ! eternal springs !  
The dew that silvers the Dove's wings !  
O welcome, welcome to the sad !  
Give dry dust drink ; drink that makes glad !  
Many fair ev'nings, many flow'rs  
Sweeten'd with rich and gentle showers,  
Have I enjoy'd, and down have run  
Many a fine and shining sun ;  
But never, till this happy hour,  
Was blest with such an evening-shower !



DISCIPLINE.

FAIR Prince of Light ! Light's living Well  
 Who hast the keys of death and Hell !  
 If the mole<sup>1</sup> man despise Thy day,  
 Put chains of darkness in his way.  
 Teach him how deep, how various are  
 The counsels of Thy love and care.  
 When acts of grace and a long peace,  
 Breed but rebellion, and displease,  
 Then give him his own way and will,  
 Where lawless he may run, until  
 His own choice hurts him, and the sting  
 Of his foul sins full sorrows bring.  
 If Heaven and angels, hopes and mirth,  
 Please not the mole so much as earth :  
 Give him his mine to dig, or dwell,  
 And one sad scheme of hideous Hell.

<sup>1</sup> The original edition has *mule*.

## THE ECLIPSE.

WHITHER, O whither didst thou fly  
When I did grieve Thine holy eye?  
When Thou didst mourn to see me lost,  
And all Thy care and counsels cross'd.  
O do not grieve, where'er Thou art !  
Thy grief is an undoing smart,  
Which doth not only pain, but break  
My heart, and makes me blush to speak.  
Thy anger I could kiss, and will ;  
But O Thy grief, Thy grief, doth kill.

AFFLICTION.

O COME, and welcome ! come, refine !  
 For Moors, if wash'd by Thee, will shine.  
 Man blossoms at Thy touch ; and he,  
 When Thou draw'st blood is Thy rose-tree.  
 Crosses make straight his crookèd ways,  
 And clouds but cool his dog-star days ;  
 Diseases too, when by Thee blest,  
 Are both restoratives and rest.

Flow'rs that in sunshines riot still,  
 Die scorch'd and sapless ; though storms kill,  
 The fall is fair, e'en to desire,  
 Where in their sweetness all expire.  
 O come, pour on ! what calms can be  
 So fair as storms, that appease Thee ?

## RETIREMENT.

FRESH fields and woods ! the Earth's fair face !  
God's footstool ! and man's dwelling-place !  
I ask not why the first believer  
Did love to be a country liver ?  
Who, to secure pious content,  
Did pitch by groves and wells his tent ;  
Where he might view the boundless sky,  
And all those glorious lights on high,  
With flying meteors, mists, and show'rs,  
Subjected hills, trees, meads, and flow'rs,  
And ev'ry minute bless the King  
And wise Creator of each thing.

I ask not why he did remove  
To happy Mamre's holy grove,  
Leaving the cities of the plain  
To Lot and his successful train ?  
All various lusts in cities still  
Are found ; they are the thrones of ill,  
The dismal sinks, where blood is spill'd,  
Cages with much uncleanness fill'd :  
But rural shades are the sweet sense  
Of piety and innocence ;

They are the meek's calm region, where  
Angels descend and rule the sphere ;  
Where Heaven lies leiguer, and the Dove  
Duly as dew comes from above.  
If Eden be on Earth at all,  
'Tis that which we the country call.

## THE REVIVAL.

UNFOLD ! unfold ! Take in His light,  
Who makes thy cares more short than night.  
The joys which with His day-star rise  
He deals to all but drowsy eyes ;  
And, what the men of this world miss,  
Some drops and dews of future bliss.

Hark ! how His winds have chang'd their note !  
And with warm whispers call thee out ;  
The frosts are past, the storms are gone,  
And backward life at last comes on.  
The lofty groves in express joys  
Reply unto the turtle's voice ;  
And here in dust and dirt, O here  
The lilies of His love appear !

THE DAY SPRING.

EARLY, while yet the dark was gay  
 And gilt with stars, more trim than day,  
 Heav'n's Lily, and the Earth's chaste Rose,  
 The green immortal Branch arose ;  
 And in a solitary place  
 Bow'd to His Father His blest face.

} S. Mark,  
 c. 1, v. 35.

If this calm season pleased my Prince,  
 Whose fulness no need could evince,  
 Why should not I, poor silly sheep,  
 His hours, as well as practice, keep ?  
 Not that His hand is tied to these,  
 From whom Time holds his transient lease .  
 But mornings new creations are,  
 When men, all night sav'd by His care,  
 Are still reviv'd ; and well He may  
 Expect them grateful with the day.  
 So for that first draught of His hand,  
 Which finish'd heav'n, and sea, and land,  
 The sons of God their thanks did bring,  
 And all the morning stars did sing.  
 Besides, as His part heretofore  
 The firstlings were of all that bore

} Job, c. 38,  
 v. 7.

So now each day from all He saves  
Their soul's first thoughts and fruits He craves.  
This makes Him daily shed and show'r  
His graces at this early hour ;  
Which both His care and kindness show,  
Cheering the good, quickening the slow.  
As holy friends mourn at delay,  
And think each minute an hour's stay,  
So His Divine and loving Dove  
With longing throes<sup>1</sup> doth heave and move,  
And soar about us while we sleep ;  
Sometimes quite through that lock doth peep,  
And shine, but always without fail,  
Before the slow sun can unveil,  
In new compassions breaks, like light,  
And morning-looks, which scatter night.  
And wilt Thou let Thy creature be,  
When Thou hast watch'd, asleep to Thee ?  
Why to unwelcome loath'd surprises  
Dost leave him, having left his vices ?  
Since these, if suffer'd, may again  
Lead back the living to the slain.  
O, change this scourge ; or, if as yet  
None less will my transgressions fit,  
Dissolve, dissolve ! Death cannot do  
What I would not submit unto.

<sup>1</sup> The original has *throws*



THE RECOVERY.

I.

FAIR vessel of our daily light, whose proud  
And previous glories gild that blushing cloud ;  
Whose lively fires in swift projections glance  
From hill to hill, and by refracted chance  
Burnish some neighbour-rock, or tree, and then  
Fly off in coy and wingèd flames again :

If thou this day

Hold on thy way,

Know, I have got a greater light than thine ;  
A light, whose shade and back-parts make thee shine.

Then get thee down ! then get thee down !

I have a Sun now of my own.

II.

Those nicer livers, who without thy rays  
Stir not abroad, those may thy lustre praise ;  
And wanting light—light, which no wants doth  
know—

To thee—weak shiner !—like blind Persians bow.  
But where that Sun, which tramples on thy head,  
From His own bright eternal eye doth shed

One living ray,  
There thy dead day  
Is needless, and man to a light made free,  
Which shows that thou canst neither show nor see.  
Then get thee down ! then get thee down !  
I have a Sun now of my own.

THE NATIVITY.

Written in the year 1656.

PEACE? and to all the world? Sure One,  
And He the Prince of Peace, hath none !  
He travels to be born, and then  
Is born to travel more again.  
Poor Galilee ! thou canst not be  
The place for His Nativity.  
His restless mother's call'd away,  
And not deliver'd till she pay.

A tax ? 'tis so still ! we can see  
The Church thrive in her misery,  
And, like her Head at Beth'lem, rise,  
When she, oppress'd with troubles, lies.  
Rise?—should all fall, we cannot be  
In more extremities than He.  
Great Type of passions ! Come what will,  
Thy grief exceeds all copies still.  
Thou cam'st from Heav'n to Earth, that we  
Might go from Earth to Heav'n with Thee :  
And though Thou found'st no welcome here,  
Thou didst provide us mansions there.

A stable was Thy Court, and when  
Men turn'd to beasts, beasts would be men :  
They were Thy courtiers ; others none ;  
And their poor manger was Thy throne.  
No swaddling silks Thy limbs did fold,  
Though Thou couldst turn Thy rays to gold.  
No rockers waited on Thy birth,  
No cradles stirr'd, nor songs of mirth ;  
But her chaste lap and sacred breast,  
Which lodg'd Thee first, did give Thee rest.

But stay : what light is that doth stream  
And drop here in a gilded beam ?  
It is Thy star runs page, and brings  
Thy tributary Eastern kings.  
Lord ! grant some light to us, that we  
May with them find the way to Thee !  
Behold what mists eclipse the day !  
How dark it is ! Shed down one ray,  
To guide us out of this dark night,  
And say once more, " Let there be light ! "

THE TRUE CHRISTMAS.

So, stick up ivy and the bays,  
 And then restore the heathen ways.  
 Green will remind you of the spring,  
 Though this great day denies the thing ;  
 And mortifies the earth, and all  
 But your wild revels, and loose hall.  
 Could you wear flow'rs, and roses strow  
 Blushing upon your breasts' warm snow,  
 That very dress your lightness will  
 Rebuke, and wither at the ill.  
 The brightness of this day we owe  
 Not unto music, masque, nor show,  
 Nor gallant furniture, nor plate,  
 But to the manger's mean estate.  
 His life while here, as well as birth,  
 Was but a check to pomp and mirth ;  
 And all man's greatness you may see  
 Condemned by His humility.

Then leave your open house and noise,  
 To welcome Him with holy joys,  
 And the poor shepherds' watchfulness,  
 Whom light and hymns from Heav'n did bless.

What you abound with, cast abroad  
To those that want, and ease your load.  
Who empties thus, will bring more in ;  
But riot is both loss and sin.  
Dress finely what comes not in sight,  
And then you keep your Christmas right.

THE REQUEST.

O THOU who didst deny to me  
 This world's ador'd felicity,  
 And ev'ry big imperious lust,  
 Which fools admire in sinful dust,  
 With those fine subtle twists, that tie  
 Their bundles of foul gallantry—  
 Keep still my weak eyes from the shine  
 Of those gay things which are not Thine !  
 And shut my ears against the noise  
 Of wicked, though applauded, joys !  
 For Thou in any land hast store  
 Of shades and coverts for Thy poor ;  
 Where from the busy dust and heat,  
 As well as storms, they may retreat.  
 A rock or bush are downy beds,  
 When Thou art there, crowning their heads  
 With secret blessings, or a tire  
 Made of the Comforter's live fire.  
 And when Thy goodness in the dress  
 Of anger will not seem to bless,  
 Yet dost Thou give them that rich rain,  
 Which, as it drops, clears all again.

O what kind visits daily pass  
'Twixt Thy great self and such poor grass :  
With what sweet looks doth Thy love shine  
On those low violets of Thine,  
While the tall tulip is accurst,  
And crowns imperial die with thirst !  
O give me still those secret meals,  
Those rare repasts which Thy love deals !  
Give me that joy, which none can grieve,  
And which in all griefs doth relieve !  
This is the portion Thy child begs ;  
Not that of rust, and rags, and dregs.



JORDANIS.

QUID celebras auratam undam, et combusta pyropis  
 Flumina, vel medio quæ serit æthra salo ?  
 Æternum refluis si pernoctaret in undis  
 Phœbus, et incertam sidera suda Tethyn  
 Si colerent, tantæ gemmæ ! nil cærula librem :  
 Sorderet rubro in littore dives Eos.  
 Pactoli mea lympha macras ditabit arenas,  
 Atque universum gutta minuta Tagum.  
 O carum caput ! O cincinnos unda beatos  
 Libata ! O Domini balnea sancta mei !  
 Quod fortunatum voluit spectare canalem,  
 Hoc erat in laudes area parva tuas.  
 Jordanis in medio perfusus flumine lavit,  
 Divinoque tuas ore beavit aquas.  
 Ah ! Solyma infelix rivis obsessa prophanis !  
 Amisit genium porta Bethesda suum.  
 Hic Orientis aquæ currunt, et apostata Parphar,  
 Atque Abana immundo turbidus amne fluit,  
 Ethnica te totam cum fœdavere fluentia,  
 Mansit Christicolâ Jordanis unus aqua.

SERVILII FATUM, SIVE VINDICTA  
DIVINA.

ET sic in cithara, sic in dulcedine vitæ  
 Et facti et luctus regnat amarities.  
 Quam subito in fastum extensos atque esseda<sup>1</sup> vultus  
 Ultrici oppressit vilis arena sinu !  
 Si violæ, spiransque crocus : si liliū ἀέθρον  
 Non nisi justorum nascitur e cinere :  
 Spinarum, tribulique atque infelicis avenæ  
 Quantus in hoc tumulto et qualis acervus erit ?  
 Dii superi ! damnosa piis sub sidera longum  
 Mansuris stabilem conciliate fidem !  
 Sic olim in cælum post nimbos clarius ibunt,  
 Supremo occidui tot velut astra die.  
 Quippe ruunt horæ, qualisque in corpore vixit,  
 Talis it in tenebras bis moriturus homo.

<sup>1</sup> The original edition misprints *essera*.

DE SALMONE

*Ad virtutem optimum, et sibi familiarius notum : D.  
Thomam Poellum Cantrevensem : S. S.  
Theologiæ Doctorem.*

ACCIPE prærapido salmonem in gurgite captum,  
Ex imo in summas cum penetrasset aquas,  
Mentitæ culicis quem forma elusit inanis :  
Picta coloratis plumea musca notis.  
Dum captat, capitur ; vorat inscius, ipse vorandus ;  
Fitque cibi raptor grata rapina mali.  
Alma quies ! miseræ merces ditissima vitæ,  
Quam tuto in tacitis hic latuisset aquis !  
Qui dum spumosi fremitus et murmura rivi  
Quæritat, hamato sit cita præda cibo,  
Quam grave magnarum specimen dant ludicra rerum ?  
Gurges est mundus : salmo, homo : pluma, dolus.

## THE WORLD.

CAN any tell me what it is? Can you  
That wind your thoughts into a clue  
To guide out others, while yourselves stay in,  
And hug the sin?

I, who so long have in it liv'd,  
That, if I might,  
In truth I would not be repriev'd,  
Have neither sight  
Nor sense that knows  
These ebbs and flows :

But since of all all may be said,  
And likeliness doth but upbraid  
And mock the truth, which still is lost  
In fine conceits, like streams in a sharp frost ;  
I will not strive, nor the rule break,  
Which doth give losers leave to speak.  
Then false and foul world, and unknown  
Ev'n to thy own,  
Here I renounce thee, and resign  
Whatever thou canst say is thine.

Thou art not Truth ! for he that tries  
Shall find thee all deceit and lies.

Thou art not Friendship ! for in thee  
 'Tis but the bait of policy ;  
 Which like a viper lodg'd in flow'rs,  
 Its venom through that sweetness pours ;  
 And when not so, then always 'tis  
 A fading paint, the short-liv'd bliss  
 Of air and humour ; out and in,  
 Like colours in a dolphin's skin ;  
 But must not live beyond one day,  
 Or convenience ; then away.  
 Thou art not Riches ! for that trash,  
 Which one age hoards, the next doth wash  
 And so severely sweep away,  
 That few remember where it lay.  
 So rapid streams the wealthy land  
 About them have at their command ;  
 And shifting channels here restore,  
 There break down, what they bank'd before.  
 Thou art not Honour ! for those gay  
 Feathers will wear and drop away ;  
 And princes to some upstart line  
 Gives new ones, that are full as fine.  
 Thou art not Pleasure ! for thy rose  
 Upon a thorn doth still repose ;  
 Which, if not cropp'd, will quickly shed,  
 But soon as cropp'd, grows dull and dead.  
 Thou art the sand, which fills one glass,  
 And then doth to another pass ;  
 And could I put thee to a stay,

Thou art but dust ! Then go thy way,  
And leave me clean and bright, though poor ;  
Who stops thee doth but daub his floor ;  
And, swallow-like, when he hath done,  
To unknown dwellings must be gone !

Welcome, pure thoughts, and peaceful hours,  
Enrich'd with sunshine and with show'rs ;  
Welcome fair hopes, and holy cares,  
The not to be repented shares  
Of time and business ; the sure road  
Unto my last and lov'd abode !

O supreme Bliss !

The Circle, Centre, and Abyss  
Of blessings, never let me miss  
Nor leave that path which leads to Thee,  
Who art alone all things to me !  
I hear, I see, all the long day  
The noise and pomp of the broad way.  
I note their coarse and proud approaches,  
Their silks, perfumes, and glittering coaches.  
But in the narrow way to Thee  
I observe only poverty,  
And despis'd things ; and all along  
The ragged, mean, and humble throng  
Are still on foot ; and as they go  
They sigh, and say, their Lord went so.

Give me my staff then, as it stood  
When green and growing in the wood ;  
—Those stones, which for the altar serv'd,

Might not be smooth'd, nor finely carv'd—  
With this poor stick I'll pass the ford,  
As Jacob did ; and Thy dear word,  
As Thou hast dress'd it, not as wit  
And deprav'd tastes have poison'd it,  
Shall in the passage be my meat,  
And none else will Thy servant eat.  
Thus, thus, and in no other sort,  
Will I set forth, though laugh'd at for't ;  
And leaving the wise world their way,  
Go through, though judg'd to go astray.

## THE BEE.

FROM fruitful beds and flow'ry borders,  
Parcell'd to wasteful ranks and orders,  
Where State grasps more than plain Truth needs,  
And wholesome herbs are starv'd by weeds,  
To the wild woods I will be gone,  
And the coarse meals of great Saint John.

When truth and piety are miss'd  
Both in the rulers and the priest ;  
When pity is not cold, but dead,  
And the rich eat the poor like bread ;  
While factious heads with open coil  
And force, first make, then share, the spoil ;  
To Horeb then Elias goes,  
And in the desert grows the rose.

Hail crystal fountains and fresh shades,  
Where no proud look invades,  
No busy worldling hunts away  
The sad retirer all the day !  
Hail, happy, harmless solitude !  
Our sanctuary from the rude  
And scornful world ; the calm recess  
Of faith, and hope, and holiness !



Here something still like Eden looks ;  
 Honey in woods, juleps in brooks,  
 And flow'rs, whose rich, unrifled sweets  
 With a chaste kiss the cool dew greets,  
 When the toils of the day are done,  
 And the tir'd world sets with the sun.  
 Here flying winds and flowing wells  
 Are the wise, watchful hermit's bells ;  
 Their busy murmurs all the night  
 To praise or prayer do invite,  
 And with an awful sound arrest,  
 And piously employ his breast.

When in the East the dawn doth blush,  
 Here cool, fresh spirits the air brush ;  
 Herbs straight get up, flow'rs peep and spread,  
 Trees whisper praise, and bow the head :  
 Birds, from the shades of night releas'd,  
 Look round about, then quit the nest,  
 And with united gladness sing  
 The glory of the morning's King.  
 The hermit hears, and with meek voice  
 Offers his own up, and their joys :  
 Then prays that all the world may be  
 Bless'd with as sweet an unity.

If sudden storms the day invade,  
 They flock about him to the shade :  
 Where wisely they expect the end,  
 C'iving the tempest time to spend ;

And hard by shelters on some bough  
Hilarion's servant, the sage crow.

O purer years of light and grace !  
The difference is great as the space  
'Twixt you and us, who blindly run  
After false fires, and leave the sun.  
Is not fair Nature of herself  
Much richer than dull paint or pelf?  
And are not streams at the spring-head  
More sweet than in carv'd stone or lead?  
But fancy and some artist's tools  
Frame a religion for fools.

The truth, which once was plainly taught,  
With thorns and briars now is fraught.  
Some part is with bold fables spotted,  
Some by strange comments wildly blotted ;  
And Discord—old Corruption's crest—  
With blood and blame hath stain'd the rest.  
So snow, which in its first descents  
A whiteness, like pure Heav'n, presents,  
When touch'd by man is quickly soil'd,  
And after, trodden down and spoil'd.

O lead me, where I may be free  
In truth and spirit to serve Thee !  
Where undisturb'd I may converse  
With Thy great Self ; and there rehearse  
Thy gifts with thanks ; and from Thy store,  
Who art all blessings, beg much more.

Give me the wisdom of the bee,  
And her unwearied industry !  
That from the wild gourds of these days,  
I may extract health, and Thy praise,  
Who canst turn darkness into light,  
And in my weakness show Thy might.

Suffer me not in any want  
To seek refreshment from a plant  
Thou didst not set ; since all must be  
Pluck'd up, whose growth is not from Thee.  
'Tis not the garden, and the bow'rs,  
Nor sense and forms, that give to flow'rs  
Their wholesomeness, but Thy good will,  
Which truth and pureness purchase still.

Then since corrupt man hath driv'n hence  
Thy kind and saving influence,  
And balm is no more to be had  
In all the coasts of Gilead ;  
Go with me to the shade and cell,  
Where Thy best servants once did dwell.  
There let me know Thy will, and see  
Exil'd Religion own'd by Thee ;  
For Thou canst turn dark grots to halls,  
And make hills blossom like the vales ;  
Decking their untill'd heads with flow'rs,  
And fresh delights for all sad hours ;  
Till from them, like a laden bee,  
I may fly home, and hive with Thee

## TO CHRISTIAN RELIGION.

FAREWELL, thou true and tried reflection  
Of the still poor, and meek election :  
Farewell, soul's joy, the quick'ning health  
Of spirits, and their secret wealth !  
Farewell, my morning-star, the bright  
And dawning looks of the True Light !  
O blessed shiner, tell me whither  
Thou wilt be gone, when night comes hither !  
A seër that observ'd thee in  
Thy course, and watch'd the growth of sin,  
Hath giv'n his judgment, and foretold,  
That westward hence thy course will hold ;  
And when the day with us is done,  
There fix, and shine a glorious sun.  
O hated shades and darkness ! when  
You have got here the sway again,  
And like unwholesome fogs withstood  
The light, and blasted all that's good,  
Who shall the happy shepherds be,  
To watch the next nativity  
Of truth and brightness, and make way  
For the returning, rising day ?  
O what year will bring back our bliss ?  
Or who shall live, when God doth this ?

Thou Rock of Ages ! and the Rest  
 Of all, that for Thee are oppress'd !  
 Send down the Spirit of Thy truth,  
 That Spirit, which the tender youth,  
 And first growths of Thy Spouse did spread  
 Through all the world, from one small head !  
 Then if to blood we must resist,  
 Let Thy mild Dove, and our High-Priest,  
 Help us, when man proves false or frowns,  
 To bear the Cross, and save our crowns.  
 O honour those that honour Thee !  
 Make babes to still the enemy !  
 And teach an infant of few days  
 To perfect by his death Thy praise !  
 Let none defile what Thou didst wed,  
 Nor tear the garland from her head !  
 But chaste and cheerful let her die,  
 And precious in the Bridegroom's eye  
 So to Thy glory and her praise,  
 These last shall be her brightest days.

REVEL[ATION] CHAP. LAST, VERS. 17.

*“ The Spirit and the Bride say, Come.”*

## DAPHNIS.

*An Elegiac Eclogue. The Interlocutors, Damon,  
Menalcas.*

*Damon.*

WHAT clouds, Menalcas, do oppress thy brow,  
Flow'rs in a sunshine never look so low ?  
Is Nisa still cold flint ? or have thy lambs  
Met with the fox by straying from their dams ?

*Menalcas.*

Ah, Damon, no ! my lambs are safe ; and she  
Is kind, and much more white than they can be.  
But what doth life when most serene afford  
Without a worm which gnaws her fairest gourd ?  
Our days of gladness are but short reliefs,  
Giv'n to reserve us for enduring griefs :  
So smiling calms close tempests breed, which break  
Like spoilers out, and kill our flocks when weak.  
I heard last May—and May is still high Spring—  
The pleasant Philomel her vespers sing.  
The green wood glitter'd with the golden sun,  
And all the west like silver shin'd ; not one

Black cloud ; no rags, nor spots did stain  
 The welkin's beauty ; nothing frown'd like rain.  
 But ere night came, that scene of fine sights turn'd  
 To fierce dark show'rs ; the air with lightnings  
     burn'd ;

The wood's sweet syren, rudely thus oppress'd,  
 Gave to the storm her weak and weary breast.  
 I saw her next day on her ~~last~~ cold bed :  
 And Daphnis so, just so is Daphnis, dead !

*Damon.*

So violets, so doth the primrose, fall,  
 At once the Spring's pride, and its funeral.  
 Such easy sweets get off still in their prime,  
 And stay not here to wear the soil of time ;  
 While coarser flow'rs, which none would miss, if  
     past,  
 To scorching Summers and cold Autumns last.

*Menalcas.*

Souls need not time. The early forward things  
 Are always fledg'd, and gladly use their wings.  
 Or else great parts, when injur'd, quit the crowd,  
 To shine above still, not behind, the cloud.  
 And is't not just to leave those to the night  
 That madly hate and persecute the light ?  
 Who, doubly dark, all negroes do exceed,  
 And inwardly are true black Moors indeed ?

*Damon.*

The punishment still manifests the sin,  
As outward signs show the disease within.  
While worth oppress'd mounts to a nobler height,  
And palm-like bravely overtops the weight.

So where swift Isca from our lofty hills  
With loud farewells descends, and foaming fills  
A wider channel, like some great port-vein  
With large rich streams to fill the humble plain :  
I saw an oak, whose stately height and shade,  
Projected far, a goodly shelter made ;  
And from the top with thick diffusèd boughs  
In distant rounds grew like a wood-nymph's house.  
Here many garlands won at roundel-lays  
Old shepherds hung up in those happy days  
With knots and girdles, the dear spoils and dress  
Of such bright maids as did true lovers bless.  
And many times had old Amphion made  
His beauteous flock acquainted with this shade :  
His flock, whose fleeces were as smooth and white  
As those the welkin shows in moonshine night.  
Here, when the careless world did sleep, have I  
In dark records and numbers nobly high,  
The visions of our black, but brightest bard  
From old Amphion's mouth full often heard ;  
With all those plagues poor shepherds since have  
known,  
And riddles more, which future time must own :



While on his pipe young Hylas play'd, and made  
 Music as solemn as the song and shade.  
 But the curs'd owner from the trembling top  
 To the firm brink did all those branches lop ;  
 And in one hour what many years had bred,  
 The pride and beauty of the plain, lay dead.  
 The undone swains in sad songs mourn'd their loss,  
 While storms and cold winds did improve the cross ;  
 But nature, which—like virtue—scorns to yield,  
 Brought new recruits and succours to the field ;  
 For by next spring the check'd sap wak'd from sleep,  
 And upwards still to feel the sun did creep ;  
 Till at those wounds, the hated hewer made,  
 There sprang a thicker and a fresher shade.

*Menalcas.*

So thrives afflicted Truth, and so the light  
 When put out gains a value from the night.  
 How glad are we, when but one twinkling star  
 Peeps betwixt clouds more black than is our tar :  
 And Providence was kind, that order'd this  
 To the brave sufferer should be solid bliss :  
 Nor is it so till this short life be done,  
 But goes hence with him, and is still his sun.

*Damon.*

Come, shepherds, then, and with your greenest bays  
 Refresh his dust, who lov'd your learnèd lays.

Bring here the florid glories of the spring,  
And, as you strew them, pious anthems sing,  
Which to your children and the years to come  
May speak of Daphnis, and be never dumb.  
While prostrate I drop on his quiet urn  
My tears, not gifts ; and like the poor that mourn  
With green but humble turfs, write o'er his hearse  
For false, foul prose-men this fair truth in verse.

“ Here Daphnis sleeps, and while the great watch  
    goes  
Of loud and restless Time, takes his repose.  
Fame is but noise ; all Learning but a thought ;  
Which one admires, another sets at nought,  
Nature mocks both, and Wit still keeps ado :  
But Death brings knowledge and assurance too.”

*Menalcas.*

Cast in your garlands ! strew on all the flow'rs,  
Which May with smiles or April feeds with show'rs,  
Let this day's rites as steadfast as the sun  
Keep pace with Time and through all ages run ;  
The public character and famous test  
Of our long sorrows and his lasting rest.  
And when we make procession on the plains,  
Or yearly keep the holiday of swains,  
Let Daphnis still be the recorded name,  
And solemn honour of our feasts and fame.

For though the Isis and the prouder Thames  
Can show his relics lodg'd hard by their streams :  
And must for ever to the honour'd name  
Of noble Murrey chiefly owe that fame :  
Yet here his stars first saw him, and when Fate  
Beckon'd him hence, it knew no other date.  
Nor will these vocal woods and valleys fail,  
Nor Isca's louder streams, this to bewail ;  
But while swains hope, and seasons change, will  
glide  
With moving murmurs because Daphnis died.

*Damon.*

A fatal sadness, such as still foregoes,  
Then runs along with public plagues and woes,  
Lies heavy on us ; and the very light,  
Turn'd mourner too, hath the dull looks of night.  
Our vales, like those of death, a darkness show  
More sad than cypress or the gloomy yew ;  
And on our hills, where health with height complied,  
Thick drowsy mists hang round, and there reside.  
Not one short parcel of the tedious year  
In its old dress and beauty doth appear.  
Flow'rs hate the spring, and with a sullen bend  
Thrust down their heads, which to the root still  
tend.

And though the sun, like a cold lover, peeps  
A little at them, still the day's-eye sleeps.

But when the Crab and Lion with acute  
And active fires their sluggish heat recruit,  
Our grass straight russets, and each scorching day  
Drinks up our brooks as fast as dew in May ;  
Till the sad herdsman with his cattle faints,  
And empty channels ring with loud complaints.

*Menalcas.*

Heaven's just displeasure, and our unjust ways,  
Change Nature's course ; bring plagues, dearth, and  
decays.

This turns our lands to dust, the skies to brass,  
Makes old kind blessings into curses pass :  
And when we learn unknown and foreign crimes,  
Brings in the vengeance due unto those climes.  
The dregs and puddle of all ages now,  
Like rivers near their fall, on us do flow.  
Ah, happy Daphnis ! who while yet the streams  
Ran clear and warm, though but with setting beams,  
Got through, and saw by that declining light,  
His toil's and journey's end before the night.

*Damon.*

A night, where darkness lays her chains and bars,  
And feral fires appear instead of stars.  
But he, along with the last looks of day,  
Went hence, and setting—sunlike—pass'd away.

What future storms our present sins do hatch  
Some in the dark discern, and others watch ;  
Though foresight makes no hurricane prove mild,  
Fury that's long fermenting is most wild.

But see, while thus our sorrows we discourse,  
Phœbus hath finish'd his diurnal course ;  
The shades prevail : each bush seems bigger grown ;  
Darkness—like State—makes small things swell  
and frown :  
The hills and woods with pipes and sonnets round,  
And bleating sheep our swains drive home, resound.

*Menalcas.*

What voice from yonder lawn tends hither ?  
Hark !  
'Tis Thyrsis calls ! I hear Lycanthe bark !  
His flocks left out so late, and weary grown,  
Are to the thickets gone, and there laid down.

*Damon.*

Menalcas, haste to look them out ! poor sheep,  
When day is done, go willingly to sleep :  
And could bad man his time spend as they do,  
He might go sleep, or die, as willing too.

*Menalcas.*

Farewell ! kind Damon ! now the shepherd's star  
With beauteous looks smiles on us, though from far.

All creatures that were favourites of day  
Are with the sun retir'd and gone away.  
While feral birds send forth unpleasant notes,  
And night—the nurse of thoughts—sad thoughts  
promotes :  
But joy will yet come with the morning light,  
Though sadly now we bid good night !

*Damon.*

Good night !

FRAGMENTS AND TRANSLATIONS.





From *Eucharistica Oxoniensia in Caroli Regis  
nostri e Scotia Reditum Gratulatoria* (1641).

[TO CHARLES THE FIRST.]

As kings do rule like th' heavens, who dispense  
To parts remote and near their influence ;  
So doth our Charles move also ; while he posts  
From south to north, and back to southern coasts ;  
Like to the starry orb, which in its round  
Moves to those very points ; but while 'tis bound  
For north, there is—some guess—a trembling fit  
And shivering in the part that's opposite.  
What were our fears and pantings, what dire fame  
Heard we of Irish tumults, sword, and flame !  
Which now we think but blessings, as being sent  
Only as matter, whereupon 'twas meant,  
The British thus united might express,  
The strength of joinèd Powers to suppress,  
Or conquer foes. This is Great Britain's bliss ;  
The island in itself a just world is.  
Here no commotion shall we find or fear,  
But of the Court's removal, no sad tear

Or cloudy brow, but when you leave us. Then  
Discord is loyalty professèd, when  
Nations do strive, which shall the happier be  
T' enjoy your bounteous rays of majesty  
Which yet you throw in undivided dart,  
For things divine allow no share or part.  
The same kind virtue doth at once disclose  
The beauty of their thistle and our rose.  
Thus you do mingle souls and firmly knit  
What were but join'd before ; you Scotsmen fit  
Closely with us, and reuniter prove ;  
You fetch'd the crown before, and now their love

II. VAUGHAN, Ies. Col.

From *Of the Benefit we may get by our Enemies* :  
translated from Plutarch (1651).

1. [HOMER. ILIAD, I. 255-6.]

SURE Priam will to mirth incline,  
And all that are of Priam's line.

2. [AESCHYLUS. SEPTEM CONTRA  
THEBES, 600-1.]

FEEDING on fruits which in the heavens do grow,  
Whence all divine and holy counsels flow.

3. [EURIPIDES. ORESTES, 251-2.]

EXCEL then if thou canst, be not withstood,  
But strive and overcome the evil with good.

4. [EURIPIDES. FRAGM. MLXXI.]

YOU minister to others' wounds a cure,  
But leave your own all rotten and impure.

5. [EURIPIDES. CRESPHONTES,  
FRAGM. CCCCLV.]

CHANCE, taking from me things of highest price,  
At a dear rate hath taught me to be wise.

6. [INCERTI.]

[HE] Knaves' tongues and calumnies no more doth  
prize  
Than the vain buzzing of so many flies.

7. [PINDAR. FRAGM. C.]

HIS deep, dark heart—bent to supplant—  
Is iron, or else adamant.

8. [SOLON. FRAGM. XV.]

WHAT though they boast their riches unto us?  
Those cannot say that they are virtuous.

From *Of the Diseases of the Mind and the Body*:  
translated from Plutarch (1651).

1. [HOMER. ILIAD, XVII. 446-7.]

THAT man for misery excell'd  
All creatures which the wide world held.

2. [EURIPIDES. BACCHAE, 1170-4.]

A TENDER kid—see, where 'tis put—  
I on the hills did slay,  
Now dress'd and into quarters cut,  
A pleasant, dainty prey.

From *Of the Diseases of the Mind and the Body*:  
translated from Maximus Tyrius (1651).

1. [ARIPHRON.]

O HEALTH, the chief of gifts divine !  
I would I might with thee and thine  
Live all those days appointed mine !

From *The Mount of Olives* (1652).

1. [DEATH.]

DRAW near, fond man, and dress thee by this glass,  
 Mark how thy bravery and big looks must pass  
 Into corruption, rottenness and dust ;  
 The frail supporters which betray'd thy trust.  
 O weigh in time thy last and loathsome state !  
 To purchase heav'n for tears is no hard rate.  
 Our glory, greatness, wisdom, all we have,  
 If mis-employ'd, but add hell to the grave :  
 Only a fair redemption of evil times  
 Finds life in death, and buries all our crimes.

2. [HADRIAN'S ADDRESS TO HIS SOUL.]

MY soul, my pleasant soul, and witty,  
 The guest and consort of my body.  
 Into what place now all alone  
 Naked and sad wilt thou be gone ?  
 No mirth, no wit, as heretofore,  
 Nor jests wilt thou afford me more.

3. [PAULINUS. CARM. APP. I. 35-40.]

WHAT is't to me that spacious rivers run  
Whole ages, and their streams are never done ?  
Those still remain : but all my fathers died,  
And I myself but for few days abide.

4. [ANEURIN. ENGLYNION Y MISOEDD,  
III. 1-4.]

IN March birds couple, a new birth  
Of herbs and flow'rs breaks through the earth ;  
But in the grave none stirs his head,  
Long is the impris'ment of the dead.

5. [INCERTI.]

So our decays God comforts by  
The stars' concurrent state on high.

6. [JUVENAL. SATIRE XIII. 86-8.]

THERE are that do believe all things succeed  
By chance or fortune : and that nought's decreed  
By a divine, wise Will ; but blindly call  
Old Time and Nature rulers over all.

## 7. [INCERTI.]

FROM the first hour the heavens were made  
 Unto the last, when all shall fade,  
 Count—if thou canst—the drops of dew,  
 The stars of heav'n and streams that flow,  
 The falling snow, the dropping show'rs,  
 And in the month of May, the flow'rs,  
 Their scents and colours, and what store  
 Of grapes and apples Autumn bore,  
 How many grains the Summer bears,  
 What leaves the wind in Winter tears ;  
 Count all the creatures in the world,  
 The motes which in the air are hurl'd,  
 The hairs of beasts and mankind, and  
 The shore's innumerable sand,  
 The blades of grass, and to these last  
 Add all the years which now are past,  
 With those whose course is yet to come,  
 And all their minutes in one sum.  
 When all is done, the damned's state  
 Outruns them still, and knows no date.

## 8. [VIRGIL. GEORGICS, IV. 12 -138.]

I SAW beneath Tarentum's stately towers  
 An old Cilician spend his peaceful hours.



Some few bad acres in a waste, wild field,  
Which neither grass, nor corn, nor vines would yield,  
He did possess. There—amongst thorns and weeds—  
Cheap herbs and coleworts, with the common seeds  
Of chesboule or tame poppies, he did sow,  
And vervain with white lilies caused to grow.  
Content he was, as are successful kings,  
And late at night come home—for long work brings  
The night still home—with unbought messes laid  
On his low table he his hunger stay'd.  
Roses he gather'd in the youthful Spring,  
And apples in the Autumn home did bring :  
And when the sad, cold Winter burst with frost  
The stones, and the still streams in ice were lost,  
He would soft leaves of bear's-foot crop, and chide  
The slow west winds and ling'ring Summer-tide !

9. [VIRGIL. AENEID, III. 515.]

AND rising at midnight the stars espied,  
All posting westward in a silent glide.

10. [VIRGIL. GEORGICS, II. 58.]

THE trees we set grow slowly, and their shade  
Stays for our sons, while we—the planters—fade.

From *Man in Glory*: translated from Anselm (1652).

I. [ANSELM.]

HERE holy Anselm lives in ev'ry page,  
And sits archbishop still, to vex the age.  
Had he foreseen—and who knows but he did?—  
This fatal wrack, which deep in time lay hid,  
'Tis but just to believe, that little hand  
Which clouded him, but now benights our land,  
Had never—like Elias—driv'n him hence,  
A sad retirer for a slight offence.  
For were he now, like the returning year,  
Restor'd, to view these desolations here,  
He would do penance for his old complaint,  
And—weeping—say, that Rufus was a saint.

From the Epistle-Dedicatory to *Flores Solitudinis*  
(1654).

I. [BISSELLIUS.]

THE whole wench—how complete soe'er—was but  
A specious bait ; a soft, sly, tempting slut ;  
A pleasing witch ; a living death ; a fair,  
Thriving disease ; a fresh, infectious air ;  
A precious plague ; a fury sweetly drawn ;  
Wild fire laid up and finely dress'd in lawn.

2. [AUGURELLIUS.]

PETER, when thou this pleasant world dost see,  
Believe, thou seest mere dreams and vanity,  
Not real things, but false, and through the air  
Each-where an empty, slipp'ry scene, though fair.  
The chirping birds, the fresh woods' shady boughs,  
The leaves' shrill whispers, when the west wind blows,  
The swift, fierce greyhounds coursing on the plains,  
The flying hare, distress'd 'twixt fear and pains,  
The bloomy maid decking with flow'rs her head,  
The gladsome, easy youth by light love led ;  
And whatsoe'er here with admiring eyes  
Thou seem'st to see, 'tis but a frail disguise  
Worn by eternal things, a passive dress  
Put on by beings that are passiveless.

From a Discourse *Of Temperance and Patience* :  
translated from Nierembergius (1654).

1. [INCERTI.]

THE naked man too gets the field,  
And often makes the armèd foe to yield.

2. [LUCRETIUS, IV. 1012-1020.]

[SOME] struggle and groan as if by panthers torn,  
Or lions' teeth, which makes them loudly mourn ;  
Some others seem unto themselves to die ;  
Some climb steep solitudes and mountains high,  
From whence they seem to fall inanely down,  
Panting with fear, till wak'd, and scarce their own  
They feel about them if in bed they lie,  
Deceiv'd with dreams, and Night's imagery.

In vain with earnest strugglings they contend  
To ease themselves : for when they stir and bend  
Their greatest force to do it, even then most  
Of all they faint, and in their hopes are cross'd.  
Nor tongue, nor hand, nor foot will serve their turn,  
But without speech and strength within, they mourn

3. [INCERTI.]

THOU the nepenthe easing grief  
Art, and the mind's healing relief.

4. [INCERTI.]

BASE man ! and couldst thou think Cato alone  
Wants courage to be dry ? and but him, none ?  
Look'd I so soft ? breath'd I such base desires,  
Not proof against this Lybic sun's weak fires ?  
That shame and plague on thee more justly lie !  
To drink alone, when all our troops are dry.

. . . . .  
For with brave rage he flung it on the sand,  
And the spilt draught suffic'd each thirsty band

5. [INCERTI.]

[DEATH keeps off]

And will not bear the cry  
Of distress'd man, nor shut his weeping eye

6. [MAXIMUS.]

It lives when kill'd, and brancheth when 'tis lopp'd.

7. [MAXIMUS.]

LIKE some fair oak, that when her boughs  
Are cut by rude hands, thicker grows ;  
And from those wounds the iron made  
Resumes a rich and fresher shade.

8. [GREGORY NAZIANZEN.]

PATIENCE digesteth misery.

9. [MARIUS VICTOR.]

—They fain would—if they might—  
Descend to hide themselves in Hell. So light  
Of foot is Vengeance ; and so near to sin,  
That soon as done, the actors do begin  
To fear and suffer by themselves : Death moves  
Before their eyes ; sad dens and dusky groves  
They haunt, and hope—vain hope which Fear doth  
guide !—  
That those dark shades their inward guilt can hide.

10. [INCERTI.]

BUT night and day doth his own life molest,  
And bears his judge and witness in his breast.

11. [THEODOTUS.]

VIRTUE'S fair cares some people measure  
For poisonous works that hinder pleasure.

12. [INCERTI.]

MAN should with virtue arm'd and hearten'd be,  
And innocently watch his enemy :  
For fearless freedom, which none can control,  
Is gotten by a pure and upright soul.

13. [INCERTI.]

WHOSE guilty soul, with terrors fraught, doth frame  
New torments still, and still doth blow that flame  
Which still burns him, nor sees what end can be  
Of his dire plagues, and fruitful penalty ;  
But fears them living, and fears more to die ;  
Which makes his life a constant tragedy.

14. [INCERTI.]

AND for life's sake to lose the crown of life.

15. [INCERTI.]

NATURE even for herself doth lay a snare,  
And handsome faces their own traitors are.

16. [MENANDER.]

TRUE life in this is shown,  
To live for all men's good, not for our own.

17. [INCERTI.]

As Egypt's drought by Nilus is redress'd,  
So thy wise tongue doth comfort the oppress'd.

18. [INCERTI.]

[LIKE] to speedy posts, bear hence the lamp of life.

19. [DIONYSIUS LYRINENSIS.]

ALL worldly things, even while they grow, decay ;  
As smoke doth, by ascending, waste away.

20. [INCERTI.]

To live a stranger unto life.



From a *Discourse of Life and Death*: translated  
from Nierembergicus (1654).

1. [INCERTI.]

WHOSE hissings fright all Nature's monstrous ills ;  
His eye darts death, more swift than poison kills.  
All monsters by instinct to him give place,  
They fly for life, for death lives in his face ;  
And he alone by Nature's hid commands  
Reigns paramount, and prince of all the sands.

2. [INCERTI.]

THE plenteous evils of frail life fill the old :  
Their wasted limbs the loose skin in dry folds  
Doth hang about: their joints are numb'd, and through  
Their veins, not blood, but rheums and waters flow.  
Their trembling bodies with a staff they stay,  
Nor do they breathe, but sadly sigh all day.  
Thoughts tire their hearts, to them their very mind  
Is a disease ; their eyes no sleep can find.

3. [MIMNERMUS.]

AGAINST the virtuous man we all make head,  
And hate him while he lives, but praise him dead.

4. [INCERTI.]

LONG life, oppress'd with many woes,  
Meets more, the further still it goes.

5. [JUVENAL. SATIRE X. 278-286.]

WHAT greater good had deck'd great Pompey's crown  
Than death, if in his honours fully blown,  
And mature glories he had died ? those piles  
Of huge success, loud fame, and lofty styles  
Built in his active youth, long lazy life  
Saw quite demolish'd by ambitious strife.  
He lived to wear the weak and melting snow  
Of luckless age, where garlands seldom grow,  
But by repining Fate torn from the head  
Which wore them once, are on another shed.

6. [MENANDER. FRAGM. CXXVIII.]

WHOM God doth take care for, and love,  
He dies young here, to live above.

7. [INCERTI.]

SICKNESS and death, you are but sluggish things,  
And cannot reach a heart that hath got wings.

From *Primitive Holiness, &c. ' forth in the Life of  
Blessed Paulinus* (1654).

1. [AUSONIUS. EPIST. XXIV. 115-16.]

LET me not weep to see thy ravish'd house  
All sad and silent, without lord or spouse,  
And all those vast dominions once thine own  
Torn 'twixt a hundred slaves to me unknown.

2. [AUSONIUS. EPIST. XXIII. 32-1 ;  
XXV. 5-9, 14, 17.]

How could that paper sent,  
That luckless paper, merit thy contempt ?  
Ev'n foe to foe—though furiously—replies,  
And the defied his enemy defies.  
Amidst the swords and wounds, there's a salute,  
Rocks answer man, and though hard are not mute.  
Nature made nothing dumb, nothing unkind :  
The trees and leaves speak trembling to the wind.  
If thou dost fear discoveries, and the blot  
Of my love, Tanaquil shall know it not.

3. [PAULINUS. CARM. XI. 1-5 ; X. 189-92.]

OBDURATE still and tongue-tied, you accuse  
 —Though yours is ever vocal—my dull muse ;  
 You blame my lazy, lurking life, and add  
 I scorn your love, a calumny most sad ;  
 Then tell me, that I fear my wife, and dart  
 Harsh, cutting words against my dearest heart.

Leave, learnèd father, leave this bitter course,  
 My studies are not turn'd unto the worse ;  
 I am not mad, nor idle, nor deny  
 Your great deserts, and my debt, nor have I  
 A wife like Tanaquil, as wildly you  
 Object, but a Lucretia, chaste and true.

4. [PAULINUS. CARM. XXXI. 581-2, 585-90,  
 601-2, 607-12.]

THIS pledge of your joint love, to heaven now fled,  
 With honey-combs and milk of life is fed.  
 Or with the Bethlem babes—whom Herod's rage  
 Kill'd in their tender, happy, holy age—  
 Doth walk the groves of Paradise, and make  
 Garlands, which those young martyrs from him take.  
 With these his eyes on the mild Lamb are fix'd,  
 A virgin-child with virgin-infants mix'd.  
 Such is my Celsus too, who soon as given,  
 Was taken back—on the eighth day—to heaven

To whom at Alcala I sadly gave  
Amongst the martyrs' tombs a little grave.  
He now with yours—gone both the blessed way—  
Amongst the trees of life doth smile and play ;  
And this one drop of our mix'd blood may be  
A light for my Therasia, and for me.

5. [AUSONIUS. EPIST. XXV. 50, 56-7, 60-2.]

SWEET Paulinus, and is thy nature turn'd ?  
Have I so long in vain thy absence mourn'd ?  
Wilt thou, my glory, and great Rome's delight,  
The Senate's prop, their oracle, and light,  
In Bilbilis and Calagurris dwell,  
Changing thy ivory-chair for a dark cell ?  
Wilt bury there thy purple, and contemn  
All the great honours of thy noble stem ?

6. [PAULINUS. CARM. X. 110-331.]

SHALL I believe you can make me return,  
Who pour your fruitless prayers when you mourn,  
Not to your Maker ? Who can hear you cry,  
But to the fabled nymphs of Castaly ?  
You never shall by such false gods bring me  
Either to Rome, or to your company.  
As for those former things you once did know,  
And which you still call mine, I freely now  
Confess, I am not he, whom you knew then ;

I have died since, and have been born again.  
Nor dare I think my sage instructor can  
Believe it error, for redeemed man  
To serve his great Redeemer. I grieve not  
But glory so to err. Let the wise knot  
Of worldlings call me fool ; I slight their noise,  
And hear my God approving of my choice.  
Man is but glass, a building of no trust,  
A moving shade, and, without Christ, mere dust.  
His choice in life concerns the chooser much :  
For when he dies, his good or ill—just such  
As here it was—goes with him hence, and stays  
Still by him, his strict judge in the last days.  
These serious thoughts take up my soul, and I,  
While yet 'tis daylight, fix my busy eye  
Upon His sacred rules, life's precious sum  
Who in the twilight of the world shall come  
To judge the lofty looks, and show mankind  
The difference 'twixt the ill and well inclin'd.  
This second coming of the world's great King  
Makes my heart tremble, and doth timely bring  
A saving care into my watchful soul,  
Lest in that day all vitiated and foul  
I should be found—that day, Time's utmost line,  
When all shall perish but what is divine ;  
When the great trumpet's mighty blast shall shake  
The earth's foundations, till the hard rocks quake  
And melt like piles of snow ; when lightnings move  
Like hail, and the white thrones are set above :

That day, when sent in glory by the Father,  
The Prince of Life His blest elect shall gather ;  
Millions of angels round about Him flying,  
While all the kindreds of the Earth are crying ;  
And He enthron'd upon the clouds shall give  
His last just sentence, who must die, who live.

This is the fear, this is the saving care  
That makes me leave false honours, and that share  
Which fell to me of this frail world, lest by  
A frequent use of present pleasures I  
Should quite forget the future, and let in  
Foul atheism, or some presumptuous sin.  
Now by their loss I have secur'd my life,  
And bought my peace ev'n with the cause of strife.  
I live to Him Who gave me life and breath,  
And without fear expect the hour of death.  
If you like this, bid joy to my rich state,  
If not, leave me to Christ at any rate.

7. [PAULINUS.]

AND is the bargain thought too dear,  
To give for heaven our frail subsistence here ?  
To change our mortal with immortal homes,  
And purchase the bright stars with darksome stones ?  
Behold ! my God—a rate great as His breath !—  
On the sad cross bought me with bitter death,  
Did put on flesh, and suffer'd for our good,  
For ours—vile slaves !—the loss of His dear blood.

## 8. [EPITAPH ON MARCELLINA.]

LIFE, Marcellina, leaving thy fair frame,  
 Thou didst contemn those tombs of costly fame,  
 Built by thy Roman ancestors, and liest  
 At Milan, where great Ambrose sleeps in Christ.  
 Hope, the dead's life, and faith, which never faints,  
 Made thee rest here, that thou mayst rise with saints.

9. [PAULINUS. VERSUS APUD EPIST.  
XXXII. 3.]

YOU that to wash your flesh and souls draw near,  
 Ponder these two examples set you here :  
 Great Martin shows the holy life, and white,  
 Paulinus to repentance doth invite ;  
 Martin's pure, harmless life, took heaven by force,  
 Paulinus took it by tears and remorse ;  
 Martin leads through victorious palms and flow'rs,  
 Paulinus leads you through the pools and show'rs ;  
 You that are sinners, on Paulinus look,  
 You that are saints, great Martin is your book ;  
 The first example bright and holy is,  
 The last, though sad and weeping, leads to bliss



10. [PAULINUS. VERSUS APUD EPIST.  
XXXII. 5.]

HERE the great well-spring of wash'd souls with  
beams

Of living light quickens the lively streams ;  
The Dove descends, and stirs them with her wings,  
So weds these waters to the upper springs.  
They straight conceive ; a new birth doth proceed  
From the bright streams by an immortal seed.  
O the rare love of God ! sinners wash'd here  
Come forth pure saints, all justified and clear.  
So blest in death and life, man dies to sins,  
And lives to God : sin dies, and life begins  
To be reviv'd : old Adam falls away  
And the new lives, born for eternal sway.

11. [PAULINUS. VERSUS APUD EPIST.  
XXXII. 12.]

THROUGH pleasant green fields enter you the way  
To bliss ; and well through shades and blossoms may  
The walks lead here, from whence directly lies  
The good man's path to sacred Paradise.

12. [PAULINUS. VERSUS APUD EPIST.  
XXXII. 14.]

THE painful cross with flowers and palms is crown'd,  
Which prove, it springs ; though all in blood 'tis  
drown'd ;

The doves above it show with one consent,  
Heaven opens only to the innocent.

13. [PAULINUS. CARM. XXVII. 387-92.]

You see what splendour through the spacious aisle,  
As if the Church were glorified, doth smile.  
The ivory-wrought beams seem to the sight  
Engraven, while the carv'd roof looks curl'd and  
bright.

On brass hoops to the upmost vaults we tie  
The hovering lamps, which nod and tremble by  
The yielding cords ; fresh oil doth still repair  
The waving flames, vex'd with the fleeting air.

14. [PAULINUS. VERSUS APUD EPIST.  
XXXII. 17.]

THE pains of Saints and Saints' rewards are twins,  
The sad cross, and the crown which the cross wins.  
Here Christ, the Prince both of the cross and crown,  
Amongst fresh groves and lilies fully blown

Stands, a white Lamb bearing the purple cross :  
White shows His pureness, red His blood's dear loss.  
To ease His sorrows the chaste turtle sings,  
And fans Him, sweating blood, with her bright  
wings ;

While from a shining cloud the Father eyes  
His Son's sad conflict with His enemies,  
And on His blessed head lets gently down  
Eternal glory made into a crown.  
About Him stand two flocks of diff ring notes,  
One of white sheep, and one of speckled goats ;  
The first possess His right hand, and the last  
Stand on His left ; the spotted goats are cast  
All into thick, deep shades, while from His right  
The white sheep pass into a whiter light.

15. [PAULINUS.]

THOSE sacred days by tedious Time delay'd,  
While the slow years' bright line about is laid,  
I patiently expect, though much distrest  
By busy longing and a love-sick breast.  
I wish they may outshine all other days ;  
Or, when they come, so recompense delays  
As to outlast the summer hours' bright length ;  
Or that fam'd day, when stopp'd by divine strength  
The sun did tire the world with his long light,  
Doubling men's labours, and adjourning night.

As the bright sky with stars, the field with flow'rs,  
 The years with diff'ring seasons, months and hours,  
 God hath distinguishèd and mark'd, so He  
 With sacred feasts did ease and beautify  
 The working days : because that mixture may  
 Make men—loth to be holy ev'ry day—  
 After long labours, with a freer will,  
 Adore their Maker, and keep mindful still  
 Of holiness, by keeping holy days :  
 For otherwise they would dislike the ways  
 Of piety as too severe. To cast  
 Old customs quite off, and from sin to fast  
 Is a great work. To run which way we will,  
 On plains is easy, not so up a hill.

Hence 'tis our good God—Who would all men  
 bring

Under the covert of His saving wing—  
 Appointed at set times His solemn feasts,  
 That by mean services men might at least  
 Take hold of Christ as by the hem, and steal  
 Help from His lowest skirts, their souls to heal.

For the first step to heaven is to live well  
 All our life long, and each day to excel  
 In holiness ; but since that tares are found  
 In the best corn, and thistles will confound  
 And prick my heart with vain cares, I will strive  
 To weed them out on feast-days, and so thrive  
 By handfuls, 'till I may full life obtain,  
 And not be swallow'd of eterna<sup>l</sup> pain.

## 16. [PAULINUS (?). CARM. APP. I.]

COME, my true consort in my joys and care !  
 Let this uncertain and still wasting share  
 Of our frail life be giv'n to God. You see  
 How the swift days drive hence incessantly,  
 And the frail, drooping world—though still thought  
     gay<sup>1</sup>—

In secret, slow consumption wears away.  
 All that we have pass from us, and once past  
 Return no more ; like clouds, they seem to last,  
 And so delude loose, greedy minds. But where  
 Are now those trim deceits ? to what dark sphere  
 Are all those false fires sunk, which once so shin'd,  
 They captivated souls, and rul'd mankind ?  
 He that with fifty ploughs his lands did sow,  
 Will scarce be trusted for two oxen now ;  
 His rich, loud coach, known to each crowded street,  
 Is sold, and he quite tir'd walks on his feet.  
 Merchants that—like the sun—their voyage made  
 From East to West, and by wholesale did trade,  
 Are now turn'd sculler-men, or sadly sweat  
 In a poor fisher's boat, with line and net.  
 Kingdoms and cities to a period tend ;  
 Earth nothing hath, but what must have an end ;  
 Mankind by plagues, distempers, dearth and war,  
 Tortures and prisons, die both near and far ;  
 Fury and hate rage in each living breast,

<sup>1</sup> The original has *gay*.

Princes with princes, States with States contest ;  
 An universal discord mads each land,  
 Peace is quite lost, the last times are at hand.  
 But were these days from the Last Day secure,  
 So that the world might for more years endure,  
 Yet we—like hirelings—should our term expect,  
 And on our day of death each day reflect.  
 For what—Therasia—doth it us avail  
 That spacious streams shall flow and never fail,  
 That aged forests hie to tire the winds,  
 And flow'rs each Spring return and keep their kinds !  
 Those still remain : but all our fathers died,  
 And we ourselves but for few days abide.

This short time then was not giv'n us in vain,  
 To whom Time dies, in which we dying gain,  
 But that in time eternal life should be  
 Our care, and endless rest our industry.  
 And yet this task, which the rebellious deem  
 Too harsh, who God's mild laws for chains esteem,  
 Suits with the meek and harmless heart so right  
 That 'tis all ease, all comfort and delight.  
 “ To love our God with all our strength and will ;  
 To covet nothing ; to devise no ill  
 Against our neighbours ; to procure or do  
 Nothing to others, which we would not to  
 Our very selves ; not to revenge our wrong ;  
 To be content with little, not to long  
 For wealth and greatness ; to despise or jeer  
 No man, and if we be despised, to bear ;

To feed the hungry ; to hold fast our crown ;  
To take from others naught ; to give our own,"  
—These are His precepts : and—alas !—in these  
What is so hard, but faith can do with ease ?  
He that the holy prophets doth believe,  
And on God's words relies, words that still live  
And cannot die ; that in his heart hath writ  
His Saviour's death and triumph, and doth yet  
With constant care, admitting no neglect,  
His second, dreadful coming still expect :  
To such a liver earthy things are dead,  
With Heav'n alone, and hopes of Heav'n, he's fed,  
He is no vassal unto worldly trash,  
Nor that black knowledge which pretends to wash,  
But doth defile : a knowledge, by which men  
With studied care lose Paradise again.  
Commands and titles, the vain world's device,  
With gold—the forward seed of sin and vice—  
He never minds : his aim is far more high,  
And stoops to nothing lower than the sky.  
Nor grief, nor pleasures breed him any pain,  
He nothing fears to lose, would nothing gain,  
Whatever hath not God, he doth detest,  
He lives to Christ, is dead to all the rest.  
This Holy One sent hither from above  
A virgin brought forth, shadow'd by the Dove ;  
His skin with stripes, with wicked hands His face  
And with foul spittle soil'd and beaten was ;  
A crown of thorns His blessed head did wound.

Nails pierc'd His hands and feet, and He fast bound  
 Stuck to the painful Cross, where hang'd till dead,  
 With a cold spear His heart's dear blood was shed.  
 All this for man, for bad, ungrateful man,  
 The true God suffer'd ! not that suff'rings can  
 Add to His glory aught, Who can receive  
 Access from nothing, Whom none can bereave  
 Of His all-fulness : but the blest design  
 Of His sad death was to save me from mine :  
 He dying bore my sins, and the third day  
 His early rising rais'd me from the clay.  
 To such great mercies what shall I prefer,  
 Or who from loving God shall me deter ?  
 Burn me alive, with curious, skilful pain,  
 Cut up and search each warm and breathing vein ;  
 When all is done, death brings a quick release,  
 And the poor mangled body sleeps in peace.  
 Hale me to prisons, shut me up in brass,  
 My still free soul from thence to God shall pass.  
 Banish or bind me, I can be nowhere  
 A stranger, nor alone ; my God is there.  
 I fear not famine ; how can he be said  
 To starve who feeds upon the Living Bread ?  
 And yet this courage springs not from my store,  
 Christ gave it me, Who can give much, much more  
 I of myself can nothing dare or do,  
 He bids me fight, and makes me conquer too.  
 If—like great Abr'ham—I should have command  
 To leave my father's house and native land,



I would with joy to unknown regions run,  
Bearing the banner of His blessed Son.  
On worldly goods I will have no design,  
But use my own, as if mine were not mine ;  
Wealth I'll not wonder at, nor greatness seek,  
But choose—though laugh'd at—to be poor and meek.  
In woe and wealth I'll keep the same staid mind,  
Grief shall not break me, nor joys make me blind :  
My dearest Jesus I'll still praise, and He  
Shall with songs of deliv'rance compass me.

Then come, my faithful consort ! join with me  
In this good fight, and my true helper be ;  
Cheer me when sad, advise me when I stray,  
Let us be each the other's guide and stay ;  
Be your lord's guardian : give joint aid and due,  
Help him when fall'n, rise, when he helpeth you,  
That so we may not only one flesh be,  
But in one spirit and one will agree.

From *Hermetical Physic*: translated from Henry  
Nollius (1655).

1. [HORACE. EPIST. I. 1, 14-5.]

WHERE'ER my fancy calls, there I go still,  
Not sworn a slave to any master's will.

2. [INCERTI.]

There's need, betwixt his clothes, his bed and board,  
Of all that Earth and Sea and Air afford.

3. [INCERTI.]

WITH restless cares they waste the night and day,  
To compass great estates, and get the sway.

4. [JUVENAL. SATIRE XV. 160-164.]

WHENEVER did, I pray,  
One lion take another's life away?  
Or in what forest did a wild boar by  
The tusks of his own fellow wounded die?  
Tigers with tigers never have debate;  
And bears among themselves abstain from hate

5. [JUVENAL. SATIRE XV. 169-171.]

[SOME] esteem it no point of revenge to kill,  
Unless they may drink up the blood they spill :  
Who do believe that hands, and hearts, and heads,  
Are but a kind of meat, etc.

6. [INCERTI.]

THE strongest body and the best  
Cannot subsist without due rest..

From Thomas Powell's *Cerbyd Fechydwiath* (1657).

1. [THE LORD'S PRAYER.]

Y Pader, pan trier, Duw-tri a'i dododd  
O'i dadol ddaioni,  
Yn faen-gwaddan i bob gweddi,  
Ac athrawieth a wnaeth i ni.

OL[OR] VAUGHAN.

From Thomas Powell's *Humane Industry* (1661).

1. [CAMPION. EPIGR. I. 151.]

TIME'S-TELLER wrought into a little round,  
Which count'st the days and nights with watchful  
    sound ;  
How—when once fix'd—with busy wheels dost thou  
The twice twelve useful hours drive on and show ;  
And where I go, go'st with me without strife,  
The monitor and ease of fleeting life.

2. [GROTIUS. LIB. EPIGR. II.]

THE untired strength of never-ceasing motion,  
A restless rest, a toilless operation,  
Heaven then had given it, when wise Nature did  
To frail and solid things one place forbid ;  
And parting both, made the moon's orb their bound,  
Damning to various change this lower ground.  
But now what Nature hath those laws transgress'd,  
Giving to Earth a work that ne'er will rest ?  
Though 'tis most strange, yet—great King—'tis not  
    new :

This work was seen and found before, in you.  
In you, whose mind—though still calm—never sleeps,  
But through your realms one constant motion keeps :  
As your mind—then—was Heaven's type first, so this  
But the taught anti-type of your mind is.

3. [JUVENAL. SATIRE III.]

How oft have we beheld wild beasts appear  
From broken gulfs of earth, upon some part  
Of sand that did not sink ! How often there  
And thence, did golden boughs o'er-saffron'd start !  
Nor only saw we monsters of the wood,  
But I have seen sea-calves whom bears withstood ;  
And such a kind of beast as might be named  
A horse, but in most foul proportion framed.

4. [MARTIAL. EPIGR. I. 105.]

THAT the fierce pard doth at a beck  
Yield to the yoke his spotted neck,  
And the untoward tiger bear  
The whip with a submissive fear ;  
That stags do foam with golden bits.  
And the rough Libyc bear submits  
Unto the ring ; that a wild boar  
Like that which Calydon of yore

Brought forth, doth mildly put his head  
In purple muzzles to be led ;  
That the vast, strong-limb'd buffles draw  
The British chariots with taught awe,  
And the elephant with courtship falls  
To any dance the negro calls :  
Would not you think such sports as those  
Were shows which the gods did expose ?  
But these are nothing, when we see  
That hares by lions hunted be, &c.

NOTES TO VOL. II.





## NOTES TO VOL. II.

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### POEMS WITH THE TENTH SATIRE OF JUVENAL ENGLISHED.

Most of the poems in this volume of 1646 appear to belong to Vaughan's sojourn as a law-student in London: that, however, on the Priory Grove must have been written after he had retired to Wales on the outbreak of the Civil War.

#### P. 5. TO MY INGENIOUS FRIEND, R. W.

It is probable that this is the R. W. of the Elegy in *Olor Iscanus* (p. 79). On the attempts to identify him, see the note to that poem. The *Poems* of 1646 must have been published while his fate was still unknown.

*Pints i' th' Moon or Star.* These are names of rooms, rather than of inns. Cf. Shakespeare, 1 *Henry IV.*, ii. 4, 30, "Anon, anon, sir! Score a pint of bastard in the Half-moon."

P. 6. *Randolph.* The works of Randolph here referred to are his comedy *The Jealous Lovers*, his pastoral *Amyntas*; or, *The Impossible Dowry*, and the following verses *On the Death of a Nightingale*:—

"Go, solitary wood, and henceforth be  
Acquainted with no other harmony

Than the pie's chattering, or the shrieking note  
 Of boding owls, and fatal raven's throat.  
 Thy sweetest chanter's dead, that warbled forth  
 Lays that might tempests calm, and still the north,  
 And call down angels from their glorious sphere,  
 To hear her songs, and learn new anthems there.  
 That soul is fled, and to Elysium gone,  
 Thou a poor desert left ; go then and run.  
 Beg there to want a grove, and if she please  
 To sing again beneath thy shadowy trees,  
 The souls of happy lovers crowned with blisses  
 Shall flock about thee, and keep time with kisses."

P. 8. LES AMOURS.

Lines 22-24 are misprinted in the original ; they there run :—

" O'er all the tomb a sudden spring :  
 If crimson flowers, whose drooping heads  
 Shall curtain o'er their mournful heads : "

P. 10. TO AMORET.

The Amoret of these *Poems* may or may not be the Etesia of *Thalia Rediviva* ; and she may or may not have been the poet's first wife. Cf. *Introduction* (vol. i., p. xxxiii).

*To her white bosom.* Cf. *Hamlet*, ii. 2, 113, where Hamlet addresses a letter to Ophelia, "in her excellent white bosom, these."

P. 12. SONG.

The MS. variant readings to this and to two of the following poems are written in pencil on a copy of the *Poems* in the British Museum, having the press-mark 12304, a 24. There is no indication of their author, or of the source from which they are taken.

P. 13. TO AMORET.

*The vast ring.* Cf. *Silex Scintillans* (vol. i., pp. 150, 284).

## P. 18. A RHAPSODIS.

*The Globe Tavern.* This appears to have been near, or even a part of, the famous theatre. There exists a forged letter of George Peele's, in which it is mentioned as a resort of Shakespeare's, but there is no authentic allusion to it by name earlier than an entry in the registers of St. Saviour's, Southwark, for 1637. An "alehouse" is, however, alluded to in a ballad on the burning of the old Globe in 1613. (Rendle and Norman, *Inns of Old Southwark*, p. 326.)

*Tower-Wharf to Cymbeline and Lud;* that is, from the extreme east to the extreme west of the City. Statues of the mythical kings of Britain were set up in 1260 in niches on Ludgate. They were renewed when the gate was rebuilt in 1586. It stood near the Church of St. Martin's, Ludgate.

*That made his horse a senator; i.e.* Caligula. Cf. Suetonius Vit. Caligulae, 55: "*Incitato equo, cuius causa pridie circenses, ne inquietaretur, vicinia silentium per milites indicere solebat, praeter equile marmoreum et praesepe eburneum praeterque purpurea tegumenta ac monilia e gemmis, domum etiam et familiam et suppellectilem dedit, quo lautius nomine eius invitati acciperentur; consulatum quoque traditur destinasse.*"

*he that . . . crossed Rubicon, i.e.* Julius Cæsar.

## P. 21. TO AMORET.

The third stanza is closely modelled on Donne; cf. Introduction (vol. i., p. xxi). The curious reader may detect many other traces of Donne's manner of writing in these *Poems* of 1646.

## P. 23. TO AMORET WEeping.

*Eat orphans . . . patent it.* The ambition of a courtier under the Stuarts was to get the guardianship of a royal ward, or the grant of a monopoly in some article of necessity. Dr. Grosart quotes from Tustin's *Observations; or, Conscience Emblem* (1646): "By me, John Tustin, who hath been plundered and spoiled by the patentees for white and grey soap, eighteen several times, to his utter undoing."

## P. 26. UPON THE PRIORY GROVE, HIS USUAL RETIREMENT.

Mr. Beeching, in the *Introduction* (vol. i., p. xxiii), states following Dr. Grosart, that the Priory Grove was "the home of a famous poetess of the day, Katherine Phillips, better known as "the Matchless Orinda." Vaughan was certainly a friend of Mrs. Phillips (*cf.* pp. 100, 164, 211, with notes), whose husband, Colonel James Phillips, lived at the Priory, Cardigan; but she was not married until 1647.

Miss Morgan points out that there is still a wood on the outskirts of Brecon which is known as the Priory Grove. It is near the church and remains of a Benedictine Priory on the Honddu.

## P. 28. JUVENAL'S TENTH SATIRE TRANSLATED.

This translation has a separate title-page; *cf.* the *Bibliography* (vol. ii., p. lvii).

## OLOR ISCANUS.

This volume, published in 1651, contains, besides the poems here reprinted, some prose translations from Plutarch and other writers. The separate title-pages of these are given in the *Bibliography* (vol. ii., p. lviii): the incidental scraps of verse in them appear on pp. 291-293 of the present volume. The edition of 1651 has, besides the printed title-page, an engraved title-page by the well-known engraver, who may or may not have been a kinsman of the poet, Robert Vaughan. It represents a swan on a river shaded by trees. The *Olor Iscanus* was reissued with a fresh title-page in 1679.

## P. 52. AD POSTEROS.

On the account of Vaughan's life here given, see the *Biographical note* (vol. ii., p. xxx).

*Herbertus.* Matthew Herbert, Rector of Llangattock. Cf. the poem to him on p. 158, with its note.

*Castae fidaeque . . . parentis, i.e.,* perhaps, his mother the Church.

*Nec manus atra fuit.* Dr. Grosart omitted the *fuit*, together with the final *s* of the preceding line. In this he is naïvely followed by Mr. J. R. Tutin, in his selection of Vaughan's *Secular Poems*.

## P. 53. TO THE . . . LORD KILDARE DIGBY.

Lord Kildare Digby was the eldest son of Robert, first Baron Digby, in the peerage of Ireland. He succeeded to the title in 1642. He was about 21 at the time of this dedication, and died in 1661 (Dr. Grosart)

The date of the dedication is 17th of December, 1647. A volume was therefore probably prepared for publication at that date, and afterwards, as we learn from the publisher's preface, "condemned to obscurity," and given surreptitiously to the world. At the same time, as Miss Morgan points out to me, some of the poems in *Olor Iscanus* must be of later date than 1647. The death of Charles I. is apparently alluded to in the lines *Ad Posteror*, and certainly in the "since Charles his reign" of the *Invitation to Brecknock* (p. 74). This event took place on January 30th, 1648. The *Epitaph upon the Lady Elizabeth* (p. 102), again, cannot be earlier than her death on September 8th, 1650.

P. 54. THE PUBLISHER TO THE READER.

*Augustus vindex.* The lives of Vergil attributed to Donatus and others relate that the poet, in his will, directed that his unfinished *Aeneid* should be burnt. Augustus, however, interfered and ordered its publication.

P. 57. COMMENDATORY VERSES.

These are signed by *T. Powell, Oxoniensis*; *I. Rowlandson, Oxoniensis*; and *Eugenius Philalethes, Oxoniensis*. Thomas Powell, one of the Powells of Cantreff, in Breconshire, was born in 1608. He matriculated from Jesus College on January 25th, 1627, took his B.A. in 1629 and his M.A. in 1632, and became a Fellow of the College. He was Rector of Cantreff and Vicar of Brecknock, but was ejected by the Commissioners for the Propagation of the Gospel and went abroad. At the Restoration he returned to Cantreff and was made D.D. and Canon of St. David's. But for his death, on the 31st December, 1660, he would probably have become Bishop of Bristol. He was the author of several books of no great importance. He appears to have been a close friend of Vaughan, who addresses various poems to him, and contributed others to his books. See *Olor Iscanus*, pp. 97, 159; *Thalia Rediviva*, pp. 178, 200, 267; *Fragments and Translations*, pp. 323-326. Powell, in return, wrote com-

mentatory poems to both the *Olor Iscanus* and the *Thalia Rediviva*.

*I. Rowlandson.* This may have been John Rowlandson, of Queen's College, Oxford, who matriculated the 17th October, 1634, aged 17, took his B.A. in 1636, and his M.A. in 1639. Either he or his father, James Rowlandson, also of Queen's College, was sequestered by the Westminster Assembly to the vicarage of Battle, Sussex, in 1644. He left it shortly after and "returned to his benefice from whence he was before thence driven by the forces raised against the parliament." (See Addl. MS. 15,669, f. 17). There was also another James Rowlandson, son of James Rowlandson, D.D., Canon of Windsor, who matriculated from Queen's College on the 9th November, 1632, aged 17, and took his B.A. in 1637.—G. G.

*Eugenius Philaethes.* The author's brother, Thomas Vaughan. See the *Biographical Note* (vol. ii., p. xxxiii).

P. 39. *that lamentable nation, i.e. the Scotch.*

#### P. 61. OLOR ISCANUS.

*Ausonius.* The famous schoolmaster, rhetorician and courtier of the early fourth century, was born at Bordeaux. One of his most famous poems is the *Mosella* (Idyll X), a description of the river and its fish.

*Castara*, Lucy, daughter of William Herbert, Lord Powys, and wife of the Worcestershire poet, William Habington, who celebrated her in his poems under that name. The *Castara* was published in 1634.

*Sabrina*, the tutelar nymph of the Severn. Cf. the invocation of her in Milton's "Comus."

*May the evet and the toad.* This passage is imitated from W. Browne's *Britannia's Pastorals*, Bk. I., Song 2, ll., 277 sqq. :

"May never evet nor the toad  
Within thy banks make their abode !  
Taking thy journey from the sea,  
May'st thou ne'er happen in thy way

On nitre or on brimstone mine,  
 To spoil thy taste ! this spring of thine  
 Let it of nothing taste but earth,  
 And salt conceived, in their birth  
 Be ever fresh ! Let no man dare  
 To spoil thy fish, make lock or ware ;  
 But on thy margent still let dwell  
 Those flowers which have the sweetest smell.  
 And let the dust upon thy strand  
 Become like Tagus' golden sand.  
 Let as much good betide to thee,  
 As thou hast favour show'd to me."

G. G.

*flames that are . . . . canicular.* Cf. *A Dialogue between Sir Henry Wotton and Mr. Donne* (Poems of John Donne, *Muse's Library*, Vol. I., p. 79) :

" I'll never dig in quarry of a heart  
 To have no part,  
 Nor roast in fiery eyes, which always are  
 Canicular."

## P. 65. THE CHARNEL-HOUSE.

*Kelder*, a caldron ; cf. J. Cleveland, *The King's Disguise* :

" The sun wears midnight ; day is beetle-brow'd,  
 And lightning is in kelder of a cloud."

*A second fiat's care.* The allusion is to *Genesis* i. 3 : " And God said, Let there be light (in the Vulgate, *Fiat lux*), and there was light " ; cf. Donne, *The Storm* (*Muses' Library*, II. 4) :

" Since all forms uniform deformity  
 Doth cover ; so that we, except God say  
 Another *Fiat*, shall have no more day."

## P. 70. TO HIS FRIEND —.

Miss Morgan thinks that the "friend" of this poem, whose name is shown by the first line to have been James, may perhaps be identified with the James Howell of the *Epistolæ*



*Ho-Eliaæ.* Howell had Vaughans amongst his cousins and correspondents, but these appear to have been of the Golden Grove family.

P. 73. TO HIS RETIRED FRIEND—AN INVITATION TO  
BRECKNOCK.

*her foul, polluted walls.* Miss Morgan quotes a statement from Grose's *Antiquities* to the effect that the walls of Brecknock were pulled down by the inhabitants during the Civil War in order to avoid having to support a garrison or stand a siege.

*the Greek, i.e.* Hercules when in love with Omphale.

*Domitian-like :* Cf. Suetonius, *Vita Domitiani*, 3 : "*Initia principatus cotidie secretum sibi horarum sumere solebat, nec quicquam amplius quam muscas captare ac stilo praeacuto configere.*"

*Since Charles his reign.* This poem must date from after the execution of Charles I., on January 30, 1648. It would appear therefore that Vaughan was living in Brecknock and not at Newton about the time that the *Olor Iscanus* was published.

P. 77. MONSIEUR GOMBAULD

The writer referred to is John Ogier de Gombauld (1567-1666). His prose tale of *Endymion* was translated by Richard Hurst in 1637. *Ismena* and *Diophania* who was metamorphosed into a myrtle, are characters in the story. *Periarden* is a hill in Armenia whence the Euphrates takes its course.

P. 79. AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF MR. R. W., SLAIN  
IN THE LATE UNFORTUNATE DIFFERENCES AT ROUTON  
HEATH, NEAR CHESTER.

The battle of Routon, or Rowton, Heath took place on September 24, 1645. The Royalist forces, under Charles I. and Sir Marmaduke Langdale, advancing to raise the siege of Chester, were met and routed by the Parliamentarians under Poyntz. The contemporary pamphlets give a long list of the

prisoners taken at Routon Heath, but name hardly any of those slain. It is therefore difficult to say who R. W., evidently a dear friend of Vaughan's, may have been. He appears to have been missing for a year before he was finally given up. From lines 25-27 we learn that he was a young man of only twenty. The most likely suggestion for his identification seems to me that of Mr. C. H. Firth, who points out to me that the name of one Roger Wood occurs in the list of Catholics who fell in the King's service as having been slain at Chester. Miss Southall (*Songs of Siluria*, 1890, p. 124) suggests that he may have been either Richard Williams, a nephew of Sir Henry Williams, of Gwernyfed, who died unmarried, or else a son of Richard Winter, of Llangoed. He might also, I think, have been one of Vaughan's wife's family, the Wises, and possibly also a Walbeoffe. A reference to the Walbeoffe pedigree in the note to p. 189 will show that there was a Robert Walbeoffe, brother of C. W. Miss Morgan thinks that he is a generation too old, and that the unnamed son of C. W., who, according to his tombstone, did not survive him, may have been a Robert, and the R. W. in question. On the question whether Vaughan was himself present at Routon Heath, see the *Biographical Note* (vol. ii., p. xxviii).

P. 83. UPON A CLOAK LENT HIM BY MR. J. RIDSLEY.

I do not know who Mr. Ridsley was. On the references to Vaughan's "juggling fate of soldiery" in this poem, see the *Biographical Note* (vol. ii., p. xxviii).

*craggy Biston, and the fatal Dee.* Chester stands, of course, on the Dee, which is "fatal" as the scene of disasters to the Royalist cause. Dr. Grosart explains Biston as "Bish-ton (or Bishopstone) in Monmouthshire," and adds, "'Craggie Biston' refers, no doubt, to certain caves there. The Poet's school-boy rambles from Llangattock doubtless included Bishton." I think that Biston is clearly Beeston Castle, one of the outlying defences of Chester, which played a considerable part in the siege. It surrendered on November 5, 1645, and the small garrison was permitted to march to Denbigh

(J. R. Phillips, *The Civil War in Wales and the Marches*, vol. i., p. 343).

*Micro-cosmography*, the world represented on a small scale in man. Vaughan means that he had as many lines on him as a map.

*Speed's Old Britons*. John Speed (1555-1629) published his *History of Great Britain* in 1614.

*King Harry's Chapel at Westminster*, with its tombs, was already one of the sights of London.

*Brownist*. The Brownists were the religious followers of Robert Browne (c. 1550-c. 1633); they were afterwards known as Independents or Congregationalists.

#### P. 86. UPON MR. FLETCHER'S PLAYS.

The first folio edition of Beaumont and Fletcher's *Comedies and Tragedies* was published in 1647. Vaughan's lines are not, however, amongst the commendatory verses there given.

*Field's or Swansted's overthrow*. Nathaniel Field and Eliard Swanston, who appears to be meant by Swansted, were well-known actors. They were both members of the King's Company about 1633.

#### P. 90. UPON THE POEMS AND PLAYS OF THE EVER-MEMORABLE MR. WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT.

This was printed, together with verses by Tho. Vaughan and many other writers, in William Cartwright's *Comedies, Tragi comedies, with other Poems*, 1651.

#### P. 94. AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF MR. R. HALL, SLAIN AT PONTEFRACT, 1648.

Miss Southall thinks that the subject of this elegy may have been a son of Richard Hall, of High Meadow, in the Forest of Dean, co. Gloucester. These Halls were connected with the Winters, a Breconshire family. Mr. C. H. Firth ingeniously suggests to me that for R. Hall we should read R. Hall[ifax], and points out that a Robert Hallyfax was one of the garrison at the first siege of Pontefract in 1645. He may have been at the second siege also. (R. Holmes, *Sieges of Pontefract*, p. 20.)

- P. 97. TO MY LEARNED FRIEND, MR. T. POWELL, UPON  
HIS TRANSLATION OF MALVEZZI'S "CHRISTIAN POLITI-  
CIAN."

The book referred to is *The Pourtract of the Politicke Christian-Favourite*. By Marquesse Virgilio Malvezzi, 1647. This is a translation of *Il Ritratto del Privato Politico Cristiano*, published at Bologna in 1635. It does not contain Vaughan's verses, and no translator's name is given. The preface of another translation from Malvezzi, the *Stoa Triumphans* (1651), is, however, signed "T. P."

- P. 99. TO MY WORTHY FRIEND, MASTER T. LEWES.

Some of the lines in this poem are borrowed from Horace's verses, *Ad Thaliarcham* (Book I., Ode 9) :

" Vides, ut alta stet nive candida  
Soracte, nec iam sustineant onus  
Sylvæ laborantes, geluque  
Flumina constiterint acuto?

. . . . .

Quid sit futurum cras, fuge quaerere ;  
Quam sors dierum cunque debet ; lucro  
Appone."

G. G.

Dr. Grosart thinks that T. Lewes was "probably of Macs mawr, opposite Newton, on the south side of the Usk." Miss Southall identifies him with Thomas Lewis, incumbent in 1635 of Llanfigan, near Llansantffread. He was expelled from his living, but returned to it at the Restoration.

- P. 100. TO THE MOST EXCELLENTLY ACCOMPLISHED  
MRS. K. PHILIPS.

Katherine Philips, by birth Katherine Fowler, became the wife in 1647 of Colonel James Philips, of the Priory, Cardigan. She was a wit and poetess, and well-known to a large circle of friends as "the matchless Orinda." Each member of her coterie had a similar fantastic pseudonym, and it is possible that this may account for the Etesia and Timander, the Fida

and Lysimachus, of Vaughan's poems. The poems of Orinda were surreptitiously published in 1664, and in an authorised version in 1667. They include her poem on Vaughan, afterwards prefixed to *Thalia Rediviva* (cf. p. 169), but are not accompanied by the present verses nor by those to her editor in *Thalia Rediviva* (p. 211).

*A Persian votary*—i.e., a Parsee, or fire-worshipper.

P. 102. AN EPITAPH UPON THE LADY ELIZABETH, SECOND DAUGHTER TO HIS LATE MAJESTY.

Elizabeth, second daughter of Charles I., was born in 1635. She suffered from ill-health and grief after her father's execution, and died at Carisbrooke on September 8, 1650. This poem, therefore, like others in the volume, must be of later date than the dedication.

P. 104. TO SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT, UPON HIS GONDIBERT.

Davenant's *Gondibert* was first published in 1651. It does not contain Vaughan's verses.

*thy aged sire*. Is this an allusion to the story that Davenant was in reality the son of William Shakespeare?

*Birtha*, the heroine of *Gondibert*.

P. 119. CUPIDO [CRUCI AFFIXUS].

Another translation of Ausonius' poems was published by Thomas Stanley in 1649. There is nothing in the original corresponding to the last four lines of Vaughan's translation.

Ll. 89-94. The Latin is :

“ Se quisque absolvere gestit,

Transferat ut proprias aliena in crimina culpas.

Vaughan's simile is borrowed from Donne's *Fourth Elegy* (*Muses' Library*, I., 107):

“ as a thief at bar is questioned there,  
By all the men that have been robb'd that year.”

## P. 125. TRANSLATIONS FROM BOETHIUS.

These translations are from the *De Consolatione Philosophiae*, a medley of prose and verse. Vaughan has translated all the verse in the first two books except the Metrum 3 of Book I. and Metrum 6 of Book II. The headings of Metra 7 and 8 of Book II. are given in error in *Olor Iscanus* as Metra 6 and 7. Some further translations from Books III. and IV. will be found in *Thalia Rediviva*, pp. 224-235.

## P. 144. TRANSLATIONS FROM CASIMIRUS.

These translations are from the Polish poet Mathias Casimirus Sarbievius, or Sarbiewski (1595-1640). His Latin *Lyrics* and *Epodes*, modelled on Horace, were published in 1625-1631. Sarbiewski was a Jesuit, and a complete edition of his poems was published by the Jesuits in 1892.

## P. 158. VENERABILI VIRO, PRAECEPTORI SUO OLIM ET SEMPER COLENDISSIMO MAGISTRO MATHAEO HERBERT.

Matthew Herbert was Rector of Llangattock, and apparently acted as tutor to the young Vaughans. He is mentioned in the lines *Ad Posteror* (p. 51). Thomas Vaughan also has two sets of Latin verses to him (Grosart, II., 349), and dedicated to him his *Man-Mouse taken in a Trap* (1650). On July 19, 1655, he petitioned for the discharge of the sequestration on his rectory, which had been sequestered for the delinquency of the Earl of Worcester (*Cal. Proc. Ctee. for Compositions*, p. 1713). He died in 1660.

## P. 159. PRAESTANTISSIMO VIRO THOMAE POËLLO IN SUUM DE ELEMENTIS OPTICÆ LIBELLUM.

The *Elementa Opticae* appeared in 1649. It has no name on the title-page, but the preface is signed "T. P.," and dated 1649. It contains the present prefatory verses, together with some others, also in Latin, by Eugenius Philaethes (Thomas Vaughan).

## THALIA REDIVIVA.

This volume, published in 1578, at a late date in Henry Vaughan's life, twenty-three years after the second part of *Silex Scintillans*, must have been written, at least in part, much earlier. The poem on *The King Disguised*, for instance, goes back to 1646. At the end of the volume, with a separate title-page (*cf. Bibliography*), come the Verse Remains of the poet's brother, Thomas Vaughan. This is the rarest of Vaughan's collections of poems. The copy once in Mr. Corser's collection, and now in the British Museum, was believed to be unique. It was used both by Lyte and Dr. Grosart. But Miss Morgan has come across two other copies, one in Mr. Locker-Lampson's library at Rowfant, the other in that of Mr. Joseph, at Brecon.

## P. 163. THE EPISTLE-DEDICATORY.

Henry Somerset, third Marquis of Worcester, was created Duke of Beaufort in 1682. He was a distant kinsman of Vaughan's, whose great-great-grandfather, William Vaughan of Tretower, married Frances Somerset, granddaughter of Henry, Earl of Worcester. He was a firm adherent of the Stuarts, and refused to take the oath of allegiance to William III. (Dr. Grosart).

## P. 164. COMMENDATORY VERSES.

These are signed by *Orinda*; *Tho. Powell, D.D.*; *N. W., Ies. Coll., Oxon.*; *I. W., A.M. Oxon.*

On *Orinda*, *cf.* the note to p. 100, and on Dr. Powell, that to p. 57.

Mr. Firth suggests that N. W., of Jesus, probably a young man, who imitates Cowley's *Pindarics*, and does not claim any personal acquaintance with Vaughan, may be N[athaniel] W[illiams], son of Thomas Williams, of Swansea, who matriculated in 1672, or N[icholas] W[adham], of Rhydodyn, Carmarthen, who matriculated in 1669.

I. W., also an Oxford man, is probably the writer of the prefaces to the Marquis of Worcester and to the Reader, which are signed respectively J. W. and I. W. Mr. Firth suggests that he may be J[ohn] W[illiams], son of Sir Henry Williams of Gwernevet, Brecon, who matriculated at Brasenose in 1642. I have thought that he might be Vaughan's cousin, the second John Walbeoffe (*cf.* p. 189, note), who is mentioned in Thomas Vaughan's diary (*cf. Biographical Note*, vol. ii., p. xxxviii), but there is no proof that Walbeoffe was an Oxford man. Perhaps he is the friend James to whom a poem in *Olor Iscannus* is addressed (p. 70).

P. 178. TO HIS LEARNED FRIEND AND LOYAL FELLOW-PRISONER, THOMAS POWEL OF CANT[REFF], DOCTOR OF DIVINITY.

On Dr. Powell, *cf.* note to p. 57. Vaughan's reason for calling him a "fellow-prisoner" is discussed in the *Biographical Note* (vol. ii., p. xxxii).

P. 181. THE KING DISGUISED.

John Cleveland's poem, *The King's Disguise*, here referred to, was first published as a pamphlet on January 21, 1646. It appears in Cleveland's *Works* (1687). The disguising was on the occasion of Charles the First's flight, on April 27, 1646, from Oxford to the Scottish camp, of which Dr. Gardiner writes (*History of the Civil War*, Ch. xli): "At three in the morning of the 27th, Charles, disguised as a servant, with his beard and hair closely trimmed, passed over Magdalen Bridge in apparent attendance upon Ashburnham and Hudson."



P. 187. TO MR. M. L., UPON HIS REDUCTION OF THE  
PSALMS INTO METHOD.

Dr. Grosart identifies M. L. with Matthew Locke, of whom Roger North says, in his *Memoirs of Music* (4to, 1846, p. 96): "He set most of the Psalms to music in parts, for the use of some virtuoso ladies in the city." Locke's setting of the *Psalms* exists only in MS. A copy was in the library of Dr. E. F. Rimbault, who thinks that the author assisted Playford in his *Whole Book of Psalms* (1677). In 1677 he died.

P. 189. 'TO THE PIOUS MEMORY OF C[HARLES] W[ALBEOFFE]  
ESQUIRE.

Charles Walbeoffe was a man of considerable importance in Brecknockshire. His name occurs several times in State papers of the period. A petition of his concerning a ward is dated October 12, 1640. (*Cal. S. P. Dom.*, Car. I., 470, 113). He was High Sheriff in 1648 (Harl. MS. 2,289, f. 174), and a fragment of a warrant signed by him on April 17 of that year to Thomas Vaughan, treasurer of the county, for the monthly assessment, is in Harl. MS. 6,831, f. 13. As we might perhaps gather from Vaughan's poem, he does not seem to have taken an active part in the Civil War. He did not, like some other members of his family, sign the *Declaration* of Brecknock for the Parliament on November 23, 1645 (J. R. Phillips, *Civil War in Wales and the Marches*, ii. 284). And he seems to have joined the Royalist rising in Wales of 1648. Information was laid on February 10, 1649, that he "was Commissioner of Array and Association, raised men and money, subscribed warrants to raise men against the Parliament's generals, and sat as J.P. in the court at Brecon when the friends of Parliament were prosecuted" (*Cal. Proc. Ctee. for Advance of Money*, p. 1017). Afterwards he was reconciled, sat on the local Committee for Compositions, and again got into trouble with the authorities. On May 14, 1652, the Brecon Committee wrote to the Central Committee that, being one of the late Committee, he would not account for sums in

his hands. He was fined £20. (*Cal. Proc. Ctee. for Compositions*, p. 578.)

Miss Morgan has copied the inscription on his tombstone in Llanhamlach Church.

[Arms of Walbeoffe.]

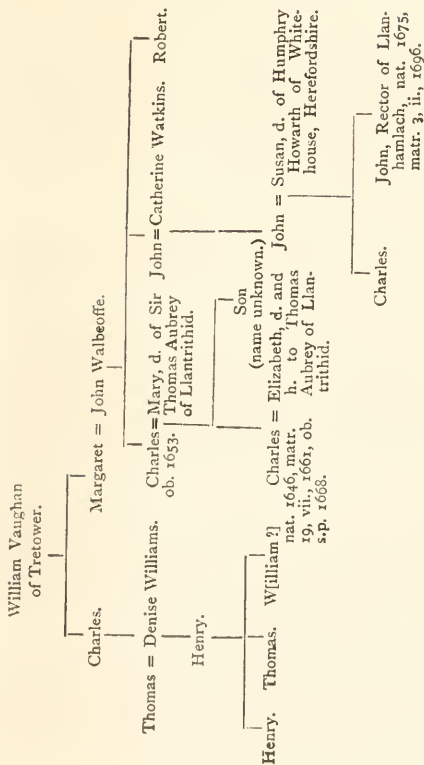
"Here lieth the body of Charles Walbeoffe, Esqre., who departed this life the 13th day of September, 1653, and was married to Mary, one of the daughters of Sir Thomas Aubrey of Llantryddid, in the county of Glamorgan, Knt., by whom he had issue two sonnes, of whom only Charles surviveth."

Charles Walbeoffe the younger died in 1668, and was succeeded by his cousin John. "This gentleman," says Jones (*Hist. of Brecknock*, ii., 482), "being of a gay and extravagant turn, left the estate, much encumbered, to his son Charles. and soon after his death it was foreclosed and afterwards sold."

This John Walbeoffe is mentioned in Thomas Vaughan's *Diary* (cf. vol. ii., p. xxxviii). He may be the writer of the preface to *Thalia Rediviva* (cf. p. 164, note).

It is possible that the R. W. of another of Vaughan's Elegies may also have been a Walbeoffe. Cf. p. 79, note.

Dr. Grosart was unable to identify the initials C. W. The Walbeoffes, or Walbieffes, of Llanhamlach, the next village to Llansantfread, were among the most important of the *Advenae*, or Norman settlers of Brecknockshire. They were related, as the following table shows, to the Vaughans of Tretower. The following extract from the genealogy of the Walbeoffes of Llanhamlach is compiled from Harl. MS. 2,289. f. 136b; Jones, *History of Brecknockshire*, ii., 484; Miss G. E. F. Morgan, in *Brecon County Times* for May 13, 1887.



## P. 193. IN ZODIACUM MARCELLI PALINGENII.

Marcellus Palingenius, or Petro Angelo Manzoli, wrote his didactic and satirical poem, the *Zodiacus Vitae*, about 1535. It was translated into English by Barnabee Googe in 1560-1565. The latest edition of the original is that by C. C. Weise (1832). As we may gather from Vaughan's lines, Manzoli was an earnest student of occult lore. Cf. Gustave Reynier, *De Marcelli Palingenii Stellatae Poetae Zodiaco Vitae* (1893).

## P. 195. TO LYSIMACHUS.

*Bevis . . . . Arundel . . . . Morglay.* The allusion is to the *Romance of Sir Bevis of Hampton* (ed. E. Kölbing, E. E. T. S., 1885). Arundel was Sir Bevis' horse, and Morglay his sword.

## P. 197. ON SIR THOMAS BODLEY'S LIBRARY.

If Vaughan was not himself an Oxford man (*Biog. Note*, vol. ii., p. xxvi), he may have been in Oxford with the King's troops at the end of August, 1645 (*Biog. Note*, vol. ii., p. xxxi).

*Walsam*, Walsingham, in Norfolk, famous for the rich shrine of Our Lady of Walsingham, to which many offerings were made.

## P. 200. THE IMPORTUNATE FORTUNE.

I. 105. *My purse, as Randolph's was.* The allusion is to Randolph's *A Parley with his Empty Purse*, which begins :

"Purse, who'll not know you have a poet's been,  
When he shall look and find no gold herein?"

## P. 204. TO I. MORGAN, OF WHITEHALL, ESQ.

Whitehall appears to be an Anglicised form of Wenallt, more properly Whitehill. John Morgan, or Morgans, of Wenallt, in Llandetty, was a kinsman of Vaughan's, as the following table (from Harl. MS., 2,289, f. 39) shows :

John Morgans.

Morgan Jones = Frances, d. of Charles  
Vaughan of Tretower.

John Morgans = Mary, d. to Thomas  
Aubrey of Llan-  
trithid.

Anne =

1. Charles Williams  
of Scethrog.
2. Hugh Powell, par-  
son of Llansant-  
ffread.

P. 211. TO THE EDITOR OF THE MATCHLESS ORINDA.

*cf.* p. 100, *note*. These lines do not appear in either the 1664 or the 1667 edition of Orinda's poems.

P. 213. UPON SUDDEN NEWS OF THE MUCH LAMENTED  
DEATH OF JUDGE TREVERS.

"This was probably Sir Thomas Trevor, youngest son of John Trevor, Esq., of Trevallyn, co. Denbigh, by Mary, daughter of Sir George Bruges, of London. He was born 6th July, 1586. He was made one of the Barons of the Exchequer 12th May, 1625; and was one of the six judges who refused to accept the new commission offered them by the ruling powers under the Commonwealth. He died 21st December, 1656, and is buried at Lemington-Hastang, in Warwickshire." (Dr. Grosart.)

P. 214. TO ETESIA (FOR TIMANDER) THE FIRST SIGHT.

I do not think we need look for anything autobiographical in this and the following poems written to Etesia. They are written "for Timander," that is, either to serve the suit of a friend, or as copies of verses with no personal reference at all. The names Etesia and Timander smack of Orinda's poetic circle

‡ 224. TRANSLATIONS FROM SEVERINUS.

Dr. Grosart hunted out an obscure Neapolitan, Marcus Aurelius Severino, and ascribed to him the originals of these translations. They are of course from the *De Consolatione Philosophiae* of Anicius Manlius Severinus Boethius, and are a continuation of the pieces already printed in *Olor Iscanus* (pp. 125-143).

P. 245. PIOUS THOUGHTS AND EJACULATIONS.

These are much in the vein of *Silex Scintillans*. They probably belong to various dates later than 1655, when the second part of that collection appeared. *The Nativity* (p. 259) is dated 1656, and *The True Christmas* (p. 261) was apparently written after the Restoration.

P. 261. THE TRUE CHRISTMAS.

Vaughan was no Puritan; cf. his lines on *Christ's Nativity* (vol. i., p. 107)—

“Alas, my God! Thy birth now here  
Must not be numbered in the year,”

but he was not much in sympathy with the ideals of the Restoration either; cf. the passage on “our unjust ways” in *Daphnis* (p. 284).

P. 267. DE SALMONE

On Thomas Powell, cf. p. 57, note.

P. 272. THE BEE.

*Hilarion's servant, the sage crow.* There seems to be some confusion between Hilarion, an obscure fourth-century Abbot, and Paul the Hermit, of whom it is related in his *Life* by S. Jerome that for sixty years he was daily provided with half a loaf of bread by a crow.

## P. 278. DAPHNIS.

The subject of the Eclogue appears to be Vaughan's brother Thomas, who died 27th February, 1666. On him *see* the *Biographical Note* (vol. ii., p. xxxiii).

*true black Moors*; an allusion, perhaps, to Thomas Vaughan's controversy with Henry More.

*Old Amphion*; perhaps Matthew Herbert, on whom *see* note to p. 158.

*The Isis and the prouder Thames*. Thomas Vaughan was buried at Albury, near Oxford.

*Noble Murray*. Thomas Vaughan's patron, himself a poet and alchemist, Sir Robert Murray, Secretary of State for Scotland. His poems have been collected by the Hunterian Club.

## FRAGMENTS AND TRANSLATIONS.

The larger number of the verses in this section are translated quotations scattered through Vaughan's prose-pamphlets. Dr. Grosart identified some of the originals; I have added a few others; but the larger number remain obscure and are hardly worth spending much labour upon. The title-pages of the pamphlets will be found in the *Bibliography* (vol. ii., p. lvii).

## P. 289. FROM EUCHARISTICA OXONIENSIA.

I have already, in the *Biographical Note* (vol. ii., p. xxviii), given reasons for doubting whether this poem is by the Silurist. It was first printed as his by Dr. Grosart. Charles the First was in Scotland, trying to settle his differences with the Scots, during the closing months of 1641.

## P. 291. TRANSLATIONS FROM PLUTARCH AND MAXIMUS TYRIUS.

These, together with a translation of Guevara's *De vitæ rusticæ laudibus*, were appended to the *Olor Iscanus*. Vaughan did not translate directly from the Greek, but from a Latin version published in 1613-14 amongst some tracts by John Reynolds, Lecturer in Greek at, and afterwards President of Corpus Christi College, Oxford.

## P. 294. FROM THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.

A volume of Devotions published by Vaughan in 1652. The preface, dated 1st October, 1651, is addressed to Sir Charles Egerton, Knight, and in it Vaughan speaks of "that near



relation by which my dearest friend lays claim to your person.' It is impossible to say who is the "dearest friend" referred to. The *Flores Solitudinis* (1654) is also dedicated to Sir Charles Egerton. He was probably of Staffordshire. Dr. Grosart (II. xxxiii) states that in Hanbury Church, co. Stafford, is a monument *Caroli Egertoni Equitis Aurati*, who died 1662. Perhaps therefore he was connected with Vaughan's wife's family, the Wises of Staffordshire.

P. 298. FROM MAN IN GLORY.

This translation from a work attributed to St. Anselm and published as his in 1639 is appended to the Mount of Olives.

In the original lines 5, 6, are printed in error after lines 7, 8.

P. 299. FROM FLORES SOLITUDINIS.

In 1654 Vaughan published a volume containing (1) translations of two discourses by Eusebius Nierembergius, (2) a translation of Eucherius, *De Contemptu Mundi*, (3) an original life of S. Paulinus, Bishop of Nola. These were poems "collected in his sickness and retirement." The Epistle-dedicatory to Sir Charles Egerton is dated 1653, and that to the reader which precedes the translations from Nierembergius on 17th April, 1652.

*Bissellius*. John Bissel a Jesuit, (1601-1677), wrote *Deliciae Aetatis*, *Argonauticon Americanorum*, etc. (Grosart).

*Augurellius*. Johannes Aurelius Augurellius of Rimini (1454-1537), wrote *Carmina*, *Chrysopoeia*, *Geronticon*, etc. (Grosart).

P. 307. FROM PRIMITIVE HOLINESS.

This original life of S. Paulinus of Nola, by far the most striking of Vaughan's prose works, contains a number of poems, pieced together by Vaughan from lines in Paulinus' own poems and in those of Ausonius addressed to him. The edition used by Vaughan seems to have been that published by Rosweydt at Antwerp in 1622. I have traced the sources of the poems so far as I can in the edition published by W. de Hartel in the *Corpus*

*Scriptorum Ecclesiasticorum Latinorum* (vols. xxix, xxx 1894).

P 322. FROM HERMETICAL PHYSIC.

A translation from the *Naturae Sanctuarium! quod est Physica Hermetica* (1619) of the alchemist Henry Nollius, published by Vaughan in 1655.

P. 323. FROM CERBYD FECHYDWIAETH.

This tract is bound up with the Brit. Mus. copy of [Thomas Powell's] *Quadriga Salutis* (1657), of which it appears to be a Welsh translation. The verses, to which nothing corresponds in the English version, are signed Ol[or] Vaughan (*cf.* Olor Iscanus). Professor Palgrave (*Y Cymrodor*, 1890-1) translates them as follows: "The Lord's Prayer, when looked into (we see), the Trinity of His Fatherly goodness has given it as a foundation-stone of all prayer, and has made it for our instruction in doctrine." He adds that this Englyn occurs with others written in an eighteenth-century hand on the fly-leaf of a MS. of Welsh poetry by Iago ab Duwi.

P. 324. FROM HUMANE INDUSTRY.

On Thomas Powell *cf.* p. 57, note. The first three of these translations are marked H. V. in the margin; of the fourth Powell says, "The translation of Mr. Hen. Vaughan, Silurist, whose excellent Poems are published." Many other translations are scattered through the book, but there is nothing to connect them with Vaughan.

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